McCLURE'S
NOVEMBER
1918
Win-the-War
Magazine
20¢

More FISH Less Meat

EAT more fish and eat less meat—as a matter of regular habit. This helps the Food Administration.

Think what a variety you have! And think what a delicious, savory taste there is to a well-broiled rock bass, for instance.

Cooking performs miracles for raw foods—and for raw tobacco. "Cooked" tobacco is better. Try Lucky Strike Cigarette—*it's toasted.*

It's toasted

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

TO THE PRESIDENTS
Of America's Largest Concerns:

What happened when one concern met war-time conditions by reducing the price of its standard product from $100 to $49

By Burton Wynne

THE new Oliver Plan has been the most discussed sales policy of recent years. It is revolutionary—but only so, as applied to typewriters. Its principles are founded upon long-practiced and successful ways of distribution.

This is a time when business men should exchange ideas. It is a time, if ever, for closer co-operation. So here is an account of the unusual plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company—how it met man-power problems early, how it adopted radical ideas, how it won a larger market.

It is called the most liberal offer—yet to skeptics it sounds "too good to be true."

It heralds a day of universal typing.

* * * * *

For years $100 was too much for a typewriter, even as fine as The Oliver No. 9. The facts and figures were condemning.

Times had changed. But typewriter business hadn't.

And momentous war-time policies were on the horizon. It was the Oliver policy to look ahead, and anticipate events as far as possible.

Long before the current question of man-power was seriously discussed, The Oliver executives began to prepare.

Unnecessary branch houses with their numerous male employes were closed.

Hundreds of salesmen and agents were released for other duties.

And at the great factory at Woodstock, when I visited it many months ago, women were being trained with painstaking care to handle the lighter manufacturing processes.

By this foresight The Oliver Typewriter Company has already put itself on a war-time basis, without the slightest interruption in its service to the public and without the slightest compromise in design or workmanship.

The sales policy changed completely. The Oliver Plan of dealing more directly with the buyer saved thousands of dollars in salaries, traveling expenses, rents and other items too numerous to mention. They had all added to the cost of The Oliver and had contributed to the former price of $100.

* * * * *

And there were other extravagances in typewriter competition. They demanded their toll. In all, custom made it cost $51 to sell an Oliver.

Another shackling influence, as sinister as high cost, was the public conception that typewriters belonged solely to business. The channels of distribution had become static.

Yet millions of people are logical users. Thousands of teachers, for instance, thousands of farmers, even thousands of school boys and girls.

But instead of going after this new business, routine had brought on an era of concentrated effort. Needless replacements were more common than new users.

The new Oliver plan has overcome these grave handicaps, taking a risk that few concerns would care to assume. And it has won!

Sales have increased amazingly. "Self-selling" appeals as much to the user of 100 Olivers as to the individual user.

The $100 Oliver now sells for $49—the identical machine, brand new. And note the easy way to buy, as shown below. Who can resist? Who can conceive a fairer way?

What concern, what individual can wilfully insist on yester-year's costly ways of selling?

Were you to read the thousands of letters I have just gone through, you'd realize what this plan means, not only to the giant concern using many Olivers, but to the far-away user who has hitherto toiled at longhand.

I note particularly a letter which ends "Best wishes for your plan from a little country merchant and chicken rancher."

It is signed by C. K. Fossum, of Harstine, Washington.

He also says: "This is my first experience in operating a typewriter. The only instruction I have had is the little book you sent with the machine."

I quote this one letter from the pile because it typifies the revolution now taking place in the typewriter world.

It shows better than abstract statements just why Oliver has won a new and broader field.

It breathes the spirit of friendship which every concern covets, the thing of which success is made.

* * * * *

The *how* and *why* of the Oliver Plan—too long to tell here—may be found in a booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," sent free, if you mail the coupon.

And below is The Oliver, The Plan, and The Coupon. Note the simplicity. The coupon is primarily for individuals who wish to take advantage of the free trial and installment plan, rather than for big concerns. To the latter we suggest writing for details as to our allowances for used machines or present equipment.

Thousands will now cut out the coupon and send it. How about YOU?

Canadian Price $62.65

The Oliver Typewriter Company

1578 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

This Is The Oliver

Some of the Leading Users Are

U. S. Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania R. R., National City Bank of N. Y., Diamond Match Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Columbia Graphophone Co., Baldwin Locomotive Works, Montgomery Ward & Co., and others of equal rank.

Over 600,000 Olivers Sold

This Is The Offer

Was $100—Now $49

The Oliver is now sold direct. The needless expense of many thousands of salesmen and agents has been eliminated. Costly branch houses in many cities have been closed. All roundabout ways are abandoned. The buyer is his own salesman.

Thus we save for you the amount it used to cost to sell an Oliver.

The coupon at the right brings you an Oliver for free trial. Use it as if it were your own. Keep it or return it.

Send no money. If you keep it, pay $3 per month until the $49 is paid. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges.

That is all there is to our simple plan. The Oliver must sell itself. You must decide. No one need influence you.

Note: With the rising cost of materials and labor we may be compelled to increase the price of The Oliver somewhat. We hope not. But we advise ordering at once from this advertisement, so as to be sure of obtaining it for $49.

This Is The Way

Note that the coupon brings EITHER the free trial Oliver or further information. Check whichever you please. By being your own salesman you save $51.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1578 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

(812)

—not only for Colds

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

MENTHOLATUM also soothes and softens chapped, roughened hands; relieves chilblains and cracked lips; stops colds—almost over-night.

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. H. Hyde

heals gently and soothingly as well as quickly, and is perfectly safe and harmless to the skin. Antiseptic, too. Invaluable for cuts, burns and 101 other little ills.

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

Do this: Write today for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c for special Trial Size.

The Mentholatum Co.
Dept. E, Buffalo, N. Y.

Have the
Vitality, Good Figure
of a Soldier

Notice our soldiers! How alert and active, eyes sparkle, cheeks glow—striking examples of what you and other women can be. I have been building up women as the war is building our soldiers, for sixteen years. Have helped 85,000 women.

Do you want to improve your figure? Do you stand and breathe correctly? Are you thin and frail? Are you overweight? If handicapped by any of those difficulties or any *chronic ailments*, let me help you. My pupils use no drugs; each pupil receives individual attention.

Leading physicians approve my methods. The most critical magazines endorse me. I treat each pupil in her home. Shall I tell you all about my work? You can have this information without charge. If later you want my services you will find the cost most reasonable.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 95, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. *Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00.* Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and Maybell Beauty Booklet, "*The Woman Beautiful*," prepaid, under plain cover. Thousands have been delighted by the results obtained by its use; why not you? Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. *Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE."*

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-29 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

A High School Course
In Two Years

Learn in your own home. Here is a thorough, complete, and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies.

Write for booklet. Send your name and address for our booklet and full particulars. No obligations whatever. Write today—now.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, Dept. B-1928, Chicago, U. S. A.

Volume 50 Number 13

McClure's Service Flag

"New Occasions Teach New Duties"

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
CONRAD MILLIKEN, *Secretary*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Treasurer*

THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

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McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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The McClure Publications, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swears they will keep mum about this and they wish they may Drop down dead in their tracks if they ever tell and Rot.

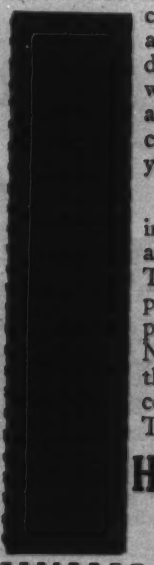
TAKE Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood. Let

MARK TWAIN

show you the way.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at the low price. New editions will have to cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.



The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present low price. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now—not tomorrow—is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

Harper & Brothers
Established 1817
NEW YORK

Harper & Brothers McC 11-15
19 Franklin Square, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's Works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 within 5 days and $2 a month for 14 months. For cash, deduct 5% from remittance.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

To get the red, half leather binding, change terms to $2.50 within 5 days, and $4.00 a month for 15 months

The Ginger Jar

by Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

JUST about twenty years ago a poet I know got married. Like a lot of other poets he earned very little from his poetry, so he had a job down-town in the city, and that did not pay him much either. It was rather hard sledding for the poet and his wife and there was only one way, they found, in which they could manage to get out of debt. They began the very unpoetical job of keeping an account book, entering every item under the head of "food" or "carfare" or "clothes" or whatever it might be. This did not bring in any more money, but it quickly showed where too much was being spent. Every week, looking over the book, the poet and his wife would see where they might save a little the next week, so that more could be paid on their small debt.

Wasted money is most often wasted because no account is kept of how it is spent. American pockets have no buttons. The average honest American pocket might as well be built upside-down, so that the money could spill out as fast as it is put in. The poet's account book buttoned his pocket against the small, unnecessary expenditures that run into dollars, and then into tens of dollars, shockingly fast.

This particular poet and his wife had a jar on the mantel in their dining room that they called the "ginger jar." It was not an actual ginger jar, which is a jar preserved ginger comes in, but they called it that after a ginger jar in the story of "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." Every Saturday night, after the accounts had been entered, all that remained was put in the "ginger jar," and one day the poet wrote these verses about the ginger jar:

Now, this is the song of the ginger jar
That stands on our mantelpiece,
And in it all our riches are—
Good luck to them, may they increase!
All of our riches, and two brass pins,
And a pencil to keep the account;
For we figure it up when the week begins,
And duly apply each amount,

Saying—

"This for the gas man, and this for the rent,
And this for the man who brings ice;
For papers, each morning and evening two cents,
And so much for sugar and spice;
And this for the laundry and so much for me
To ride down each day on the car,
And so much for sundries, and now I can see
The bottom of our ginger jar."

AN empty ginger jar, or an empty pocket, is not such a serious matter if the money has been used in a sane and systematic manner. If a rightful share has gone into a savings bank or to pay bothersome old indebtedness the empty pocket is a triumphant pocket. On the other hand, the most miserable feeling any man or woman can have is that the family money is vanishing each week and each month, and year after year, with nothing to show for it. The husband becomes a hopeless hack and the wife a hopeless drudge.

In ninety per cent of the American homes both husband and wife want to save money and improve their station in life, and would do it if they knew how, but their money seems to vanish. "I don't know how to account for it," the wife says, "but the money just seems to go!" "I'll swear I don't know where all the money I earn goes," says the husband hopelessly. Right there, in those two statements, are the reasons so many families fail to "get ahead"; the wife "don't know how to account for it" and the husband "don't know where the money goes." With the right kind of expense book the wife *would* know how to account for the money, and the husband *would* know where the money went. If a man thinks he is spending ten dollars a month for unnecessary things and by keeping an account finds he is actually spending thirty dollars uselessly he has something definite to grasp. He knows what to do about it. If a woman "guesses" her household food expenses to be eleven dollars a week and an account book shows her they are eighteen dollars, she is going to know whether she can save something there or not.

Team work in the home means sane economy and something saved each month, with better living. You can't, however, expect any man or woman to save unless the place where the saving may be made can be seen. An account book is the greatest help toward saving and wealth. You know that every board of directors has laid before it every month—and sometimes every week—a schedule of expenses. It sees that office expenses are so much, factory expenses so much, sales expenses so much, and it knows where to order expenses reduced. Just so, a household expense book shows where expenses can be cut and where, perhaps, more should be spent. It shows just where a reasonable economy will permit the family to put a little more money in the bank.

Isn't it true, Mr. Man or Mrs. Lady, that whenever you get a bit frightened about your wastefulness you begin keeping an account of your expenditures in some fashion or other?

Now, to be useful an account book of expenses must be one that is easily kept. It has to be something so simple and easy to enter things in that it takes little time—almost no time at all.

I am not in the habit of writing advertisements and I would not be writing this one if I did not think many people would be grateful because of it. I believe, for one thing, that it is the duty of every American today to save every cent he can. We must buy Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps and War Saving Stamps and save money to pay our war taxes, and for other war-winning purposes. I don't have to say: "If I kept an expense account I would know where to save," because I do keep an expense account, but I want to say this—I stopped keeping my expense account in my self-originated way and discarded that way the day I came into possession of Woolson's Economy Expense Book.

I have written a great number of stories lately urging people to save and suggesting methods of keeping ahead in the world, and I have sold the stories to magazines and have been paid for them. Magazines don't buy stories that mention articles that are for sale or I would have written a story about Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I am writing this as an advertisement because I hope a great many people will use Woolson's Economy Expense Book, as I am using it, and find it an aid to saving, as I am finding it.

A professional bookkeeper or accountant would not need this book because he could plan a book for himself, but I believe he would be the first to buy this book because he would appreciate its handiness. That is the thing that most of all commends the book to me, and I have been a bookkeeper. The book is so simple and so wise that it tells you itself how to keep it. That is, above all else, what an account book for the home must do.

We are not a stingy nation and I don't want this nation to be stingy. This Woolson's Economy Expense Book will not make anyone stingy. It will not make misers. If some of our few misers would use this book and saw how little was jotted down in the column "Gifts, Charity, etc.," during any year there might be fewer misers. The book merely shows the reasonable man or woman what becomes of the money spent, where savings may properly be made, and where more or less extravagance can be trimmed down.

EVERYONE says: "If anybody can show me where I can save money I'd be only too glad to save it." Nobody can show you that but yourself. You can only show it to yourself in one way, by showing what your various expenses are. You can only know what your expenses are by keeping an account of them. The average man and woman can only keep an account of expenses by having a book so simple and so complete that it is no trouble to keep it entered up from day to day, or from week to week. I think this Woolson's Economy Expense Book is just that simple and that complete. That is why I have been willing to write this advertisement.

* * * * * *

We want every man or woman who believes that money should be spent intelligently to have an opportunity to examine Woolson's Economy Expense Book. There is no need to add further description to what Mr. Butler has said.

Income taxes must be paid next June. This book will help you plan to meet your tax and reduce it to a minimum. For it will supply you with a record of certain disbursements, such as taxes, interest, charities, etc., which may be deducted from your income.

Right now when interest in thrift is so keen the publisher desires to place several hundred thousand copies of Woolson's Economy Expense Book with the people of this country. Accordingly they will send a copy to anybody interested, absolutely on approval for five days' examination. Send no money ($2.00) unless you prefer to do so. Merely write or fill out the coupon and the book will be sent you for five days' examination. If it is satisfactory remit $2.00.

George C. Woolson & Company
117 West 32nd Street, New York City

. . . . . .

George C. Woolson & Company
117 West 32nd Street, New York City

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, your Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send $2.00 in five days or return the book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Business Reference.....

McClure's 11 18

YOUR War Saving on McCLURE'S is $2.40 ~ if the coupon comes now

IF YOUR SON'S LIFE IS AT STAKE IN FRANCE!

If you realize that your daughter's safety depends on America's turning back the Hun!

If you feel that the world in which your child is to grow up would be blackened and ruined by victory for Kultur!

If you believe your business and all you hold dear, are menaced by the Kaiser's creed of Blood and Iron!

Then isn't it true that you want a magazine in your home that stands as a constructive force behind the government and nation as they wage war to crush forever the menace of the torch and sword?

If your answer is "Yes" to these questions—then isn't McClure's, with its virile, whole-souled "win-the-war" policy, the magazine of all magazines that should be in your home? Aside from the personal enjoyment it will bring you, don't you want to be a reader of the periodical that is so enthusiastically commended by our fighting men in France for the work it is doing at home to put the soul of the nation behind them in their fight?

More Cheerful and Entertaining Than Ever

Bear in mind, however, that we rest our claims to your patronage, not on sympathy or patriotism, or on any other grounds except that McClure's offers you the biggest value in fascinating novels, gripping short stories and live articles by foremost authors, that is offered by any magazine, no matter if it be sold at twice the McClure price.

McClure's is not merely a publication, it is a living procession of brilliant and entertaining writers who bring to you month after month the best that has been said and thought and done in this great world crisis.

Into your home to thrill and entertain you come:

Soldier-writers who take you with them through magnificent adventures;

Aviators who enthrall you with accounts of their exploits in the sky;

Sea-writers who rush you headlong into their thrilling campaigns against the wolves of the sea!

Writers like Booth Tarkington, Gouverneur Morris, Gertrude Atherton, and Mary Roberts Rinehart have joined with the regular staff of McClure authors during the past year to make this "Win-the-War" magazine not only strongly helpful to the nation, but to reward its readers and supporters with the most fascinating products of their pens. McClure's today is pulsing with vitality—the vitality that draws to it the best and rarest literary talent in the country, and the McClure schedule for next year is even richer and more entertaining than that of the present year. Now is the time of all times to become a McClure reader.

McClure's is now selling for 20 cents a copy. We held to the 15-cent price as long as possible, but now, to meet the big increases in publishing costs brought on by the war, we have advanced our price to 20 cents a copy, $2.00 a year (other magazines of the McClure class are now selling for 25 cents a copy, $2.50 a year).

When you mail the below coupon you secure McClure's at actually *less than half* the present single copy price.

How to Save $2.40 on McClure's

For this month only a big McClure saving is offered you. In the period of readjustment that a change in price involves, we gladly offer you a chance to save *more than half* of what the magazine will cost you if bought by the single copy; and *exactly half* of what it will cost you by the year when this offer closes. We will book your subscription for 24 big rich numbers of McClure's—for the same price you would pay for 10 copies if you bought them singly at retail. This is equivalent to your obtaining 14 copies without cost. This gives you our 20-cent magazine at less than 9 cents a copy, a big saving that comes only to quantity buyers.

The need of a virile, whole-heartedly patriotic magazine like McClure's becomes more evident as the war goes on. The people are supporting McClure's nobly. But it wants *your* aid too.

Here is your chance to enlist under the McClure banner; and to do so under money-saving circumstances. Resolve right now that you will go through this war with "Win-the-War" McClure's. Just a $2.00 bill covers the cost of a two-year subscription—just $2.00 brings immeasurable value in entertainment; to say nothing of the uplift and inspiration that comes to you from contact with the editors and authors who are solidly behind America and her Allies. ***Let the coupon come today.***

WAR ECONOMY COUPON — **TEAR OFF—MAIL NOW**

McClure's Magazine,
5th Ave. & 13th Street,
New York City

Gentlemen:—

I enclose $2.00. Please enter my name for a two-years' subscription to McClure's Magazine. (A $4.80 retail value)

(Note: Postage extra outside of U. S. If you desire to divide your subscription, attach directions on separate slip.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

McC-11-18

Yours for the Fourth Liberty Loan—

5th Ave. & 13th Street **McClure's Magazine** New York City

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

How in One Evening I Discovered the Secret of a Good Memory and in Six Months Increased My Business One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

As I look back on it to-day I can hardly believe that it is only six short months since I first met David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, and learned from his course—in one evening—how to make my memory do wonderful things, which I never dreamed were possible.

That first meeting, which has meant so much to me since, was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York where Mr. Roth gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle "Post Intelligencer's" account of a similar exhibition:

> "Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.
>
> "Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down the names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.
>
> "After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

It was just such a meeting that I attended at the Hotel McAlpin, when Mr. Roth started me on the "Road to Better Memory."

My own progress in memory building since that time seems like one of those pleasant dreams about picking up basketfuls of money. You know the kind—when you lie still and try to stay asleep so you can keep on dreaming (and picking up money). But it is reality all right for I have the **proof.** I can now go into a room with from 30 to 50 people, and one hour after being introduced to them—or a week after or a month—call their names instantly, almost without a single mistake on meeting them again, wherever it may be or however unexpectedly I may run into them.

But I find I am not the only one who has had this strange and quite unbelievable experience.

Only yesterday I was sitting at the desk of Mr. Roth's publisher, the president of the Independent Corporation, when we were interrupted by the ring of his telephone. I had come to discuss some of the finer points in Mr. Roth's code for linking up numbers with names and business facts. When the Publisher hung up the receiver he said, "That was Terence J. McManus speaking, of the law firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus and Ernst. You have heard of him of course—a striking figure in many famous criminal trials in New York City, and a hard man to beat when it comes to a test of wits or memory.

"He says he regards our service in giving this Roth Memory Course to the world as a 'public benefaction.' The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired appeal to him tremendously. He says he has already had occasion to test out the effectiveness of the first two lessons in preparing for trial an important action in which he is about to engage. (You see I am pretty good myself at reporting telephone talks—thanks to Mr. Roth!)

"But that is an everyday occurrence now. We have just received this letter from E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. He says:

> 'At one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words in Mr. Roth's first lesson forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method outlined is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment I have gotten from the first lesson.'

"The gratifying, and inspiring part of it is," continued the Publisher, "that they all say substantially the same thing. Here is a basket of 1000 letters from Roth enthusiasts received by us in the past 30 days—selected at random from the many thousands who have written in ordering the course. One man says, 'It can't be true!' and returns the course. The other 999 tell in glowing terms what the Roth method is doing for them, in many ways, and how quickly and delightfully they have mastered the big idea.

"A good composite of the general type of these letters is furnished by this letter received several months ago from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 became the President of a million dollar corporation, The Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher. You know the letter but read it again. He says:

> 'Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure PLEASURE all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends.'

"I tell you, Mr. Jones, it is a great experience to read these letters that pour in every day from every corner of the land—especially when I think how simple this method is and how few people among those who need it so badly have imagined before that such a thing could exist."

* * * *

All this was no surprise to me. In fact it seemed rather "tame" compared to my own experience with the Roth Course—which was as follows:

It sent me ahead in my business like a twin-six "on high" and to a degree that I would not have believed possible. And all in **six** months!

I **know** it was the Roth Course that did it. I will take my oath on it. Because I cannot account for the change in my whole business life in any other way.

I had suspected that the letter I saw from "Multigraph" Smith (H. Q. Smith, Manager Multigraph Sales Company of Montreal) was over enthusiastic. But I know now from my own actual experience—that he didn't put it a bit too strong when he wrote:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

The cold fact is that my new grip on business came in the six short months from the time I took up the Roth Memory Course.

In that brief period—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by $100,000—and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a "war bride," and with German drives sending cold shivers down the public spine and submarines knocking holes in business confidence and buying habits.

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater **power** in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business **perspective.** It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

Now, dear reader, do you not think you can use this Roth Memory Course in **your** business? It doesn't cost a penny to try it out. I am willing to lay a large wager—right now—that if you will send for the course and spend **one evening** on that fascinating first lesson, they won't be able to get it back from you with a team of horses. And you will vote that $5 (which I know you will send eventually) the best investment you ever made.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Colored clothes are as attractive as ever. Ivory Soap, being free from uncombined alkali, cannot fade delicate shades. White fabrics cannot be discolored by the white Ivory lather.

They have the sweet unobtrusive fragrance of complete cleanliness. Ivory is so free from unsaponified oil that it does not stick to the fabric; the rinsing removes every particle of suds and dirt. Ivory leaves after it only the pleasing natural odor of its own clean self.

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Volume 50
Number 13

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

NOVEMBER
1918

She had the look of having lived life eagerly and never having found it dull

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

The See-Saw

Beginning Our New and Amazing Novel of Married Life

By Sophie Kerr

THE two women who sat in the big quiet limousine were in every way unlike, yet with that curious dim resemblance that marks kinship. The older was at least fifty years of age and her arched nose, her thin lips, the whole lean outline of her face should have belonged to a woman of power and courage and high capabilities, but her eyes, dulled and kindly and a little vague, betrayed her as one who had been thwarted, had missed somehow all that she ought to have been.

The other woman, her companion, had the height, the same build and the same fine head, but with so great a difference! She was young—and lovely, and made in the strength and the harmony that the older woman lacked. There was spirit in the curve of her delicate determined chin, and the thin flying line of her black brows accented her long grey-blue eyes — eyes that could laugh and weep and flash at you seemingly all at once and never abate a scrap of their charm. Her hair was black, like her brows and lashes; her skin clear rose-and-white. She had the look of having lived life eagerly and never having found it dull, but there was also in her face the look of one who has experienced things that were hard and things that were dangerous, but had never lost her courage. It was not surprising that she had this look, for she had been married five years to Harleth Crossey, of whom his own mother had said that he was "as self-willed as a shooting star and just as uncomfortable about the house." Which was true, but omitted all reference to his undeniable personal charm. So, if Marcia Crossey had not lost her courage in domesticity, it was because she had never loved Harleth a millionth less than the day she said her marriage vows.

The older woman was talking in a voice as gentle and vague as her eyes. "It's been the greatest pleasure for me to be here with you and see your new house, and you manage it beautifully, my dear—just beautifully. I'd get rid of Imogen if I were you—that girl's too flighty. Otherwise—well—as I said—" she seemed to lose the thread of her thought, then picked it up again. "It's a delightful house, too . . . though I never quite can reconcile myself to using rugs altogether instead of carpets. Still, everything's in perfect taste. And so costly. But not ostentatious. I'm so glad Harleth's been so successful. So very successful."

She paused and waited for some comment. Poor Janey Prentice—she was so used to constant interruption and silencing from her grim old father that she could not get used to being without it.

Marcia Crossey smiled a proud little smile and touched her aunt's arm affectionately. "He *has* done wonderfully well, Aunt Janey. Even his father didn't think he could put through that big Surety and Finance Company all alone. But I'm almost afraid of all this money. It's too much. It's sort of smothering. It obligates you to such an everlasting tyranny of *things*."

"Yes, yes, I see what you mean," said her aunt. "I've felt that way myself. Indeed, if it weren't for the house in Chicago and all mother's and father's

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furniture and silver and linen that I couldn't bear to have touched, I'd move everything and come and live near you. Things tyrannize over us that way. Just possession of chairs and tables and all sorts of inanimate bits of stuff make us alter and adapt our whole lives. I've seen it many a time.' Well, well—as I was saying— now that I'm leaving and on the way to Hot Springs and Julia Marlitt waiting for me there and all —I just wanted you to know that I've enjoyed every minute of my visit, and though, of course, I've never married and may not understand marriage so thoroughly as those who've weathered through it, yet I do think, my dear, that you've managed wonderfully. It's so easy for a woman to make friction where a man has a restless, masterful temperament like Harleth's, and is so good-looking and attractive. That's why I think you're so wonderful. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

The soft color in Marcia Crossey's cheeks deepened a little, but her eyes were serene. "It's very nice of you to tell me," she said, adding gaily: "It's all due to your bringing up, you know. Where'd I be without that?"

"I like to tell people all the nice things I think about them," said Miss Prentice, "and particularly those who are nearest to me. Of course, Marcia, you, primarily, and Harleth and Baby, secondarily, are all I've got in the world. I won't count Cousin Virginia. She's too impossible since she had the third operation. I smell ether and see gleaming surgeons' knives every time I talk with her. Disgusting! Marcia—look, quickly—did I bring my large salts bottle? I can't do without it on the train."

Marcia obediently began to dig about among Miss Prentice's mass of traveling paraphernalia. "I wish you had Bocock with you," she said worriedly. Bocock was Miss Prentice's maid, who had been sent on with the large baggage the day before.

"It makes me very nervous to travel with Bocock," said Miss Prentice. "She gets car-sick and she never quite knows how to manage in the dining-car. There's the salts. Now I'll take it right in my hand. And my little bag and my jewel-case. I shall hold all these tight in my hands all the way to the Springs, except when I'm asleep."

The car slid up to the station platform and Wasson, the elegant but morose chauffeur, descended from the wheel and loaded himself with bags, coats, rugs, umbrellas, and all the rest of Miss Prentice's belongings. They made a mighty armful. The two women got out of the car and walked round the platform to wait for the train. Miss Prentice clung rather forlornly to Marcia's arm. She had something on her mind that she wanted to say. She waited until the train had rolled in, and then, at the car steps, she turned and whispered with hurried vehemence into her niece's ear, "I'd-never-ask - that - Templeton - woman - into - my - house-again-if-I-were-you-good-bye-dear-write-soon;" made a quick dab of a kiss at Marcia's cheek, and hurried up into the car.

Wasson had managed to get everything on board and in her drawing-room and, through two layers of window-glass, Marcia could see her clutching her salts bottle and her jewel-case and waving them both in farewell. Her face showed mingled emotions — relief that she had said that last word and fear that it might have made Marcia unhappy. Marcia hastened to reassure her by smiling and blowing her a kiss. But as the train pulled out, the younger woman turned away with a quick sigh. Aunt Janey, for all her vagueness, had put her finger on a very sore spot in Marcia's heart.

The superb Wasson was waiting by the open door of the limousine, but, as she turned, Marcia had caught sight of Curtis Jennings at the other end of the platform, and she went eagerly toward him. Here was an antidote for all depression. When he saw her coming, he came to meet her, and his round heavy face was lightened by unmistakable pleasure at the chance meeting.

"Seeing off Aunt Janey?" he asked, grinning, but not unkindly.

"She's gone," answered Marcia, "I wish you'd been here a few minutes earlier to have said good-bye to her. You won her heart to such a scandalous extent by sending her those flowers when she had tonsilitis that she's lamented ever since that she wasn't young enough to set her cap for you. But what are you doing here in the middle of the afternoon? You ought to be in town at work, earning money enough to keep your farm going."

Curtis grinned again, a little sheepishly, for it was a standing joke of the wealthy suburban community that his latest hobby—the three-hundred-acre farm he had bought on the edge of town—was as expensive as a whole flotilla of ocean-going yachts.

"I didn't go in town at all," confessed Curtis. "The architect's been out all day to go over the plans for the new stables, and I was busy with him when I heard about some delayed freight—feed and stuff I've been expecting—so I came right into town. I feel better now. I'll bet I put the fear of God into one station agent. Say, won't you and Harleth come out on Sunday and look at the new plans? They're great. I've got an entirely new scheme for the cow barn—"

"And another for the cabbage patch and another for the kennels," taunted Marcia. "Save it until Sunday. I may feel stronger then. And oh, Curtis—be sure to keep the eighteenth open. We're going to give a big dinner!—with dancing! The biggest party yet."

"Why the sudden outburst into festivity?"

"Well, Harleth didn't want to have a big party while Auntie was with us—she does get on his nerves— and before that Baby was sick, and before *that* we were getting settled and the house wasn't all done inside, and so—really, this is the first chance we've had. You'll surely come? I'm going to have lots of pretty girls."

"Have lots of pretty married women," said Curtis. "They're much safer for a bachelor to play round with."

"You talk like a society play. If I were not such a very pretty young married woman myself, I might be angry."

"Oh, you see, I counted on that, "said Curtis, twinkling. "But hark, fair one. Dost wish to do me a favor?"

"Anything but hearing about the new cow stables."

"I've no business to ask it," hesitated Curtis, "but would you, on this one occasion, omit Leila Templeton? You know I don't want to be married off willy-nilly, without my personal inclinations being even consulted, but honestly—the last few times—well—Leila is getting to be just a bit *rather*."

Color flew again, a lovely sign of unexpressed emotion, into Marcia's cheeks. "I'll see that you're taken care of, even if I do ask Leila," she said. "But I think you're a little hard on her. She's *got* to marry—they've hardly any money now, and it's horrid for her to live in that little West Side apartment. She's always been so attractive and had such a good time and heaps of people aren't nice to her at all since they've been poor. I'm awfully sorry for her."

"She's a man-eater," said Curtis, doggedly. "She's a trouble-maker. She's the sort who, when she wants something, doesn't care how much it costs anyone else, so long as she gets it. I don't see how you can stand her."

"Oh well," said Marcia, taking refuge in lightness, " 'from childhood's earliest hours,' you know. And she was awfully nice to me when we were at school together, I can't forget that it was at her house I met Harleth. I owe her a lot for that. I must run along now. Remember—the eighteenth."

"And remember—Sunday. Luncheon—or supper—or tea—or anything," called Curtis after her, as she stepped into the waiting car.

He stopped and looked after it. To those who saw him, he appeared a rather thick-set, good-natured looking, youngish man, without a suggestion of imagination or sentiment, so perfectly does the flesh sometimes conceal the soul. In reality, he was so much in love with Marcia Crossey that the sight of her was delicate torture, and what he had just said to her was an offer of a way to escape certain conditions which he felt must be trying and hard for her. To give her a way to spare herself having Leila Templeton under her roof was ample excuse, to him, for speaking of a woman as he had done.

To a certain extent Marcia Crossey recognized this. She knew that he was giving her a way to get out of asking Leila to her house again, but she did not know the motive that prompted it. To her, Curtis Jennings was a dear, but commonplace friend, useful, and never in the least dangerous. That he adored her she would not have believed, even if he himself had told her. Neither would anyone else, so well had he concealed his constant heart. What he had said to-day, she set down to an exaggerated chivalry. It embarrassed her.

"First Aunt Janey and then Curtis," she said to herself, as she drove off. "Oh, I know what they meant. It hurts me so I can hardly bear it. Why *will* Harleth do such things? It humiliates me so to have people sorry for me. And he *isn't* interested in her seriously! It's just his way! He's got too much good taste to be caught by any such obvious siren as Leila, even if he didn't care anything for me." She frowned a little. "But it was dear and thoughtful of Curt. He'd cut himself up into little bits for Harleth and me. I do think he's the best—and the kindest—" Her thoughts were suddenly distracted by a sight of Wasson at the wheel, indicating by the rigid set of his head and the violent spite with which he honked the horn, how displeased he was with his mistress's loitering.

"Some day," mused Marcia, "I know I shall try Wasson's autocratic soul too far, and he'll leave. But not so long as Imogen stays with me."

Imogen was her personal maid, and Wasson was her slave, more because Imogen was the first woman who had ever openly flouted and laughed at him than by reason of her charms. She was an ugly, dark little monkey of an Englishwoman, with an expressed great scorn of men. She had been maid to one of Christabel Pankhurst's lieutenants before coming to America, and she had absorbed the militant phrases with enthusiasm — not, however, from belief in the suffrage, but because she found her stinging invectives a wonderful attraction for "followers."

Marcia Crossey thought a little bit of Imogen and her amusing ways, and from Imogen her mind dwelt on the other servants and the whole system of running her house, which she had built up slowly and carefully. It was such a big house, this new one, and there were so many more people needed for it than she had ever had before that it had been a real labor to adjust hours and duties into a working arrangement which was effective and yet not burdensome. Harleth's mother had helped her with the sort of welcome advice that leaves the advisee free to follow it or not. Harleth had not helped at all. He spoiled the servants dreadfully, being either too exacting or too lax, and always careless of their rights and their feelings. Yet, if they liked him at all, they gave him a whole-hearted devotion, and regarded his vagaries with an amused tolerance and resignation that he and Marcia found highly diverting.

A certain feeling of well-being stole over Marcia Crossey as she reflected on these things. She leaned back still more easily against the comfortable cushions of the car. After all, she *was* fortunate. Baby was well again; the house was just the sort of house she had always dreamed of; the neighborhood was friendly and kind and jolly; Harleth's affairs had prospered beyond all right of expectation; and, as even small blessings should not be forgotten, Aunt Janey's visit was happily over for another couple of years at least. If only Harleth — but there — Harleth was Harleth and she couldn't change him. She had long ago learned that she must love his faults if she was going to love him at all. And, of course, no husband is perfect. She had only to look among her friends to be assured of that. But if at times he would *only* seem to be grown up, if he would only help her a *little* in building their lives together, if he would only see that he must take some responsibility for their happiness, instead of leaving all the concessions and adjustments and harmonizings to her. But in that he was still like a little boy, and a little boy *au naturel* is apt to be selfish and eager for pleasure. Leila Templeton, for instance, was just a symbol of this characteristic of Harleth.

There had been others before her, but there was something about Harleth's teasing, caressing nonsense with Leila—the last time she had been at the house—that was specially annoying. Marcia felt that she might have found it less trying if Curt Jennings and Aunt Janey hadn't been there to see. They had been indignant . . . Curt a little contemptuous. Marcia had wanted to cry out to them that it was only Harleth's way . . . and that he'd behaved exactly the same (though that wasn't quite true) with half a dozen pretty women before Leila. Instead, she had sat still and talked and been as cool and natural as she could,— hating it all the while. She did not like to remember how much she had hated it.

But Wasson was stopping under the *porte-cochère*, and she must get out. She threw her troubling thoughts away with determination. After all—these women were just toys to him. She *must* believe that, she told herself, [*Continued on page 45*]

"OUT of the Depths"—a series of the most absorbing submarine stories that have ever found their way into print. The series will appear complete in the December number of McClure's. The story of the "H-3" is a tale of the amazing grit of "young England." The one entitled "The Jalea" has around it the red aura of heroism so strongly marked that even to come within its circle is an experience. "The Monge" manifests beautifully the debonair and unconquerable spirit of France. And the "UC-12" gives us a little glimpse into life at an Italian naval base. Altogether these stories constitute a rare treat for our readers

She walked him over to his bed and let him drop there in a disheveled, lumpish heap, his hair falling over his forehead

ROOSEVELT—

The Famous Name Has Fought

by **Philip Thompson**

Photograph, Walter Scott Shinn

Roosevelt as a genial grand-daddy

IT was in the midst of a huge patriotic mass-meeting. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was speaking with all his characteristic fire and virility on the American individual's responsibilities and duties in the Great War. From somewhere in the crowd a surly voice interrupted:

"Say! What are you doing for your country in this War? Why aren't you over at the Front fighting? What right have you to tell us what to do or what not to do?"

Colonel Roosevelt stopped. One could see that every nerve in his body had leaped to a sudden tenseness.

"What am I doing for my country in this War?" he repeated grimly. "I have sent my four boys over there. I have sent my four boys, for each of whose lives I care a thousand times more than I care for my own, if you can understand that, you man over there!

"And you — you creature over there — you and like you dare to stay here and ask an American father what he has meant by sending his boys to the other side!"

There came a hush — such a hush as can fall only on a great crowd. For a flash, the audience had been given a glimpse of the intimate side of Theodore Roosevelt; of Roosevelt, the father — and then that glimpse found expression in a thunder of cheers. The former President of the United States stood staring down at the applauding thousands, but it was not difficult to imagine that for the moment he neither saw nor heard — that his eyes were focused only on a vision of the black stretches of No Man's Land, where *his* boys, with others, were defending his country, and theirs.

Of those four boys one has already paid the supreme sacrifice, and two have been seriously wounded.

Yes. Theodore Roosevelt has a right to dare the world to ask what he is doing for his country. In strange contrast to this record is the fact that although the Kaiser has had six sons in the German army practically since the outbreak of the War not one has received even a scratch.

Roosevelt has raised his boys to stay on the firing line and to know no surrender. They have been taught by their father to fight or die. The Crown Prince and the other sons of the Kaiser have had the influence and atmosphere of a lifetime of the so-called "military" training of Imperial Germany. That training has been true to its promise. The Kaiser's sons have been made leaders in the great military system of Germany — but their leadership is of the type where they will never be exposed thoughtlessly to bomb or bullet.

The four sons of Theodore Roosevelt, who went to the Front, understood their duty like the sons of John Smith. They knew no favoritism, no influence, no partiality. They had only one goal — to win or die. And they asked and received no short cut to success.

The world thinks it knows Theodore Roosevelt. Superficially, he is probably the most advertised man before the public. Humanly, he is probably the least advertised. This, then, is not a narrative of former President Roosevelt, or of Colonel Roosevelt, or of the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt — but of the Roosevelt of another title which the world labels "Father."

The former President of the United States, like his humble constituent, John Jones, has paid his toll to the common cause of a new world democracy. But the thrill of patriotism and of fatherhood which that toll holds has never yet been given to a world, torn now by the Tragedy of Ages.

The Roosevelt study at Sagamore Hill, the first door to the right as you enter the big, hospitable hall of the American country gentleman, is a room of history.

It is the kind of room that exudes memories — memories of the long, patient hours of the student and author over close-packed manuscripts — and other memories, more virile, of the man of action, whose driving personality has dominated scores of the governmental crises of the past quarter of a century.

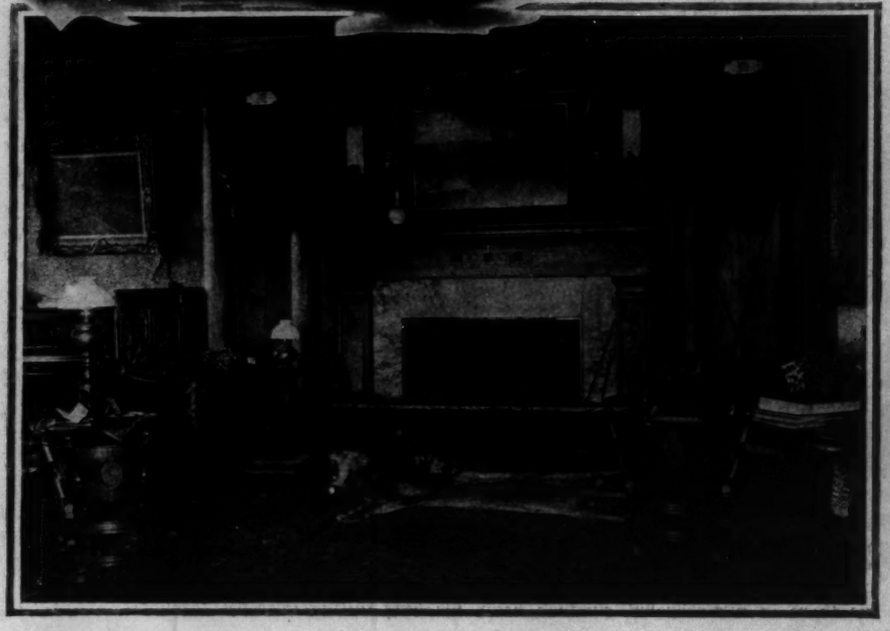
If those four walls could speak, they could tell a thrilling record of far-flung decisions reached and world-stirring problems solved there on the sleepy Long Island countryside, with the rumble of the Sound just below the trees — such a record as few other rooms in America could tell. It was here that Theodore Roosevelt received the first news of the loss of his son, Quentin, American aviator with the Expeditionary Forces in France.

He was dressed in the knickerbockers and loose shirt that he wears six days of the week when his engagements allow him to remain at Sagamore Hill. His usually intense face, a face which one would almost think is never in repose in spite of the trail of the years, and his nervously clipped voice showed the strain of an ordinary Rooseveltian day.

Mrs. Roosevelt was up-stairs dressing for dinner. In a few moments the Colonel would also leave his study for the same formality of toilet. Even in the country, where most tired business and professional men ignore the social conventions, Theodore Roosevelt stamps his personality by a strict dinner garb, although it may be only an informal family meal. The eight-thirty dinner at the Roosevelt home is the event of the day.

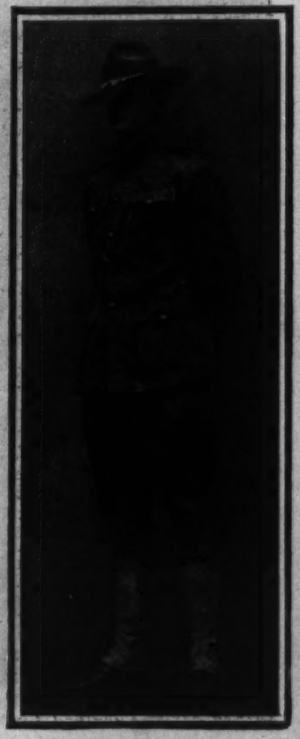
It was in this setting that the first fragmentary overseas cable came. It was surmise, rumor, suggesting infinitely more of the sudden tragedy than it told.

For weeks, Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt had been preparing themselves for just such news from the Front. With four sons in and above the trenches, whose heritage would impel them always to the thick of action, the mathematical odds made anything else almost an impossibility, almost a miracle.



The Roosevelt homestead, "Sagamore Hill," Long Island, and its famous trophy room

Photographs by Paul Thompson



Captain Archie, one of the "Fighting Roosevelts," recently wounded by shell, and proud wearer of a French War Cross

Photograph, Underwood and Underwood

And His Boys

Its Way Across No Man's Land

With Intimate Photographs

And now the news, fearsomely calculated in weeks of uncertainty, had come.

The first gesture of Colonel Roosevelt was typical of the man — and in that quick, watchful glance toward the hall one forgot instantly the former President of the United States. Stripped of the fame of office, there remained Theodore Roosevelt, father and husband.

The careful closing of the door and the lowering of his voice were not enough. Only in the open air, in the shadow of the century-old trees could he speak what was in his heart. And always in what he said in the twelve burdened hours of suspense that followed there was the same under-note: the mother must not be told — not yet — not until there was no hope left.

Now into his life had come the thrusting shadow of War — and its toll. His boy, his youngest, just turned to man's estate, had been brought down from a battle of the clouds to his death, somewhere, somehow!

Of a sudden, without warning, a twenty-word cable had brought the War, on which Theodore Roosevelt has probably written and spoken more than any other man in America, home to his study, his desk, his heart. And in the shock he had come to know again that he was a father — that it was *his* boy who had dropped a thousand or two thousand feet to his death; that that which he had been writing about, lecturing about, had cut fearsomely and intimately into his own life, not as a public man, but as a private individual, a unit — one of tens of thousands of others.

War is no respecter of persons, nor of classes. It kills blindly — impartially.

At 7:30 on the following morning, the newspaper man at Oyster Bay rang the bell at Sagamore Hill. The Colonel came to the door. There was no need to speak.

The two walked to the old-fashioned veranda of the Roosevelt house. And there, with the early-morning breezes sweeping up from the Sound, the Colonel heard the positive confirmation of the tragedy of the trenches — that the previous night's cablegrams had been too cruelly verified.

For a long space the Colonel walked on in silence, his brow furrowed. Turning to his companion he said:

"But — Mrs. Roosevelt? How am I going to break it to her?"

It was of his wife, and not of himself that the Colonel now thought and pondered.

Abruptly he turned back to the house — to face the hardest task of his life. For the first time, Death had entered the intimate Roosevelt family circle.

A few hours later the newspaper man saw the Colonel again. With him was Mrs. Roosevelt with eyes bright and voice steady. Yet it was plain that she had been told.

As the Colonel walked away, Mrs. Roosevelt confided that she and the others in the house would do everything to help him. The burden must not all rest on his shoulders, she thought, and it was her duty to help him.

Her voice choked. They were just an American father and mother, who had been called overnight to the supreme sacrifice for their flag and who were trying, each without seeking aid from the other, to shield the other, to soften the great blow, to help and inspire.

Thus, with telegrams and cablegrams flooding the little Oyster Bay office by the thousands, from Queen Alexandra to John Doe, registering the sympathy of the world, did the parents — the father and mother of the boy who had given his life above the lines — receive the news that their youngest born would never return.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT doesn't seek the limelight — the limelight seeks him.

When the public received the news that he had been blinded in one eye the announcement was a shock worthy of the first pages of the press; but the fact had been known to his friends for several years.

Here is another bit of fairly ancient news of much the same kind: Colonel Roosevelt has made a forty-minute flight in an airplane. The reason for the hitherto unchronicled flight is pertinent to this narrative, for it has to do with "the boys" — and the Colonel's characteristic interpretation of the obligations of fatherhood.

From the first outbreak of the Great War the enthusiastic Quentin was importunate in his desire to go to the Front — and it was thoroughly characteristic of the younger generation of Roosevelts that he should pick the air service.

It was equally characteristic of the elder generation that the father should desire a personal investigation of the environment and details of his son's choice. Just what transpired in those interviews between father and son on the army aviation service is a matter for speculation; but early one morning the Colonel's limousine, with his colored chauffeur, Charlie Lee, at the wheel, swept out of Sagamore Hill.

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood

"Quentin, the eagle, nobly dead!"

The Colonel was the only occupant of the car. It was very early. The destination of the limousine was the aviation training camp at Mineola. As the car stopped, the hundled figure of the Colonel, with slouch hat pulled low over his face, sprang out quickly.

Two or three officers stepped forward from the shelter of a nearby hangar. Quite evidently his arrival had been anticipated, although there was none of the usual crowd which one associates with the appearance of so distinguished a visitor.

The Colonel, talking animatedly to the officer in charge, walked across to where the swaying body of an airplane clung to the ground.

For a few minutes he examined it with interest, and then without the slightest evidence of novelty stepped over the side, and helped the pilot to buckle him in. The airplane was quivering, vibrating, moving, and the Colonel was in it!

The next moment the plane scuttled down the field, wavered, jumped — and Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, had left the ground in his first air flight!

The machine soared upward and onward until the blur in the sky became a speck, and then vanished, while Charlie Lee climbed out of his seat and paced to and fro on the ground, in an effort to control his agitation.

For forty minutes Colonel Roosevelt skimmed the skies over Long Island Sound and beyond, his goggled eyes peering down at the strange vista below him

Kermit, a Captain, and Teddy, Jr., a Major, both fighting like "Sam Hill" in the U. S. Army

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood

"*The Fighting Roosevelts*"

Photograph, Arthur Hewitt

with all the eagerness of the young aerial recruit, striving for an ace.

There was never a hint of nervousness in his attitude — he was frankly, whole-heartedly interested in the sensation of a new experience concerning which he was determined to know all there was to know.

When the machine volplaned finally back to the ground, and the Colonel stepped out, he continued, in the same conversational tone with which he had left the earth, the series of probing questions for which he wanted definite answers.

He had sampled every other experience of the sportsman except that of the air; but there was something more than the sportsman in his present undertaking.

He wanted to meet his boy, Quentin, on his own ground; as a father, he intended to know for himself just what his son was proposing to do, what he would have to face, the chances for and against his success; and he could know only by first-hand, personal experience; by undergoing on his own account the sensations and situations which his son might be expected to confront.

Charlie Lee was back in his seat now, striving his best to appear unconcerned, as though the whole affair were a matter of course — for the Colonel was safe and sound, and would be home for breakfast!

"Worried a bit, eh, Charlie?" laughed the Colonel.

Charlie coughed and stammered:

"Why — why — no, sir — I reckon as how *you* can do most anything."

It wasn't long afterward that the father gave the consent to Quentin Roosevelt which enrolled his youngest son in the most dangerous branch of the Expeditionary Forces. But it wasn't until after Theodore Roosevelt had qualified himself to talk to his boy, not as parent to son, but as man to man, of the trials, and problems, and experiences, which his choice would have in store.

It would not be the Colonel if he did not give the credit for the boys to the mother, and to minimize his own part; but in spite of a life crowded with activities, which few men could stand, he has yet found time to live up to his own peculiar vision of the obligations of a father.

There are none who know this better than the boys themselves.

Once at school the teacher put to the pupils the task of giving their parents' names and occupations. The question at length reached Quentin. With an air of unconcern the youngster rose from his seat.

"My father is Theodore Roosevelt," he said.

"And what is his occupation?" insisted the teacher.

Quentin shrugged his shoulders.

"Why — why — *my* father is just IT!" And he sat down.

There was no playfulness in the answer. It was the sincere, boyish tribute to a father who, somehow, was better and greater than the father of any other boy in school.

This was the youngest of the fighting boys — one hundred per cent. man-power of the younger Roosevelt generation that marched to the Front. The Colonel gave all. Of his sons and heirs, he kept none back.

This is why the Great War has come to mean something more to him than a world problem in morals, or economics, or democracy. Because of what he has given, is giving, it has shown him what he as a man, and a citizen, and a father has in his power to give.

No Man's Land holds now for Theodore Roosevelt not only a deeper meaning, but a more poignant understanding of the red blight that has come upon the earth and the price we must pay to destroy it.

It is a flesh-and-blood problem we are fighting.

We cannot solve it alone by Liberty Bonds or by War Savings Stamps, or by food and fuel conservation. We can solve it for all time only by flesh and blood.

Theodore Roosevelt knows this now as he could never know it before. He has come to know the real meaning of fatherhood by that which he has to offer to his flag. Probably few men in recent history have been so driven by manifold duties as has been Theodore Roosevelt. Only a fraction of his time could he steal for himself. His own wishes have always been subservient to greater things.

The War has shown him that his greatest service to his country was not that which he could give as a statesman, but that which he could give as a father.

And, in the giving, the boys have come to know their father, and he has come to know them, as perhaps never otherwise could have been the case.

When we are fighting to the death for our homes we begin to understand just what we are fighting for — and why.

Theodore Roosevelt is proud of his boys — not because they are his, but because they lived up to his ideals of American service, of their own volition and in their own way, without urging.

When the time came for him to issue to the press a statement concerning the loss of Quentin, his words were characteristic and brief:

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the Front and had the chance to render some service to his country and to show the stuff there was in him before his fate befell him."

There could be no greater tribute to son — or to father.

And yet those who were in the Colonel's confidence knew the crushing opportunity which the situation offered him to reply to various malicious attacks that had been lately brought to his attention. [*Continued on page 39*]

Fighting Stock

by **Daniel Henderson**

QUENTIN, the eagle, nobly dead!
Theodore wounded, but plunging ahead;
Archie, torn in the shrapnel's rain,
Pleading to lead his lads again!
Kermit, leaping from honors won
To wrench new victories from the Hun!
Here is no shielded princeling clan,
But front-line champions of man!
Come, have we called the roll entire?
Nay, add to it that sturdy sire
Who guides in spirit his Bayard breed
To starry goal and shining deed!

Fighting stock! Fighting stock!
And millions more of the same brave strain,
Plowing through Picardy and Lorraine!
What tyrant can withstand their shock?
Fighting stock! Fighting stock!

The Final Curtain

"A Fool There Was, and He Made His Prayer —" Only This Time There Were Two of Him

by **Achmed Abdullah**

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

THE farther part of the studio — where the brocaded walls were covered with elusive little water colors, a couple of Burlington proofs, and a great many elaborately framed photographs portraying her own operatic triumphs as well as those of friends and rivals at the Metropolitan — lay in a dense, purple trooping of shadows. The rays of the single electric globe, filtering through plaited, golden Venetian silk, centered on a large buhl table and on the man's hand — his great bulk, leaning back in the chair, was part of the shadows — that toyed with a brittle celadon box.

It was a strong, high-veined, hairy hand, flat across the wrist where a thin, white scar ran up to the thumb joint. The hand of a sculptor, thought Maria Gomez, perhaps that of a man who followed the seas . . . she wondered.

Five weeks earlier, somebody — she had forgotten who — had brought him to her dressing-room after her triumph in *La Tosca*.

Since then she had seen him often, of late almost daily. But he had never told her anything definite, nor, for that matter, anything indefinite about himself; and she, in spite of her eager Spanish impetuosity, had been curiously averse to asking him.

She just knew his name; it was engraved on his cards with an odd foreign flourish and surmounted by an archaic coronet: Baron Detlev Wrangel-Erricson. Knew, too, that he was a man of the world, wealthy, well educated, familiar with all the minute caste tricks from a golden teaspoon to a horse's hoof, from a smattering of polo argot to a bowing acquaintance with the most recent cubist madness; a splendid linguist who had traveled a great deal. At times he would talk to her about his travels and, somehow, in his telling even the smallest journeys seemed to hold a spice and tang of adventure, of drama even.

"Señora Gomez!" he said now in his steady voice, and he bent forward so that his face came into the full radiance of the lamp, with a motley black-and-white play of shadows that emphasized his aquiline nose, his deep-set, violet-blue eyes, his close-cropped reddish beard and the long mustache that showed broad, scarlet lips beneath its supercilious upsweep.

"Yes, Baron?"

With her blue-black hair that looked as if cigarette smoke had been blown through it crisping over her low, ivory forehead, her tiny, straight nose, and that soft little vagueness about her mouth, she looked childish, appealing, rather pathetic; and he drew in his breath sharply, to let it out a second later in a blind, unexpected rush of words, tense with the constraint of awkward, unfilled pauses:

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you. Have no right to tell you. Had made up my mind not to. But —" his arm cut through the air with something that was more a tragic incident than a mere physical gesture — "I love you. I —" he paused, then went on: "Just that — I love you."

When she raised a narrow, pleasurable hand as if to ward off the hot rush of his words, he laughed grimly:

"Clumsy, puppyish way of putting it. I know, my dear. But, don't you see, ordinarily, in things of action, I am the sort of chap who storms the citadels of God's grace, refusing to let plain divine will or divine fretfulness baffle him. Only — when it comes to woman. . . ."

Suddenly, he looked very boyish, and she smiled. She felt more sure of herself, of her ground.

"Yes?" she asked, just a little teasingly.

He caught the faint, minor note in her wonderful contralto voice, and relaxed a little from his hard, emotional embarrassment.

"When it comes to woman," he said, "I give up. I have never played in the fields of white lilies. Nor — by Jove! — have I played overmuch in the fields of scarlet, pagan poppies."

And then he said again:

"I love you. Very, very much — though I know that I have no right to tell you."

She did not reply at once.

She realized that, subconsciously, ever since that night when he had bowed over her hand in her dressing-room and had murmured some banal compliment about

the sobbing, lilting bel-canto in her voice, she had known that this would happen. While there was ice in her blood at the hard glitter in his violet-blue eyes, the working of his scarlet lips, and the twitching of his fingers that opened and shut spasmodically like the sticks of a fan, she felt also that strange tightening of the heart that only love can bring.

Finally she looked up.

"I am glad you love me," she said; and the man made a raucous noise in his throat.

"You — mean . . . ?" His voice cracked.

"Yes, dear," she replied to his unfinished question.

She leaned across the table, her face uptilted, her lips slightly open. She wondered if he would kiss her. Wanted him to kiss her.

But he settled back again in his chair so that once more his rugged Viking features were swallowed in the purple shadow blotch.

His words, when he spoke, were staccato and dry; detached, in a way:

"Remember what I told you, Maria. I have no right to speak to you of love — No. I am not married." He slurred and stopped.

Then, rising, putting both his great hands on her shoulders, and looking down at her:

"Tell me. What does love mean to you? Does it only mean complete surrender . . . . "

"*Only?*"

"Or —" he went on, without heeding her hurt interruption, "does it also mean complete — trust?"

There was a cold, gigantic strength in him that stormed and held her.

"Yes," she replied in a low voice, steady with utter earnestness. "Love means that, too. Complete trust — and —" with deep conviction shimmering along the mazes of passionate, incoherent speech: "I trust you, trust you, dear! My trust in you is — oh — how can I put it? — holy, eternal, glorious!"

"Your trust in me? Yes. But —" came his incongruous query — "what about your trust in — *mine?*"

"In — *yours?* You mean — your family, your friends, your relations . . . . "

"No, Maria. I mean something far greater. Something bigger. Something finer. The thing which gives meaning to my life, cause and reason for my life. The faith, the conviction which makes me what I am! I mean —" and his face was like the face of a priest chanting a sacred liturgy in front of the altar — "*Germany!*"

"Germany?" she echoed dully. "What has Germany to do with . . . . "

"Our love? Our trust? Everything, dear!"

And when still she looked at him, wonderingly, he lifted her from her chair and took her in his arms.

"I love you, Maria. But even more do I love the

"I love you, very, very much — though I know that I have no right to tell you," he said

fatherland. A woman — this Germany of mine. Not a woman like you, small, dainty, sweet. But tall and blond and blue-eyed and strong and eternal! There is no sin I would not commit for her, no crime. No falsehood I would not tell. And — if you love me, if you trust me, you must love and trust Germany. You must work for her, fight for her, help her — Germany!"

She looked at him, out of round, startled eyes.

"But," she whispered, her voice scarcely above a breath, "I thought that you were a . . . . "

"A Swede? Or a Norwegian?"

She inclined her head, and he smiled.

"Camouflage!" The slang cut uglily, disagreeably through the dramatic tenseness that lay across the studio like a pall. "A Scandinavian I am in America and, perhaps, — who knows? — an American when my work takes me up to the Norse country."

He bent down and kissed her full on the lips. His tone of light banter surged up quickly to one of stark, almost epic enthusiasm.

"My mistress, my blond, eternal mistress — Germany — is imperious and exacting. She asks all of her sons — and of those who would love and follow and trust her sons. Tell me," he wound up abruptly, sternly, "are you ready — are you willing?"

"Yes, dear," she said simply.

And then he spoke to her of Germany.

A master-artist with the spoken word, he flung the picture of Germany across the receptive canvas of her imagination with keen, slashing strokes of the brush, suffusing the dark spots with glowing, mysterious purple, picking out the high lights with gold and silver and diamond, framing the whole in a Byzantine halo of worship.

And Maria Gomez listened — and believed.

Hitherto, the War had meant nothing to her. Less serious it had seemed to her narrow, rather selfish artist's soul than her triumphs on the stage, the fit and cut of her frocks, her monthly picture in the pages of the *Princess Review*.

She was an artist, a cosmopolitan. What to her the travail of battling democracies? What to her the choked call for freedom? What to her the crack of the killing gun and the swish of the sword when it is red?

But now this man from the steel-clad, conquering

North had stepped into her life. He had fired her blood, had spiced her imagination. He had taken her by storm as once, in her own land, the white-skinned Goths had taken the swarthy Iberians, had mated with them, had forged them into a weapon for their own further conquests; and the sweeping wonder of it had been accomplished by that emotion — tremendously simple and tremendously complicated — known as Love.

"I love you," he was saying, "and you love me, and we both, together, like one soul, love Germany. We must serve her. Not because of reward or money. Not because of ourselves. But because of Germany's eternal soul. Because of our love for her!"

She did not see his splendid lack of logic. In her heart, from that moment, that Germany which hitherto had been to her only a vague geographical and cultural term, and this blond Viking of whom she knew nothing except that she loved him, had blended into a whole, a wonderful, mysterious whole which was almost a sacrament.

So she echoed his words, with an hysterical catch in her voice:

"Yes, dear, we must serve Germany — because of our love — our great mutual trust! Not for triumph or fame or money!"

There then was the gist of it: Love — trust — unbesmirched by coined gold!

"I will help you, dear," she whispered, "you and Germany."

And she buried her hands in his thick, yellow hair and drew him down to her and kissed his lips.

There was about Maria Gomez a sort of deep, vibrant vivacity, a continuous and open response to the personalities, the virtues, the very prejudices of the people whom she met on her path through life. Thus men adored her, and women forgave her her beauty and her talent.

Yet, underlying this responsive vivacity, was a selfishness which, although passive, was none the less puissant. It was the unconscious egotism of the artist superimposed on a lack of human sympathy which was a possible racial throwback to some remote Moorish-Catalan ancestor; and when the blond, clamorous love of the man from the North swept her off her feet, this selfishness, while disappearing in a whirlpool of passion where the man himself was concerned, did not change except at a tangent that, at first abstruse and indirect, flashed out presently with a tremendously strong, even minatory, cosmic energy.

For the root of her passion was the conviction, almost the tenet, that she had become a vital factor in the history of the world as it was being fought out on the battlefields from Flanders to Persia, the wary zig-zagging of merchant ships across a U-boat infested ocean, the sailing of Transports that brought the free-stepping, boisterous yeomanry of the New World to the rescue of the Old. Not that, in spite of the Baron's daily, epic talks on the subject, the Teutonic conception of civilization ever really captured her latent intellect. Nor was that which roped her to the chariot of the German Intelligence Service altogether an emotional result of her physical passion for the Baron. The real motive for it lay in the novel, unwonted sensation of altruism, of doing a thing because of love and trust and not for fame or money, and she was not a good enough student of psychology to realize that this very altruism became in its final analysis a yet greater selfishness than her former, petty, artistic egotism.

The Baron, on the other hand, though an observer of human nature and vagaries through his very profession, was too acridly male in his psychic make-up to divine that the main-spring of Maria Gomez' enthusiastic espousing of Germany's cause, while a tribute to her love for him, was at the same time an offering on the altar of a curiously twisted and tinseled egotism.

He took her more deeply into his confidence as the days passed. Perhaps — though this nobody may ever know — he really loved her, thus making the curtain of his eventual Fate yet more tragic.

When, acting under the Baron's instructions, she opened her studio to Sunday night receptions, her friends came and brought more friends.

War was lending a spice of color to the black broadcloth and starched shirt-front republican society and, as the season progressed and Maria Gomez' salon became an acknowledged institution where people just "dropped in" to see and be seen, the great Florentine mirror that faced the door leading into the entrance hall of her studio picked out khaki and navy blue here and there amongst sober evening dress and fluffed, fluted chiffon and charmeuse.

Of course, since democracy, as is the regrettable habit with democracy, had rather suddenly decided to throw its sword into the scale for freedom and, finding the opposite scale heavily weighted with very efficient blood and as efficient iron, had to lay enthusiastic hands on whatever raw material it could find, mistakes were unavoidable; and thus nobody can really be blamed for the fact that Peter Remsen, New Yorker and gentleman, found himself in an exceedingly well fitting Captain's uniform and busy in a department that dealt with Transports taking the sea from New York port.

There was at bottom nothing wrong with him. He was square, decent, well-bred, had captained his 'Varsity team, and was clean morally and physically. The trouble with him was that, at this stage of his development, his character was still half drizzle and half sleet and that he met Maria Gomez and, meeting her, fell in love with her on the rebound from a slim, wheat-haired New England maiden's chilly:

"No, my dear. But I'll be a sister to you."

For the sake of the tale's moral values there should have been a struggle, perhaps a tremendous renunciation. This would have made Peter Remsen's character more conspicuous; but, by reverse English, would also have made the entire chain of events impossible. For it was Remsen's very inconspicuousness, his inconspicuity rather, which was destined to thump down the climax.

What really happened was the usual thing — the thing which has remained ironically unchanged since the intermezzo near the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden; and it occurred on a blue-and-gold Saturday afternoon not long after his friend, Captain Tecumseh Beauregard, had uprooted Peter Remsen from his Sunday night bridge table at the New Holland Club to make him bow over Maria Gomez' white hand.

On that Saturday afternoon, having first carefully ascertained over the telephone that she would see him, he arrived with a large box of purple orchids spotted with tawny orange, the light of love in his eyes, and stammered words on his tongue. Very much like the Baron, he proposed to take the citadel by storm — a recklessness caused by something in Maria Gomez' narrow-lidded eyes.

"I love you!" he blurted out suddenly, straight through the center of an ethical conversation on Shakespeare and the musical glasses; and, with frank boyishness: "I say — would you mind terribly if I told you all about it?"

"Would I — mind?" smiled Maria, her fingers playing with her jade cigarette holder, her mind busy turning over certain information the Baron had given her with regard to Peter Remsen and the Transport Service.

Peter stretched out a hot, clumsy hand, missing hers by the teasing fraction of an inch.

"You — you know —" he stuttered, trying hard to express himself in the proper lyrical similes which the occasion seemed to demand, "when I saw you — that Sunday — for the first time . . . why, I loved you at once, at once! I — I know it sounds no end silly . . . ."

"It doesn't!" she interjected.

"And it isn't!" he continued, emboldened. "It's a great, big, bully, glorious truth! I saw you — and, at once, love floated down upon me — like — like — oh . . . ."

"Like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk — is that it?" she asked gently; and when again he reached for her hand, she fell into his arms without further ado.

"I know, dear," she whispered. "I — too . . . ."

"God bless you! God bless and protect you — dearest, dearest, dearest, best beloved!" the words choked in his throat; and he kissed her pouting lips exactly where Baron Wrangel-Erricson had kissed them, half an hour earlier, after Maria, hanging up the telephone receiver, had mentioned that Peter Remsen was coming.

The Baron laughed when she told him of the interview.

"Capital work, sweetheart mine," he said. "Remsen's the very chap. I inquired about him around town and somebody who knows him well tells me that he's the sort who is always carrying a stray leg of anybody's donkey."

He kissed her.

"And now, dear," he went on, "listen carefully. I want you to find out when. . . ." and certain rapid, whispered instructions, at the end of which she looked up with a sudden:

"You aren't jealous, Detlev, are you?"

"Jealous? I? Why —" he took her in his arms and his yellow beard swept over her forehead. "It's trust — between you and me and Germany! Utter trust! Don't you remember, dear?"

"Yes. I remember. Nor shall I ever forget," she replied. "Not for money! But because of our love — our great, mutual trust!"

And, with perhaps a faint nuance of conscious irony, she used similar words the following night when Peter Remsen was sitting by her side, her hand in his, her delicate chin tilted up with a provoking invitation which he could not resist.

But she pushed him away, suddenly.

"No, no!" she said under her breath.

"But — child! Why not?" (*Continued on page 38*)

Photograph by Genthe

Really Getting Together

by **Charles Hanson Towne**

Managing Editor of McClure's Magazine

EVERY American with imagination knows the tremendous burden that our Allies have been carrying. We editors who have tried to visualize the War three thousand miles from the battle front and bring its import home to the people of the United States, have worked under a great handicap. We knew what was happening in France and Belgium, in England and Italy; but we knew it only through others. But our hearts have gone out to the fighting forces on land and sea; and from the lips of those writers and artists whom we could send abroad, we have learned the great lessons of the conflict. Now, however, we will see with our own eyes the tragedy of Europe.

The British Government has invited several of us to go to England and France and Belgium, and I write this on the eve of our departure for the Great Adventure. We will know at first hand what the War has come to mean — what it has always meant. The vibrations have reached us — yes; but of the realities we really knew nothing.

We shall hear the guns on the Western Front; we shall see our own soldiers side by side with the British and French; we shall see the Fleet of Great Britain as it patrols the seas; and we shall talk with the great men of the Allied Governments; and best of all, we shall be able to take them the message that the American people stand solidly behind them and with them in this colossal struggle.

It is a real get-together party. And we should be proud, as of course we are, at the honor the British Government has conferred upon us.

There was much scraping of chairs, and a voice which may or may not have been mine cried: "Vive la France!"

"C'est la Guerre!"

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

DO you recall the afternoon when we rode under the arc of 75's? The arc which we could hear, a whining whistle, but which we could never see! It was a perfect day, with scarcely a cobweb of cloud against the turquoise sky. And you, so sure of seeing the next shell, stared heavenward until the lieutenant warned you that army surgeons are too busy to treat stiff necks belonging to mere civilians. It was our first day in the quiet sector ——"

The quiet, even voice ticks on without rise or fall, without pause for comma or period, without oratorical appeal to pity or patriotism; and yet for me it thrills with the great drama of to-day. It is not a human voice. It comes from the case of the little watch which traveled with me to the French Front and back. And it saw and heard many things which I missed. For while I grew weary and slept, the little watch bound around the wrist which lay, supine, on the coverlet of a high French bed, or hung, lifeless, from the arm of a chair in a second-class railway compartment, never relaxed its vigilance, never closed its eyes.

For this, you see, is no ordinary watch. Before the War it hung in one of those glittering shops of the Rue de la Paix, its gold face and octagonal rim reflecting the brilliantly changeful tints of priceless diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires. When the Huns swept toward Paris, the jewelers of the Rue de la Paix transferred many of their wares to Fifth Avenue, where were still safety — and money quickly made, gaily spent. And the homesick little watch, looking out on an alien street, at alien faces, hung, all undesired, for many months. But it bore idleness with true French philosophy, for in time of war those who buy watches demand illuminated faces, which tell the tale of passing hours without the aid of light.

But one day a dear girl who understands the heart of her sex, nodded in the direction of the gold-faced watch and murmured:

"We'll take that because it is beautiful. She must wear a uniform that is hard and unlovely. She must look on life at its grimmest and ugliest. She shall have one lovely thing to carry with her wherever she goes!"

And so the gay, unmilitary little watch was strapped on my wrist!

How it must have smiled behind its tiny hands at being chosen for beauty alone. For it knew its true nature better. Like so many human beings of the France from which it had come, it hid great wisdom behind its debonair face and pretty manner. And many things which I might have overlooked, the little watch brought to my attention, just as now it is forever reminding me of what I might forget.

I heard its voice that first day on French soil. The Lady from Seattle who had never been east of the Rocky Mountains until she dedicated herself to war service, and who had spent two weeks of breathless sightseeing in Washington and New York while waiting for a steamer, packed us into a cab before we'd had time to unstrap our bags. She is that sort — an organizer. After the War, she will probably volunteer as battlefield guide — to American tourists.

She ordered the aged hackman to take us directly to the Cathedral. We clattered through the narrow streets, and drew up before the adjoining entrances to tombs and tower. The latter is now used as a wireless station, its entrance guarded by a soldier. On a stone bench beside the gate of the tombs sat a group of women, nursing their babies — thin, sallow women dressed in black and wearing large black bows with long streamers in lieu of the widows' hats which they cannot afford. Near them, thin, sharp-featured children played quiet games, but no gamins turned cart-wheels for coppers. No beggars whined us greeting. An old man whose limbs were twisted by rheumatism, pulled himself to his feet.

The concierge? Oh, yes — there was a concierge. He would send for her. The women and children stared at us oddly, then understood.

Tourists! Tourists come again to France. Incredible!

The concierge arrived, her entire family at her heels, gaping.

The nursing mothers, the quiet children, the rheumatic old man, drew close. In boarding-school French, the Lady from Seattle explained that she had read of this so-famous cathedral. One of us checked her chatter, tipped the concierge, and guided the self-appointed leader around the nearest corner. She was very indignant at the interference. She let us know that we ought to realize that the French must be grateful for every penny thrown their way in such bitter times. But the little watch knew better.

"*C'est la guerre!* France, to its poorest, resents the presence of tourists. In the business of war, there is no time for sightseeing, but only for service."

* * * * * *

And it was the little gold watch that led me into the café near the hospital.

It was such a small café, with no more than a dozen little tables scattered on its sidewalk. But I stopped, transfixed by my first glimpse of those who have bled and all but died for France. At each table sat a man, or two or three — convalescents permitted to leave the hospital across the way and sun themselves as the French love to do, before their favorite cafés. Here a soldier had lost a leg or an arm. One man had lost both arms, another both legs. A third had given an arm and his sight, too, for France. His one-legged companion was guiding a glass to his lips. In all this group *was one newspaper*. A man whose arm was in a sling read aloud to the others, the latest tidings from the Front, but they listened with the detached air of those who are re-living frightful scenes from which they have but recently escaped.

The Lady from Seattle hissed something in my ear, but the little watch ticked above her reproving voice.

"Can't you see?" it said. "Most of their glasses are empty. Some have not been filled to-day. And there are no cigarettes ——"

I entered the café. The proprietor was polite but unequal to my New York accent. He turned positively obsequious when I opened my purse, and was plunged into despair when my gestures enlightened him no more than my speech. But a man who had lost both arms crossed to the desk. He understood because he had been billeted with American doughboys whose French was like unto mine. The café proprietor cried "Oh-la-la!" and reached for my five-franc notes. Right thriftily the armless man had me count them and then ordered the little treat in my presence. I slipped quickly between the small tables, but my interpreter was quicker. There was much scraping of chairs.

"*La belle Américaine!*" murmured a soldier who

Mrs. Richardson went to France to catch this fine flaming spirit for McClure's

had to grip the edge of the table in order to bring his heels together.

Foolishly I shook my head. I never looked worse, for my uniform needed pressing, my hair needed curling and my eyes are not the sort described in best-sellers as shining through a mist of tears. In fact, I am at my worst when I begin to cry. When the legless man reached for his crutches, a voice which may or may not have been mine, cried:

"*Vive la France!*"

And the sightless one answered:

"*Vivent les États Unis!*"

Somehow I reached the street, and turned the corner where my companions awaited me in shocked disapproval.

"How could you — and in uniform, too!"

"Uniform?" I echoed dully.

"Yes. Don't you remember that Dr. —— said very distinctly that no one in our uniform could drink or smoke ——"

"I didn't — and it was just wine — the light wine on which those men have been raised — and so cheap ——"

"But why ——"

I began to feel helpless again. They looked so well balanced, so efficient, so — so institutional.

"Oh, just because ——" I was gaining courage. Rules and regulations seem so piffling. Uniform or no uniform, I must say it. "Because, but for the grace of God, my son might be as those men."

And I stumbled on blindly, my fingers fumbling at the little service pin on the lapel of my coat. I had looked on that which some day we wives and mothers of America must face; and we must face it bravely!

The first day in Paris thrilled with significant trifles. It was Sunday.

The middle-aged man who operated the lift wore two service stripes, a *Croix de Guerre* and a wooden leg. What an impertinence to offer him the customary sou!

The very, very old man who carried up our luggage, explained that guests on the second floor were expected to walk. Guests on floors above were permitted to use the lift, but it was obligatory that they walk down — to conserve coal. It requires an infinitesimally smaller amount of coal to run an empty elevator than a full one, but French conservation is reduced to the science of infinitesimal saving.

He then issued detailed warnings concerning air raids. We would be so good as to keep our curtains tightly drawn after nightfall, and, in case of an *alerte*, to descend immediately to the salon on the main floor. Then if the raid were serious we would all be conducted to the *abri* in the cellar.

One hears much concerning the high spirits of the French under these raids. It is not recklessness, nor gaiety, such as animates an Election Night or New Year's eve crowd in America. It is smiling defiance flung at the Hun, before and after the raid. During the bombardment, all good Parisians seek cover, not from fear, but from patriotism.

Even the room in which I unpacked was eloquent of war. In those happy days of peace and newly made American millionaires, it was the salon of a suite de luxe, including two master's bedrooms, a maid's room and a bath. The salon is gorgeous in Louis XVI. decorations and colorings, but now its grand piano is shoved into a far corner to make room for two unlovely brass beds. Its gilt center table is hidden beneath the luggage of war-workers. The bric-a-brac on its carved mantel looks down on the cold cream tubes, witch hazel bottles and toilet sundries of American canteen girls waiting their turn at the bath.

On the escritoire stands a telephone, but its value as an adjunct to comfort is nil. Ring for ice water — and the reply is a shocked gasp. Ice water in time of war? Ring for a maid, if you will, but there are just enough maids to keep the hotel habitable, none to serve you personally. Almost every able-bodied woman in France is making munitions.

And in this hotel, where Lucullian feasts were once spread, you dine simply, for four francs (80 cents) — a soup that is suspiciously clear, meat, one vegetable or a salad, and for dessert, fresh or stewed fruit or an ice made from water, saccharine and fruit, ending with coffee. You can buy more if you wish — butter at a dollar a pound, cheese, secretly, and at a fabulous price; but somehow you feel ashamed of those civilian Americans who do it. The little watch always seemed to say — "It shows how new, how amateurish, are Americans at this game of war."

The French say nothing, for they are above all else courteous and grateful. Their dire need makes them withhold criticism. An American who has lived long in Paris was leaving our hotel after a newly arrived party of American relief workers had expressed their dissatisfaction with food and service. His embarrassment was obvious to the manager of the hotel who met him near the concierge's desk.

"Ah, Monsieur, you should not feel so. No doubt if we French were to visit America now, we should so criticise openly your waste and extravagance."

Is not that a clever combination of tact — and irony?

. . . . . .

In the afternoon, a group of young American women chaperoned by their head worker occupied rather a conspicuous position in the Champs Élysées. All around them were French families, many attended by soldiers on *permission*, those seldom-speaking men whose detached air shows that war is the reality in their lives — this home-coming merely a dream-interlude. The sun shone and the American girls, who had not yet heard the roar of cannon nor the sighs of the wounded, talked as they sometimes do — in piercing voices — laughing shrilly. An American lieutenant sitting nearby, watched them nervously, then crossed, raised his hat gravely and spoke to the chaperon:

"My apologies, madame; but if these young ladies will be a little more quiet! France has been at war four long years — and we are here not only to help her fight but to — show our sympathy."

The chaperon nodded and the lieutenant walked away. It was true — all Paris with its children, was abroad in its favorite playground, but it was not boisterous. It did not laugh and shout. It merely smiled — even the children swung without shrieking in joy.

"*C'est la guerre,*" whispered the little watch. "France has lost a million men — she smiles at you, because she is grateful — because she is brave — but these, her little children born immediately before or since the war started — they are not as American children. They are always waiting for the bomb!"

The first English-speaking man from the front whom I met was a Y. M. C. A. secretary. He had been gassed. He cleared his throat between sentences. His eyes were red-rimmed. Sometimes, when searching for the right word, he plucked at his uniform as a delirious patient plucks at his sheet.

I asked this secretary, who had been ordered to Paris to rest, what was the finest thing he had seen an American soldier do.

"The finest thing?" he echoed — and coughed. "A chap from Connecticut had been out on a raiding party in a cold rain. I was making my rounds of the trenches when he came back. His lieutenant asked him what he had done with his overcoat. Overcoats are precious articles on the front line. The boy just looked at his superior officer, dry-eyed, and answered: 'Buddy's out there — waiting for the burial squad. He looked so — so cold, sir — I just covered him with my coat.'"

"*C'est la guerre,*" whispered the understanding little watch. "Out of its filth, its grimness, its hideousness, its inhumanity, burns in the supreme hour the flame of individual tenderness and gentleness!"

The *finest* things!

Ten miles to the east are two men from the town which I long called home. They earned commissions in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, served on the Mexican border and sailed among the first for France. To their women I had made solemn promise.

And now the Assistant Provost Marshal looks disconcertingly grave.

"It's not a safe road. We've been sending ammunition trains over it every morning, and the Germans know it. Two men were killed on it yesterday. But if you'll wait until afternoon — and use a small car ——"

I turn pleadingly to the Y. M. C. A. secretary under whose protection I am traveling. We are due at an important conference in a city thirty miles away — that evening. He frowns at the face of his watch.

"Well, I *can* make forty miles an hour in that flivver when she's in good humor. We'll take the chance, as long as you feel the way you do ——"

He lets his wrist slip back into his sleeve and the A. P. M. makes out our movement order.

It is over this road that the 75's whine and whistle. And on certain ridges and slopes, it is camouflaged with osiers. We arrive at regimental headquarters, unannounced. Telephone wires are too burdened to carry messages from mere visitors. Headquarters are located in a beautiful château, perched above a formal garden, now weed-choked and gray with the dust of passing and re-passing armies. We stand in a great square hall, while an orderly summons the lieutenant-colonel from his quarters on the floor above. I wonder if he will know me in uniform and steel helmet, my English gas mask under my chin. Woman fashion, I try to perk up my hair and wipe the grime of forty-miles-an-hour from my face. He comes down the stairs, a fine figure in khaki with service stripes on sleeve and lapel, the narrow bar of the *Croix de Guerre* across his broad chest. Three steps from the foot he pauses, staring. He passes his hand before his face quickly as if to efface a vision. Then I call him by name. He takes the remainder of the stairs at one bound, and draws me, dust, gas mask, steel helmet and all, into his trembling arms.

"When did you come over?" he gasps. "How did you leave them? When did you see them last? Oh, my God, it's too good to be true. Are they well?"

"They" are his wife and mother! And I have just seven minutes for him! When he realizes this — and sees the Y. M. C. A. man's watch in full view, he drags me up-stairs. I must see his comfortable quarters; just where "their" pictures stand, the bouquet of flowers which his orderly places on his table each morning. "As fine as home," he declares,— some notes in his diary which explain

[*Continued on page 30*]

The Frenchman bends to kiss my hand. In his eyes there are tears. He does indeed understand

Love-Mad Lucy

by Richard Washburn Child

Illustrations by Peter Newell

WHEN I rose above the surface and tried to shout, the noise I made was nothing but a slender column of water.

Others whose narratives I have read speak of desperate struggles with the icy billows. As for me I was only a receptacle strained to the bursting point with water within, but unable to burst because I was as stiff and motionless as a cold-storage turkey.

I remember that I looked up in time to see the face of one of the three nurses who had been on board, come out of the darkness which, in spite of the moon, hung like a blanket over the surface. She was floating in a life-saving suit, bobbing up and down, a smile on her fresh, young, beautiful face. There was something fascinatingly luxurious about her warm youth. Then I felt as if a Kansas City dentist had clapped a gas-inhaler over my nose and mouth and I faded slowly away listening to the waves breaking on the shores of my lungs.

I am an unlucky man; I am the kind of man who could not stand at the base of a building for two minutes without having a window open above and someone drop a lighted cigar-butt into my umbrella.

The first thing I heard was this:

"Addenchun! Who iss id dot English-sh-sh vill learn vidout con-cen-dration? Nopody!

"Who iss id dot is disciplinarian on poard dis soupmarine — I ask id? Me! So listen! T-H-O-U-G-H spells 'tho.' Said id! C-O-U-G-H spells 'Co.' R-O-U-G-H spells 'ro.' Englisher iss not hard if she iss easy made. Soon vill ve der brisoner made to teach id. Den — combledeness comes!"

A second voice said, "Cabtain, blease — a asking! I ask id vhy ve — der crew, — English must learn und nefer speak der natife tongue of der Faderland, und all day long bractice saiding 'th.' Are ve schoolers or fighters?"

"Gott! you know id not, eh? Id iss so you, in der Secret Service, come soon dtrained — choost like Danziger. Den comes id out dot you can valk und conversationings make mit der Amerigans in der homes. You to dem must say id like dis, 'Tell id to me — a secret,' — so sveet like der English dot, choost like me, not vun Amerigan vill susbect you an Irisher are not."

Hearing this, I raised my aching head and saw that I was in a place which looked like the inside of a dishonest electric meter. There were stops and pedals all along one side like those on a melodeon, a church organ or a steam calliope. At one end, where the ceiling and floor seemed to want to meet, there was a set of brake handles, speedometers, thermometers and lung-testing machines. Sitting all around the place where I was stretched out were men in uniform and at the moment when I reclosed my eyes, feeling a sickness from the odor of oil, the sound of pulsing machinery and the squirming roll of everything, these men suddenly finished their English lesson and clinking the glasses of their celebration they burst into song to the tune of "Captain Jinks!"

> "I'm Capten Fritz of der supmarines,
> I feed der sharks mit babies' beans,
> Choost über Alles py any means
> Und der Iron Cross for each baby."

I realized then and there that I was a prisoner on a U-boat!

Believe me, I don't like to boast, but I kept my presence of mind, as I do under trying circumstances and disappointments. As a result, I learned much of the conditions and plans under which the first voyage of the U-13 was being made.

I learned that she, being of the trans-atlantic type, was starting to the American shores to intercept the *Kronprinzessin Auemia*, one of the largest of the German liners seized by our Government and refitted for a transport. She was to sail from an unnamed Atlantic port somewhere inside Cape Charles and Cape Henry on March 15th. The torpedo which had been fired at the *H. B. Monkhowson* had been discharged in error owing to the fact that Danziger, the Secret Service man assigned to the U-13 by Wilhelmstrasse to watch for hate-lapses among the crew, had assured the Captain that the *H. B. Monkhowson* was a hospital ship. This torpedo was the first launched on the voyage; the crew was now celebrating the result while the submarine plowed onward toward America. The name of the Captain was von Pippen, and I heard it said that when the Kaiser was gathering up all the Iron Crosses in Germany to use in making handcuffs for political prisoners, von P. had given his barrelful as cheerfully as the rest.

"A eye looks id in to der inside of der Emperor's U-poat!"

For several days I had managed to maintain my state of unconsciousness — except at meal times. I had learned from a remark of the crew that the German War Book says, "It is forbidden to retain a prisoner on a submarine after five days in which he does not make himself useful." At the end of this period a merry way to dispose of same is to discharge through a torpedo tube as shown in Plate 28." I, therefore, made up my mind to set my convalescence for Thursday.

In the intervening days I opened my eyes when no one was looking and observed that the Captain was a man of considerable weight. Rolls of fat fell into seven creases on the back of his neck and from under his chin — I used to count them to pass away the time. He was a sensitive and humane man. Often when he spoke of his dachshund at home tears would spring into his beady, blue eyes, and once when he found a long tow-colored hair on his coat he burst into sobs.

"War iss terriple!" he would exclaim. "Vhy should not der Allies cease id to make?" And then he would rub his huge hand over the top of his head, which I estimated was not much more in circumference than a china door-knob.

Danziger, the spy, on the other hand, was the exact opposite of von Pippen. Before he entered the Secret Service he had been a Herr Professor who had taught a method of writing music by using an adding-machine. This work was a part, and not an unimportant part, of Kultur, he said, because it reduced genius to facts and figures — where it belongs. He was tall and lean with a neck that ran up at

the back like a line drawn with a ruler from the top of his high collar to the peak of his dome.

I tell of these two men because it was with these two caricatures that destiny had seen fit to lay the fate of one of the most tender, most passionate, most constant of female hearts — a love story unequaled, I would say, in prose or poetry!

On the fifth day I had come out of my semi-conscious state just as I had planned. By that time I had said to myself over and over again, "How to defeat the purposes of these Huns? They will plan for me to teach 'em English and I plan not to — I can refuse. They will insist. Then a row. Dozens to one!" But one evening, as I listened to their conversation in which they talked over the change of the name of New York to New Hamburg, of Chicago to Hohenzollern, I let my mind wander as it listed on the subject of the last half-century of American diplomacy. And from that I took my first inspiration; I would pretend to be deaf and dumb!

Accordingly I had established already the impression that I could neither hear nor speak by the time the first startling moment came when all who dwelt within the U-13 realized the presence of a new and fateful element in their lives!

It was evening, and the submarine which had been nosing her way across the Atlantic had come to rest, half submerged, so that the mechanics could tune up her machinery. The Captain, Danziger and other petty officers were squatting about on the same long seat upon which I, too, sat wrapped in gloom.

"Der iss nodding vich ve can did," said Danziger, following the established rule that in speaking or writing everyone must practise English. "Der brisoner iss deft und dummy. Der rules of der service requires dot a brisoner vot vill not speak must listen. If not — how comes id?"

"Maype she iss stimulating," von Pippen said, resting his big hands on his fat knees and glaring at me with concentrated frightfulness.

I confess at this moment I thought of dear old Holly, Colorado, with its water tanks, the green depot, the opery house and the stretchaway desert which stays level under prohibition — so dry a desert — the dear old dry, dry homeland!

At this moment, however, came the sound which told us that, rocking in the bosom of the sea, we were not alone.

Something was outside rubbing along the sides of the U-13! Something heaved us upward a little!

"Look, look!" exclaimed Gus, the torpedo expert. "Ve are being pushed oud of der sea py der pottom of der ocean!"

"Impermissable!" the Captain roared. "Somedings elses iss loose!"

The submarine was being turned about now by a great weight which scraped along her sides and then suddenly the ceiling was struck a resounding blow as if a huge hand had slapped us.

"Potsdam!" whispered von Pippen, the four folds of his chin and five on his neck growing red with anger. "Tomfoolishness from someding no goot iss! Ve are nearly to der Amerigan coast come. Maype der Amerigans a demonstration iss makings."

The scraping, rubbing sound along the sides of the U-13 sounded again and we all rolled off the seat onto the narrow floor.

"I call id on you," the Captain said to Danziger. "Too much comes soon enough! Navigation for me — segrets for you. Und dis iss a segret!"

Danziger, realizing his duty, picked himself up and staggered along toward the conning chamber where the periscope was located. After a look through this, he shook his head.

"Nodding," he reported. "Embtiness! I am stumpfoundling!"

"Look oud der front glass," suggested Gus, trembling.

Danziger crawled on his hands and knees into the point of the boat where above the torpedo tubes were two round panes of thick glass — through which observations of objects in front of the boat could be taken.

All was still now and we waited, tense and anxious.

The Wilhelmstrasserite, however, made no report; we could hear only the panting of his breath as with his eyes fixed upon one of the round thick panes, he stared.

At last he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Id looks in."

"Vhat looks id in?" asked the Captain.

"A eye."

"A eye looks id in to der inside of der Emperor's U-poat!"

"Py Kolly! Id has *vinked* at me!" replied Danziger in a shaky voice.

I was out of patience with all of them by this time. I am a practical man; so I rose and, assuming as much dignity as I could in a misfit German uniform, I indicated by motions that I was disgusted with their inefficiency. I reached Danziger and, putting my hand upon his lean shoulder, I waved him aside and crawled toward the glass, where I peered out.

To my utter astonishment I found Danziger had been right! It *was* looking in. It completely upset me. It was an eye!

I shall never forget it. It was an eye exactly like a human eye. I have seen just such, in girls across the aisle of a Pullman car. But there was no reason for a moment to believe it was a human eye for it appeared to be as big as the cover of a vegetable dish. I was upset by it, I can tell you!

And yet — I confess it — I felt that there was no evil intent in the expression of this monstrous eye. I am a student of human nature, and if I can read expressions in eyes, then I say that in this eye there was such a depth of tenderness, such an expression of a sensitive soul, such an outpouring of yearning, such an appeal as I have never seen before.

Yet I felt nothing but fear. The eye was huge. It was not to be explained! I thought of the possibility that it was the eye of a gigantic mermaid, and as I thought of this, the eye — soft brown and like a doe's eye, tender, loving and calm — appeared to take on a feminine mischief and then, suddenly it winked — a slow, alluring wink! — and was gone!

Only one thing saved me at that moment from speaking and disclosing my ability to talk. I struggled to speak as I stumbled back, trying to keep my balance while the submarine rolled with another caress from without; I would have spoken — but I couldn't.

I would not have joined the others in their haste to go inside the submarine before she submerged, but they made me. They pulled me inside none too gently

It was a night of horror for us all and it was a relief when daylight came down from the chamber to mingle with the electric flare in which the Captain, Gus and the crew had been sitting sleepless, with pale, apprehensive faces and under which Danziger — always faithful as a sleuth — was writing out his report on Form 283 of the Underseas Intelligence Bureau.

Daylight had come after a night during which, at lengthening intervals, some accursed thing rubbed along the sides of the U-13 and sent the shivers running down our spines. And now that the sun would reveal the cause of our dismay the Captain rose to his feet and, entering the conning chamber, peeped through the periscope.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he exploded, suddenly. "Fools vat ve iss! Now comes oud der explanatories. Id iss a fishes dot of us a monkey has made."

He opened the trap-door which led to the narrow deck of the submarine and, one by one, the Captain, Danziger, Gus and the crew, climbed out into the sunlight. I was the last. As I pulled myself up I heard Danziger making fun of the Captain.

"You said id, id was a fishes. Ha! ha! Ha! ha! A fishes! Und you a navigador! Vell, Vell! A fishes! Id iss not a fishes — id is a lady vhale!"

"Who iss responsible in you for such a knowledge?"

"I iss," said Danziger's voice, proudly. "I have looked her in der face. All iss plain to disclose now. Such a look into no man's expressionings has ever came. She iss a lady."

"Der is sweetness in her outheld face," added Gus, fingering his blond-bristled pompadour. "She remembers to me a French vaitress I have shooted in Flanders, vhich Lucille vas named."

"So ve call dis vun Lucy for shortness. But how does id dot she makes so much simper at me?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Danziger, deriding the vain Captain. "She makes no simper at you, von Pippen. If brains vas money you vould owe eferypody. So much iss conceit! She makes not sveet looks at you. Id iss der boat vid its shape und color vot she thinks iss her man."

"In lof mit der U-13!" stammered Gus.

"Apsolute!" affirmed Danziger prancing on his long professional legs. "She thinks he iss her mate — Ha! ha!"

"Und of us she takes no noticeable?" asked one of the mechanics.

"I should not said she makes no noticeable of you," answered the authority. "She beliefs you are on her mate der insect like vhat a flea iss!"

"Ha! ha! der contemptuous fishes!" said the Captain, drawing his revolver. "Me to her a lesson vil gif."

And saying this, he fired at Lucy.

The result I am bound to say was astonishing. The mammoth baby doll of the seas suddenly changed her expression from that of tenderness with which eager maidens regard lovers and rolled back her eyes in a look of supreme delight. A wriggle ran from her immense head down the gray-green skin of her sides to her black flukes, from which the motion shook a million drops of water falling like diamonds in the sunlight. Then she cast a sophisticated and yet reproachful look at her first love.

"Don't did id vonce again, Captain!" warned Danziger. "She tinks id vas a tickle vot der U-13 has gif her. She tinks der U-13 has unter her chin gif her a chuckle."

"Vot vill drife her avay?" asked von Pippen.

Danziger seemed to know everything. He said, "Fickleness vill did id. Vhales are fickleness impersonated. Of all der animals dey iss der most inconsequent!"

All that day long Lucy chased after us in unrequited love. The sea was clear and calm and we were running on the surface. The crew was playing pinocle below, the Captain and Danziger were looking at the charts to figure out when we would arrive within sight of America's shore to lie in wait for the *Kronprinzessin* with her precious freight of men and munitions. They believed the sensation of the War would be sprung when a German submarine had sunk a great vessel almost under the noses of the [*Continued on page 35*]

The Secret Agent

This is the real thing when it comes to adventure, because it's all true and a part of the world that we're living in to-day

by Melville Davisson Post

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

The Countess was not subject to special surveillance

THE secret agents in the service of the belligerent governments in this War are not excelled by the picturesque characters of romance.

Shortly before the great drive of the Central Powers on the Italian Front the young Countess G. arrived at Venice. Among the luggage of the Countess was a parrot cage. The cage had a green baize cover. The Countess explained that she was compelled to travel with the cage covered in order to keep the bird quiet; the truth of which was evident from the noise of the parrot when the cage was moved.

The Countess had been frequently at Venice and was not subject to any special surveillance. There were numerous villas vacant, especially the green villa which had belonged to the Prince Dorrendorf. The Countess established herself in this villa with the servants which she had brought. In spite of the War, she entertained. She maintained, in fact, a salon like those in the old-fashioned days. There were all sorts of people to be found in her drawing-rooms.

It is doubtful whether the mission upon which this extraordinary personage was engaged would ever have been discovered had it not been for a fortunate accident. One morning at day-break the Italian guards shot down a pigeon. A tiny quill was attached to the pigeon's leg. In the quill was a minute roll of paper.

The paper was sent to the Italian head-quarters where it was enlarged and thrown on a screen.

It proved to be an elaborate message giving the exact number and position of the Italian forces on the Eastern Front, together with their reserves, their support in artillery and, in fact, a precise military estimate of the war strength opposed to the Austrian advance.

The Italian authorities were now convinced that there was some German Agent in the environs of Venice. They began a systematic search. A guard was established in the vicinity of the villa which the Countess had taken, but to whom, at this time, no suspicion attached. A few nights later a second pigeon was seen to hover over the green villa. It was also killed and the villa seized.

The Countess' parrot cage was found to contain homing pigeons from Trieste.

It was a very clever device. The huge parrot cage contained the noisy parrot requiring to be protected from the light, in strange surroundings, by the green baize cover, and he had as guests in his house drugged homing pigeons. These pigeons, when they had revived after a few days, were released from the green villa and were used to carry secret information to the Austrian authorities at Trieste.

The system employed is one laid down by Professor Hans Gross of the University of Graz and explained in his *System der Kriminalistik*. By this means a long message may be written out, or printed, containing several thousand words. It is then photographed down until it becomes a tiny, undecipherable message which may be rolled up, enclosed in a quill to protect it from the weather and attached to the leg of a carrier pigeon. When it is received, it is enlarged, either by photography, or by the method of throwing enlarged characters on a screen. It then becomes visible as the original elaborate message.

Wilhelmstrasse, in the earlier stages of the War, made use of some of its most learned and skilful men as secret spies.

In the beginning of the War one of these extraordinary agents was at work in the Russian capital. He came under the notice of the Department of the Petrograd Imperial Police. In the great days of the Russian Empire police authorities had a pretty accurate knowledge of everybody. The chief believed that he knew who the supposed stranger was but he was not entirely certain.

He resorted to an ingenious device.

The suspected German Agent lived at a fashionable hotel. The police chief made it a custom to drop into the hotel, and presently engaged the agent in conversation. He became very friendly with him and over coffee after dinner would discuss with him various phases of criminal investigation.

This went on for some time.

Finally, one evening, the Russian called for his friend. He was very much excited, explained that he had just discovered an extraordinary criminal case and invited the agent to go with him to examine the evidences of the crime. The agent was very much pleased to go.

The two went to an abandoned house in Petrograd which contained certain evidence of a mysterious homicide. The doors to the room in which the homicide had been committed had been carefully tied. Inside the room there was a symbol made at a certain height on the wall with a piece of chalk. There were footprints on the floor and there was a candle fastened to a table.

The police chief and the visitor went carefully over every item of this evidence.

The visitor especially scrutinized everything with extreme care. As the investigation continued he became as interested as the police chief.

The Russian finally asked his visitor what conclusion he had come to from the examination. The visitor said that it was the most extraordinary group of criminal data that anybody had ever examined.

He took up the items in detail.

He said that only Bohemian gypsies were accustomed to tie doors in the manner that the doors of this house had been tied up; that the symbol in chalk on the wall was the murder sign of the Nervi of Marseilles; that the height of the symbol from the floor indicated that it had been made by a tall man, since it was the custom of everybody to write at about the level of his eyes when he undertook to make characters like this on a wall; that the short distance which separated the footprints on the floor indicated that the assassin had been an extremely short man, because the length of the steps were always indicative of the height of the person making them.

He called attention to the fact that the candle fastened to the table, while it had been lighted, had never burned there because it was at an angle, and if it had burned, there would have been drops of wax on the table cover.

It was clear, therefore, that all these evidences of crime were false and had been deliberately made.

The chief of police assured him that he was quite right. These evidences had been manufactured for the purpose of determining a thing which the authorities had for some time suspected; namely, that the visitor was a well-known criminologist from a university in East Prussia.

For many years before the present War the German authorities had laid out a system of invisible espionage over the entire area of France.

Steiber had control of this organization. He instituted it before the opening of the Franco-Prussian War and he had a secret agent almost everywhere in France when that campaign opened. The character and variety of these agents were endless. Little shopkeepers or innkeepers were the principal persons chosen; a little innkeeper near a garrison town was especially valuable. He would be able to get all the gossip of the garrison and collect information from the soldiers.

These innkeepers were established in business by the German Govern-

The invalid Spaniard with an amazing return of vigor thrust the pistol into his back

ment and were regularly paid by German Agents who traveled at certain periods over the whole of France.

One of the most ingenious of German devices was to send about to the various army posts a German Agent who pretended to be a salesman for a house in Paris that manufactured uniforms and supplies. This house, in fact, existed and the rates offered by the agent for it were always very much below that at which other supplies for officers could be purchased. The salesman was always careful to be courteous and to allow any reasonable credit.

By this means every army post in France was visited.

The agent was able to investigate the posts and to interview the officers. The thing was carried on systematically and resulted in furnishing the German Government with very exact details concerning the force and equipment of the French army. The system was discovered and exposed by Paul Lenoir in France before the present War opened, but Lenoir was not credited.

It is worth while to remember that such a plan of espionage might perhaps be followed in the United States at this time. All sorts of clothing houses are advertising officers' uniforms and supplies, and salesmen no doubt go about to the various cantonments. We ought to bear in mind that this was one of the German devices used to obtain information of the French armies.

It must not be forgotten that the system of German espionage has been going on systematically for nearly fifty years. Even before the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, the German Agent, Steiber, with the consent of Bismarck, planned and carried out in Paris an attack on the Russian Emperor, who was then on a visit to the French nation.

The plan was to pretend an attempt on the Emperor's life openly in the *Champs Élysées*, to cause the French police to fail to apprehend the assassin; then to give out that the French authorities were in fact protecting the assassin and wished the death of the Emperor. This, Bismarck hoped, would cause a rupture between the Russian Emperor and the French Government.

The thing was in fact carried out as the German Government planned it.

Steiber went to Paris before the attack was to be made and brought the thing through in such a manner that the Russian Emperor left Paris under the impression that he had not been properly protected by the French Government. The thing was all a piece of German Secret Agents' work, as was afterward revealed by Steiber's memoirs.

Neutrals in belligerent countries are deluged with all sorts of requests, especially with the settlement of estates of persons who have died during the period of the War. A certain neutral ambassador in London got a request to have transferred to the writer the personal effects of his father who had just died in London.

When inquiry was made by the ambassador it was found that the dead man left a small sum of money but no personal property of any value. He had requested that the money be expended in paying certain expenses incident to his funeral and what he possessed turned over to the servants who had taken care of him. The only thing that he asked to be sent to his son in the neutral country was an ordinary Bible which contained some simple family records.

This report was made to the son; and the ambassador was about to send the Bible to him when the English authorities asked to make an examination of it. It was a little old Bible with a leather back, evidently printed a considerable time ago; in fact, a copy of a common type of book of the past decade.

There was nothing in it to attract the suspicions of anybody. On two or three blank pages was the record of births, and deaths in the family, but otherwise there were no marks of any character. The pages were all carefully examined. Nothing could be found which was in any manner suspicious.

Everything about the whole affair seemed true and regular.

The man had in fact died in London. He was a resident of the neutral country and his son in fact existed. All the details, so far as they could be ascertained, were apparently verified. The Bible, having been examined, was about to be passed by the British authorities when it occurred to someone that the leather backs seemed unusually thick. They were ripped open and found to contain minute detail drawings of the mine fields protecting all the English harbors on the east coast. The original pasteboard under the leather of the covers had been removed and replaced by these drawings.

Once inside the room she was arrested

The whole of England was carefully gone over by German Agents long before the War began. These agents traveled in various characters. The faculties of universities, honored and entertained by the English people, lent themselves to this system of espionage.

In the north of Scotland at Fort Augustus, and on certain rocks of the west coast there are to be found what are called "vitreous forts." These are huge walls of cinder from four feet to ten feet in height and from three feet to five feet in width, entirely enclosing some high point on the mountain or some rock rising out of the sea.

The origin of these so-called vitreous forts antedates any human knowledge. Nobody knows anything whatever about how they were made or the purpose for which they were used. It is thought they were walls in some system of defense, but it is not known how such a wall of fused rock was made or by what ancient people.

They are objects of great archæological interest.

Before the War began a faculty of experts from German universities came to Scotland to investigate these vitreous forts. They spent a great deal of time going over the Scotch Highlands.

They were interested to see the points at which these vitreous forts were established; whether they were connected across the north of Scotland in any system of links; whether they were visible one to another; that is to say, whether they indicated any definite line of defense established by some forgotten people of antiquity. The faculty was, therefore, equipped with instruments to determine the exact position of these vitreous forts. A very elaborate examination covering an entire summer is said to have been put in at this investigation.

It is now known that this commission was not at all interested in the vitreous forts at Fort Augustus and other places. They were in fact engaged in making a survey of all the navigable locks in the Highlands, and especially, it is thought, to locate points for submarine bases and Zeppelin bases. After the War started, the English authorities were convinced that such bases existed and a reward was offered for the discovery of them or any information that would lead to their determination.

The English Government never made known the result of this investigation, as no government makes known the result of any spy inquiry nor any detail of the work of foreign secret agents. All we know of them is what leaks through and what can be constructed from isolated data, as the biologist is able to construct an extinct animal from bones and footprints. Consequently, as it is not possible to verify any spy story, we must accept it for its inherent interest qualities as we accept creative fiction. But it is evident from innumerable evidences that the romantic activities of the secret agents far exceed the little that we know about them.

The activities of the secret agents have not all been on the side of the German Government. The French agents have been as efficient as any.

One of the most remarkable of these made use of a device equal to anything which the cleverness of Wilhelmstrasse has so far imagined.

Swiss newspapers have a considerable circulation in Europe. The population of Switzerland, in fact, is a blend. There is a German and a French division of this republic.

Early in the War the advertisement of a new brand of chocolate appeared in certain Swiss newspapers.

The advertisement was not confined to newspapers of a single locality, but it appeared as though the papers were selected by some Swiss advertising agency entering exclusively on a commercial enterprise. A small factory with all the aspects of the inception of a big business was established in one of the cities. The advertisement, which was a considerable one, had a fixed form, and appeared always in the same language. That is to say, it followed a certain common method of undertaking to impress on the reader of the advertisement an idea through a repetition of the same precise matter.

This chocolate advertisement continued week after week, month after month, always precisely in the same form and style of appearance. No suspicion of any character attached to it. It was well known to the authorities of both France and Germany that advertisements were used for the purpose of conveying secret information, but it was a principle relied on by [*Continued on page 29*]

Liberty Bonds mean more good ships to-day and less hardships to-morrow—**Ellis Parker Butler**

Slaves of an Invisible Command!

The Soul *and* The Drunkard

PROHIBITION is almost upon us! Here is a remarkable confession — a human document that will make you gasp. For once, a great artist has told the truth about himself. But naturally his name cannot be revealed

IF the world is ever to be saved from drink, it will be by the drunkard — not by the prohibitionist. The prohibitionist is a negative being, from whom all warm and generous impulses are left out. He is usually born without laughter, except perhaps a thin conceited cackling, without the saving love of the arts, and generally without those qualities that go by the name of humanity. His pleasure is to deprive and deny, and to make uncomfortable. He is generally, as the Scotch say, "Gey ill to live wi'." He is welcome nowhere.

Now, the object of this brief "confession" is not to praise the drunkard. God forbid! But I think that it will be generally admitted that the qualities just referred to are not those generally attributed to him. Self-righteousness is certainly not amongst them, and the tragic sorrow for shortcomings which he knows too well, and is always open-heartedly ready to acknowledge, make it all the more easy to understand him, and to study the mystery of his nature, at once so attractive and so tragic.

If I had to choose between being born a drunkard and being born a prohibitionist, I would choose the former, not only for my own sake, but for that of my family and my acquaintances; and I really believe that they, much sorrow as I have brought them, would say the same. For my family and acquaintances are persons of intelligence who realize that the love of strong drink is an involuntary endowment of the human race; that long before it was capitalized by distilleries and coroneted brewers, long before the white man brought the fire water and the Holy Scriptures together as joint merchandise to lonely palm-fringed islands, unassisted Nature had taught the innocent natives the art of decocting from oranges and cocoanuts liquors of such exhilarating power that they would dance orgiastically upon the hills under the spring moon, and so forget the weariness of their lot in having been born men and women in a world that, whatever good was in it, was chiefly weariness.

What the prohibitionist does not realize is that the world was born bored. The original sin of mankind was ennui. It has needed alcohol in some form or other from the beginning — and it has found it.

The first drunkard I ever knew was a good-hearted, talented man, beloved and even respected by all who knew him. He was one of my uncles, and his great gift as a humorist made him adored by us children. He was a born droll and mimic, and when he dropped in of an evening once or twice a week after dinner we were on his knees in a moment, and crawling over his back, begging him for the performance of some absurdity such as delights the hearts of children. It was impossible to weary him, and he never grew tired or impatient with our insatiable demands for encores. He was really born to be a great comedian, though he followed a business, which, in spite of, or partly on account of, his jovial qualities, he was able to make a sufficient success. For he lived in those days when, even in the greatest business houses, a glass of sherry and a biscuit was part of closing a bargain; and his arrival at some office with which he did business was almost as vociferously welcomed as it was at home amongst us children. Partners and clerks alike were allowed to relax on his arrival, and the elder clerks at all events were invited into the private office, while the younger ones peered through the half-opened doors unchecked to hear W—— tell some of his latest stories, and bring into the drab routine of their days that humanizing goodness of heart of which he had the secret.

Among his other gifts, he had the strange power of never drinking upon a Sunday, when he acted as the very popular superintendent of a Sunday-school, his colleagues in which were perfectly well aware of his week-day life — for he was less of a hypocrite than any man I have ever known. I knew him since I was a little boy, and he lived beyond seventy, and, with the exception of Sundays, I never remember seeing him entirely sober, nor anything but kind and good-hearted.

THEREFORE, my earliest associations with drink were of a warm-hearted kind, and the reproach of drink applied only to those who were disgusting and brutal toward their families; and when the time came for me to enter an office where my immediate seniors were young men who took me with them for occasional truancies to cozy corners of old-world taverns where Welch-rarebit and pork-pies gave a sort of Elizabethan touch of hospitality to the circulation of tankards of port and old ale, there seemed to be nothing wrong in a practise which recalled Shakespeare and the "Mermaid," and such stalwart institutions as Sir John Falstaff. If, under the influence of these potations, we grew a little unsteady of speech and gait and rolled forth into the night an hour or two later than was necessary to catch our usual trains for home, if we sang where we would usually have spoken, were we not Englishmen following the ancient ways with warm hearts and strong heads — and well lined "with jolly good ale and old?"

Since those early days I have come tragically to know another side of drinking than that romantic Elizabethan side which is the heritage of most Englishmen. Alas! Since then

> "I have climbed deep down the infernal stair
> And seen the spirits congregating there."

But the experience was late in coming to me; I was almost forty before I realized the danger which hitherto had given but little indication of itself; for I was unfortunately endowed with a strong head, which a quart of whiskey could not turn, and a constitution so impervious to ill-treatment that I dreamed it would last forever. I soon found that I could outdrink my companions, be clear-headed and light-witted when they were foolish and fuddled. On this very account I have proved to be the only drunkard amongst them. With the exception of an occasional "lark" they have remained moderate drinkers, and are still honored in their several professions, and fathers of happy homes. I do not mean to say that I myself have lost anything by drink or am writing this from the gutter. But I have, at times, gone deeper down that infernal stair than any of them, and had a fight to get back of which none of them has any idea. I have probably in my lifetime drunk ten times more than them all put together; and that I am still alive is probably due to a capacity for entirely abstaining from alcohol for a year or two years at a time, a passionate love of nature, my devotion to an art which it is my privilege to practise, a deep spiritual sense; and, last, but not least, the friendship of several good women.

The word "drunkard" is a terrible word to apply to oneself. It did not apply to any of the friends I have been speaking of. To get happily drunk once in a while, however foolish, is not to be a drunkard. It only applies to men, who, however innocently they have begun, have at last, for one reason or another — the transitory efficiency, for example, with which alcohol will incontestably endow the brain — come under the dominion of a force which seems mysteriously spiritual rather than material; the tragic slaves of an invisible command, which, while under its influence, they are compelled to obey, and which they can, eventually, fight only by a spiritual power which is as mysterious in its operation for good as the other for evil. No one who is, or has been, a drunkard, can have little doubt of good and evil as actual active presences in human life, fighting together for human souls. I belong to no church, but my experiences have made me all but certain of the actual existence in the universe of a being scarcely less personal than Mephistopheles, and the actual existence too of that good angel who will help us if we call with all our hearts upon him. Drinking has done me this one service — that I believe profoundly in the power of prayer.

Probably it will make clearer to the reader what I mean, if I relate one or two occasions of this mysterious spiritual operation in my own life. I had gone without drink for over twelve months, and I had felt no desire for a drink for the greater part of the time. I was happy as only a man can be who has temporarily forgotten that there is such a thing as alcohol upon the earth. I was in splendid physical condition, brown as a sailor and full of the health of the sea; for I had spent most of the summer in swimming and sailing my boat. One afternoon, late in August, I was lying stretched on a sun-baked rock, taking in the sun at every pore, not a human being near me,

nothing but the blue solitude of sea and sky, when I suddenly heard a little voice at my elbow, as if it might be the voice of a troll in a fairy-tale. "Why not a little drink?" it said. "You are strong enough after all these months. You have nothing to be afraid of now."

"No! No!" I cried, feeling that sooner or later I must give in. And then I seemed to hear a mocking laugh, and once more the voice argued: "It's much better for you to be able to take an occasional drink, like a normal man — and you have reached that stage now — than to be a fanatical teetotaler for a year, and then fall off the wagon with a dangerous crash, only to climb again after months of agony. Believe me, I am talking to you as a friend."

For the moment, I resisted the tempter, though, day after day, I heard the mysterious little voice saying, "Take a little drink."

Then at last with the deliberation of a man going to his business, I looked up a morning train to a neighboring city, and walked nonchalantly into a saloon. Before I ordered my drink I looked squarely at myself in the mirror facing me across the bar, and I said to myself: "Look at your eyes and skin, how good they are to look at, how proud you are to look at them. You have been building them up with joy all these months, and your eyes are as happy and young as a boy's. . . . In an hour or two you will look ten years older, and your eyes will be the saddest things in the world."

Then, knowing clearly what I was about to do, I would salute the bartender in the professional manner and call for a high-ball, and, as I drank it I would watch my eyes in the mirror and see them fill with a mysterious sorrow. That first high-ball would be followed by another, and soon I would find myself talking to a new-made friend, strangely companionable and full of wisdom. We agreed that there was no place like the saloon for meeting bright brains; the cleverest men always drank — the greatest lawyers, mechanics, writers, and even clergymen. And so night would fall, and catching sight of my face in the glass, I would notice that it seemed strangely drawn and haggard. The bronze seemed almost to have left it already. Those ten years had fallen over it like a veil of sorrow, and my friend, wiser than I, had vanished! Then I, fearing loneliness, and the morning light, would order a final Scotch and a pint of the same for my hip-pocket.

And so the good months of the sea and the bronzing sun and the sweet savor and gladness of one's own body had been thrown away, like hard-earned gold, in one foul-smelling night; and, for many a day to come, one's body would be a foulness to oneself, one's eyes pools of shame, one's heart one unendurable ache which only poison could ease, and one's brain a lost and wandering thing only finding itself again in baths of shame.

Often this little troll would come to me with a better excuse, a more plausible temptation. I had an important piece of work to do in a hurry, with a tired head, and insufficient time. I would struggle with it for two or three hours, and then throw my pen down in despair. Not to get the work done by a certain time might mean a considerable loss of money. Besides, my head was barren, and the troll was always full of ideas. Then I would hear his voice, and almost see him in a corner of the room. "Let me do it for you," he would say. "You know I have never failed you yet."

And so, after a brief struggle, I would surrender my pen to the troll, and after a while, come out of a dream, to find page after page of close-written words, which were presently published under my name, but which was really the work of the troll — just as in fairy-tales the cobbler would leave his shoes unfinished over night, to find them all daintily ready for his customers in the morning.

BUT, of course, after a while, I began to realize that this strange help had to be paid for — and the price was the old one — "one's soul." Or, as Richard Le Gallienne, who has written frankly and understandingly on this subject, in his "Omar Repentant," says:

> "This good brain
> By usury of chance favours it shall drain
> Of all its proper powers to think or dream,
> And hold it captive by a vicious chance."

Now, to turn to the other side of the mystery, the mystery of the good angel that will suddenly come to your aid in a manner no less unexpected and irresistible. I will presently speak of various ways in which one can help oneself or apply the aid of friends or conditions. But this aid of which I would first speak is something no less seemingly out of the sky, than that little troll of evil is something out of the pit.

It will come to you in the blackest hour, when all hope seems gone, and you are lying face down in the mire of despair — a sudden unaccountable resolution, apparently unaided, to rise up on your feet and walk straight toward cleanliness and a new-found manhood.

It will sometimes happen as it once happened to me. I had been drinking whiskey steadily for many months, and only the fact that I had been living in the country a large part of the time, taking long walks and swimming, had probably kept me alive and enabled me to do my work with considerable regularity. Still the troll had got a strong and haunting grip upon me. The only fight I was putting up against him was that physical one of which I have spoken; and my strong body was beginning to need stronger and stronger doses of whiskey to keep it from shaking in public, or to enable me to shave myself of a morning, which, in my worst moments, I have never failed to do. But my soul was sick, my heart broken, and the help I had sometimes found in a great book, or other high things, I never expected to find again.

To go on drinking to the end, and doing the best I could with myself for those who still strangely loved me, seemed all that was possible. Thus, on this particular morning, feeling particularly in need of it, I had walked something like four miles, two there and two back, to buy a quart bottle of whiskey. I had, of course, taken a drink at the bar, and as I neared my country lodgings, was looking forward to another.

I mounted up to my bedroom, which had a bathroom attached, and sought a corkscrew. I drew the cork, and — then a very strange thing happened to me. I was shaking all over with nerves, and even a doctor would have given me a strong drink or two; also, I had a hard day of work before me. . . . But what did I do? To my own utter amazement, I took my hard-won quart of whiskey, and, with a strange feeling of peace and strength, poured it down the wash-basin. The day that followed was hard indeed, but there was a curious supporting light and joy in it, and I drank nothing except water and coffee for eighteen months. To me, St. Paul meeting the angel on the road to Damascus seems easy to believe after my encounter with that invisible angel who helped me so strangely that morning.

That these are not isolated experiences of mine, I am convinced from the talks I have had with other drinking men, with simple workmen, among others, who realize that there is a strange, almost supernatural, element in that so-called "vice" which they themselves hate far more deeply than its professional denouncers, who, as a rule, know nothing of, nor care to study, the psychology or physiology of the drunkard.

For the most part, they regard him as the selfish slave of a base self-indulgence; as though he drank for the taste of the liquor — which is the very last thing that he does. I don't think that I have ever yet met a drinking man who cares for the taste of "the stuff," but who does not on the contrary, shiver as he mechanically throws it down. The drunkards who do actually drink for the taste are the victims of the ice-cream soda bar. The mere fact that the stuff they [*Continued on page 34*]

"Number 29"

The Story of a Man Who Died for France

by E. Hudson Strode

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

DR. VILLIER stepped out and noiselessly closed the door of the cell behind him. It snapped to with an ugly click. He started slightly, then made his way slowly down the narrow passage. There was a perplexed frown on his brow. His professional assurance had deserted him. The puzzled expression was still apparent when he entered the warden's office.

"It's a strange case, Officer. I can't make it out."

The warden wheeled in his chair, and looked up inquiringly. "You mean you don't find the cause?"

Villier shook his head.

"He couldn't have done it himself? Poison? Or strangled himself?"

"I don't think so." Villier waited to reply to all of the questions at once. His tone was much more assured than his words suggested. He was still troubled. "There are no marks of violence or poisoning for that matter, so far as I can judge. Suppose you tell me again just what you told me when I first got here. I may have missed some significant detail. The man has evidently been dead but a few hours. He is not an ordinary fellow. His face is intelligent — even aristocratic. Don't you know anything more than you have already told me?'

"No, doctor, I don't. I can only go over the facts that I gave you before you went in. I found him just as you saw him, lying on his face. About an hour ago, as I passed down, I noticed that his food had not been touched; so I went in, thinking that he was ill. I spoke to him. He didn't answer. Then I shook him. When I touched him I knew he was dead. So I sent for you immediately, and I didn't allow anything to be disturbed. Is there anybody whom we should notify — any family or friend? There is something peculiar about his being sent here. He is a military prisoner, not a criminal."

"How long has he been here?"

"About four months. Came in October. He was brought down from Vicques with a lot of prisoners and some wounded soldiers. General Bossuet gave orders that he was to be placed here, pending further instructions. Bossuet was on his way to Alsace, and had no time to take up the case. That was all the official information. There's something irregular about the whole thing. Something secret. The prisoner seems to have been forgotten in the pressure of more important affairs."

"Could you find out nothing from the man himself?"

"Absolutely nothing; he has lived in a sort of stupor. Sometimes I've thought he wasn't right in the head. Whenever I questioned him he replied in monosyllables. Most of the time he spent with his face pressed against the bars of his window looking down into the street. He wasn't sullen; he only seemed dazed. I tried to find out what he'd done. But I couldn't get a thing out of him. I tried to win him over. His face interested me. He was rather handsome, I thought, but he had such a pitiful expression. He seemed to be just worrying himself to death."

While the warden was running on, Villier had chewed an unlit cigar half way to the end. Strange; for a prison doctor becomes to a degree callous after years of service! Something in the cold dead face on the floor of the cell had touched him.

"At least, you know his name," Villier ventured.

"Not even that. He refused to give it, and the guard who brought him didn't know. We have identified him simply as 'Number 29.' That was the number that Bossuet gave him."

"Twenty-nine," the other repeated. "A pretty sorry end for any man," he mused, "and this man *must* have been of some importance *some time* in his life."

The warden looked to Villier to continue, but the latter got up, threw the damaged cigar away, and then sat on the window-sill. For a moment neither spoke. Then Villier wanted to know if the fellow had not asked to see anyone, or called for a friend, or ——

"I tell you, he never spoke unless asked a direct question, and often the question had to be repeated several times. Yesterday afternoon, however, when a corps of recruits passed on its way to the station there was the usual excitement. A mob of people filled the streets, and cheered and cheered, as they went by. As I passed his cell I heard him shouting with the rest, 'Vive la France! Vive la France!' His voice was so hoarse and intense that it startled me. As long as he could see them he kept cheering. When the line had passed out of sight, and the crowd melted away, he turned and saw me watching him. He had a wild expression on his face that I had never seen there before.

"But my country! My honor! I, a traitor to France? Oh, sweetheart, you must understand! Don't take it like this! You'll make yourself ill"

He staggered toward me, laughing shrilly. 'They have gone! They have gone! The whole mongrel crew! Did you see the last one in the line — the little fat one bursting from his uniform, waddling along, and carrying his gun as if it were a carving-knife? Do you know who he was? You don't? Well, I'll tell you, I'll tell you. He used to be my *chef*. Now he has gone to fight for France. While I — I —' Then he threw up his hands in a despairing gesture, and burst into weeping. It was terrible, doctor. It kind of got me. I hated to see a man carry on like that. I hurried away as if I had business down the corridor. It seemed indecent to stand looking on. When I saw him again, he was dead."

"Yes — yes, he must have died soon after. A strange case, Warden, a very strange case."

II

A CERTAIN Captain Tallemand stiffened in his chair. At the same second the hot August breeze of a New York summer blew in with a puff against his face. His girl-wife across the table looked up and her hand stopped pouring the coffee. They were dallying leisurely over a late breakfast on this mid-summer morning of 1914. The maid had just brought in the paper. Behind the broad sheet André Tallemand's attitude became one of attention.

"What is it, Monsieur?" Marie smiled eagerly across the table. She called him "Monsieur" teasingly. He thought she said it so prettily. They had not been married a year yet.

"Monsieur?" she repeated softly.

But the gentleman took no notice. He threw the paper down, and rose to his feet with such a quick movement that his chair fell backward with a crash. His eyes flashed and his closely cropped mustache fairly bristled.

"*Mon Dieu! C'est arrivé. C'est arrivé! La guerre est arrivé.* Why haven't I been notified? Why am I not sent for?"

He thrust the paper on the table at his wife's place where she might read. But she did not even glance at it. She was staring at her husband.

"France is mobilizing! It is war, war to the finish!"

He was swinging up and down the room now. His civilian's suavity had dropped from him like a mask, and in spite of his informal attire, he was the soldier, alert, eager. Already he was leading his men. The odor of powder was in his nostrils and the tramp of marching feet in his ears. He kept repeating over and over again, "It is come! It is come!"

Then he dropped down at his desk and began making hurried notes on the first thing that came to hand. He had forgotten Marie for the moment. She had not moved, but her eyes followed his every motion in dumb amazement, as if trying to understand.

Leaving the desk, he snatched up the newspaper and turned to the sailings. "The first boat out is the *Lavonia*. It leaves to-morrow night at ten and makes Liverpool in five days. To-day is Wednesday. Two days from Liverpool to Paris by way of Dover, if conditions are good —" he muttered on to himself.

Marie shook herself as if to awaken.

"André, what do you mean? You are not going to France? It is impossible, André; don't you know that it is impossible?"

"It is war, Marie, war! I must go at once. France is mobilizing. I knew it would come. I didn't let you know that I even dreamed that this might be. I wanted to spare you the anxiety. But who could imagine that it would come in this way, and so soon? It is almost unbelievable! If only it could have been a little later just a little later!"

"But — but André!"

"You will be brave, Marie, a good little soldier. You *can* be very brave!" He bent over her gently stroking her hair. "The *Lavonia* sails at ten to-morrow night. I must get packed." Taking up his memoranda he hurried to the door.

"Wait!" Her voice sounded high and shrill. "Wait!" She was gasping as if from running.

"Where are you going? Oh, André, what is to become of me? You don't understand. It's impossible for me to go to France now. You must not leave me alone. You can't go yet!"

Suddenly the room was strangely quiet. The air was thick and hot, the heat almost tangible as it arose in sheets from the asphalt in the street below.

André Tallemand stood transfigured. Gradually, his eyes came to rest on his wife, and for the first time in their short married life, he became aware that she was a reality, a something in his life of which he would have to take account. She seemed so very young and helpless sitting there questioning him.

Marie had been a lovely little girl. Her father had made up her whole world, her mother having died when she was born. He had brought her up without the assistance or interference of their few scattered relatives. When she was eighteen he suddenly realized that she needed the companionship of a woman, a relationship which a troop of hired domestics, however competent, could not furnish. So he had sent her off to his sister who was living in Paris, and there she had fallen in love.

[*Continued on page 40*]

Caught On a

More of This Absorbing

by F. G. Trayes

Part II

SO confident did the Germans feel of their security that they stayed in the neighborhood of the Nazareth Bank from October 20th to November 7th, only once, on October 28th, moving a few hundred yards away from their original anchorage, and although a most vigilant lookout was kept from the crow's nest on the *Wolf*, the seaplane was not sent up once to scout during the whole of that time. Coal, cargo and stores were transferred from the *Hitachi* to the *Wolf*, and the work went on day and night with just as much prospect of interference as there would have been if the *Wolf* had been loading cargo from a wharf in Hamburg in peace time. The coolness and impudence of the whole thing amazed us.

But one day, October 22nd, was observed as a holiday. It was Lieutenant Rose's birthday, and, incidentally, the Kaiserin's also. So no loading or coaling was done, and the band on the *Wolf* — most of the members with the minimum of clothing and nearly all with faces and bodies black with coal dust — lined up and gave a musical performance of German patriotic airs.

Every day we looked, but in vain, for signs of help in the shape of a friendly cruiser, but the Germans proceeded with their high-seas robbery, undisturbed and unalarmed. The *Hitachi* had a valuable cargo of rubber, tea, tin, copper, antimony, hides, cocoanut and general stores, and it was indeed maddening to see all these cases marked for Liverpool and London being transferred to the capacious maw of the *Wolf* for the use of our enemies.

On October 28th, a Japanese sailor, wounded at the time of the *Hitachi's* capture, died on the *Wolf*. His body was brought over to the *Hitachi*, and once again all the German officers from the Commander downward, including the two doctors, appeared in full uniform to attend the funeral service. The Japanese Captain and officers also came over from the *Wolf*.

Various rumors came into circulation about this time as to what was to happen to us. The most likely thing was, if the *Wolf* did not secure another prize, that the *Hitachi* would be sunk and all of us transferred to the *Wolf* once more. It was certain, however, that the Germans did not want us on the *Wolf* again, and still more certain that we did not want to go. They regarded us, especially the women, as a nuisance on board their ship, which was already more than comfortably full. The German doctor, too, protested against further crowding of the *Wolf*, but these protests were overruled.

There was talk of their leaving the *Hitachi* where she was, with some weeks' stores on board, with her coal exhausted and her wireless dismantled, the *Wolf* to send out a wireless in a few weeks' time as to our condition and whereabouts. If this had happened, there was talk among us of a boat expedition to the Seychelles to effect an earlier rescue. There was also mentioned another scheme of taking the *Hitachi* near Mauritius, sending all her prisoners and German officers and crew off in boats at nightfall to the island, and then blowing up the ship. But all these plans came to nothing, and as day after day went by and the *Wolf*, for reasons best known to herself, did not go out after another prize, though the Germans knew and told us what steamers were about — and in more than one case we knew they were correct — it became evident that the *Hitachi* would have to be destroyed, as she had not enough coal to carry on with, and we should all have to be sent onto the *Wolf*.

But the married men protested vigorously against having their wives put in danger of shell fire from a British or Allied cruiser, and on October 30th they got together and sent the following petition to the Commander of the *Wolf* ——

"WE, the undersigned detained enemy subjects traveling with our wives, some of whom have already been exposed to shell fire, and the remainder to the risk thereof, and who have suffered many weeks' detention on board, respectfully beg that no women be transferred to the auxiliary cruiser, thereby exposing them to a repetition of the grave dangers they have already run. We earnestly trust that some means may be found by which consideration may be shown to all the women on board by landing them safely without their being subjected to further peril. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the treatment we have received since our capture, and our sincere appreciation of the courtesy and consideration shown us by every officer and man from your ship with whom we have been brought in contact."

He sent back a verbal message that there was no alternative but to put us all, women included, on the *Wolf*, as the *Hitachi* had no coal, but that they should be landed at a neutral port from the next boat caught, if she had any coal.

We were still not satisfied with this, and I again protested to our Captain against what was equivalent to putting our women in a German first line trench to be shot by our own people. He replied that we need have no anxiety on that score. "We know exactly where all your cruisers are, we pick up all their wireless messages, and we shall never see or go anywhere near one of them." Whether the Germans did know this, or hear our ships' wireless, I cannot tell, but it is certainly true that we never, between September and February, saw a British or Allied vessel of any sort or kind, although during that time we traveled from Ceylon to the Cape, and the whole length of the Atlantic Ocean.

The food on the *Hitachi* was now getting poorer and poorer. There was no longer any fruit, cheese, vegetables, coffee or jam. All the eggs were bad, only a very little butter remained, the beer was reserved for the ship's officers, iced water and drinks were no longer obtainable, and the meat became more and more unpleasant. On the *Wolf* the food was still poorer, and beriberi broke out on the raider. A case of typhoid also appeared on the *Wolf* and the German doctors thereupon inoculated every man, woman and child on both ships against typhoid. We had heard before of German "inoculations" and some of us had nasty

The Bond you buy may load the gun that fires the shot that wins the War — Ellis Parker Butler

German Raider

and Absolutely True Adventure

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

forebodings as to the results. But protests were of no avail — everyone had to submit.

In addition to the transference of coal and cargo which went on without cessation, day and night, our ship was gradually being stripped. Bunks and cabin fittings, heating apparatus, pianos, bookcases, bed and table-linen, ceiling and table electric fans, clocks, and all movable fittings were transferred to the *Wolf* and our ship presented a scene of greater destruction every day.

Longing eyes had been cast on the notice published by the Germans concerning rules and regulations on board, and most of us determined to get possession of it. It remained on the notice board till the day before the *Hitachi* was sunk. After supper that evening I was lucky enough to find it still there, so I removed it and have kept it as a memento of the time when I was a detained enemy subject!

The boats were all lashed down, the hatches the same, and every precaution taken to prevent wreckage floating away when the vessel was sunk. On the afternoon of November 5th, the Germans shifted all the passengers' heavy luggage onto the *Wolf*, and we were told we should have to leave the *Hitachi* and go on board the *Wolf* at 1 P. M. the next day. The *Hitachi* was now in a sad condition, her glory was indeed departed and her end very near. We had our last meal in her stripped saloon that day at noon, and at one o'clock moved over onto the *Wolf*. At 5 P. M. on November 6th, the *Wolf* sheered off, leaving the *Hitachi* deserted, but for the German Captain and officers, and the bombing party who were to send her to the bottom next day. Both ships remained where they were for the night, abreast of and about four hundred yards distant from each other. At 9 A. M. on November 7th they moved off and manœuvered. The Germans did not intend to sink the *Hitachi* where she was, but in deep water. To do this they had to sail some distance from the Nazareth Bank. The *Hitachi* hoisted the German Imperial Navy flag, and performed a kind of naval goose-step for the delectation of the *Wolf*. At 1 P. M. the flag was hauled down, and both ships stopped.

There were still a few people on the *Hitachi*, and the *Wolf's* motor launch made three trips between the two ships before the German Captain and bombing party left the *Hitachi*. Three bombs had been placed for her destruction, one forward outside the ship on the starboard side, one amidships inside, and one aft on the port side outside the ship. At 1:33 P. M. the Captain arrived alongside the *Wolf;* at 1:34 the first bomb exploded with a dull subdued roar and a high column of water; the explosion of the other bombs followed at intervals of a minute, so that by 1:36 the last bomb had exploded. All on the *Wolf* now stood watching the *Hitachi's* last struggle with the waves. And the German officers stood on the *Wolf's* deck taking photographs of the tragedy. The struggle was a long one — it was pathetic beyond words to watch it. Just before two o'clock there were signs that she was settling fast. Her well-deck forward was awash; exactly at two o'clock her bows went under, soon her funnel was surrounded with swirling water; it disappeared, and with her propellers high in the air she dived slantingly down to her great grave, the sea closing over her at one minute past two. Twenty-five minutes had elasped since the explosion of the last bomb.

There was great turmoil on the sea for some time after the ship disappeared and the *Wolf*, exactly like a murderer making sure that the struggles of his victim had finally ceased, moved away from the scene of her latest crime, and went serenely on her way.

Thus came to an end the second of the Nippon Yushen Kaisha fleet bearing the name *Hitachi Maru*. The original ship of that name had been sunk by the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War. It will savor of tempting providence if another ship ever bears her unfortunate name, and no sailor could be blamed for refusing to sail on her.

Life on the *Wolf* was very different to life on the *Hitachi*. To begin with, all the single men of military age from the *Hitachi* were accommodated on the 'tween decks, and slept in hammocks which they had to sling themselves. The elder men among them slept in bunks taken from the *Hitachi*, but the quarters of all in the 'tween decks were very restricted; there was no privacy, no convenience, and only a screen divided the European and Japanese quarters. The condition of our fellow-countrymen from the *Hitachi* was now the reverse of enviable, though it was a great deal better than that of the crews of the captured ships, who were "accommodated" under the poop — where the captains and officers captured had quarters to themselves — and exercised on the poop and well-deck, the port side of which was reserved for the Japanese.

THERE were now more than four hundred prisoners on board, mostly British, some of whom had been captured in the February previous, as the *Wolf* had left Germany in November 1916, the *Hitachi* being the tenth prize taken. The condition in which these prisoners lived cannot be too strongly condemned. The heat in the tropics was insufferable, the overcrowding abominable, and on the poop there was hardly room to move. While anchored near Sunday Island, in the Pacific, some months earlier, two of the British prisoners taken from the first prize captured managed to escape. Their absence was not noticed by the Germans till a fortnight later, as up to then there had been no daily roll-call, an omission which was at once rectified directly these two men were noted missing. As a punishment, the prisoners aft were no longer allowed to exercise on the poop, but were kept below. The heat and stifling atmosphere were inconceivable and cruel. The iron deck below presented the appearance of having been hosed — in reality it was merely the perspiration streaming off these poor persecuted captives that drenched the deck. The attention of the ship's doctor was one day called to them and he at once forbade this inhuman confinement in future. From then onward, batches of the prisoners were allowed on the poop at a time, so that every man could obtain at least a little fresh air a day.

[*Continued on page 46*]

Which will you be? A Bondsman for Uncle Sam, or a Bondslave to the Kaiser?— Oliver Herford

The Star Spangled Country

by **George Matthew Adams**

Illustration by C. B. Falls

AMONG the wonder things of this world are its Stars.

Even the pictured shape of a star inspires. Its points, reaching out into all directions from but a single point — how emblematic! As though its center were all heart, as it really is.

When the ancient poet wanted to say something of particular beauty, he wrote of the brightness of the stars of the firmament.

And when the wise men must needs find the new-born Savior, it was the Star — of Bethlehem — that guided them safely to the manger.

But just now there is a particular star that is the hope of the world: I mean the Little Blue Star that is now hanging from the windows all over America. Each star against its background of white and red, significant of sacrifice and courage.

From the windows of the humble shack you see the Little Blue Star. In homes where the children play — in offices where the affairs of the world move in and out.

And just as gloriously does it hang from the lighted stone and marble palaces of the wealthy and secure.

The mute and blessed symbol of the coming universal Democracy of the World — the Little Blue Star!

And no matter whether there be but one Little Blue Star or a dozen, each speaks its solitary story of pathos and patriotism as grandly as though it were amongst a million of its kind.

Passers-by, salute the Little Blue Star. Uncover your heart to its heart, as you come and as you go. For it is the protector of your freedom and your life.

Little Blue Star-witnesses of the Coming Dawn, already you are immortal.

And you, Mothers, who have given all you had in the boy which the Little Blue Star represents, you also are to be immortal.

"As the Stars for ever and ever."

A Town in Flanders

by **Theodosia Garrison**

Illustration by C. B. Falls

I NEVER saw one moment in my life
That little, red-roofed town,—but when I read
Of how it lies now black and burned and dead,
A mangled thing beneath the heels of strife,
I felt a strange grief pierce me like a knife—
A desolation, strange, unwarranted,—
I who had never seen those roofs of red
In the good days with all contentment rife.

That was a printed page I read, no more,
That hurt so . . . . Then, dear God, what must it be
To those who built their hearts in roof and hearth,
Whose little ones played in and out the door;
Those who from some black hill looked back to see
Their little, murdered homes go down to earth!

Being myself Prussian by birth, I am, therefore, above the normal spiritually and mentally

Letters of a German Propagandist

A New Series—"Togo" Done Over Hamburg Style

by Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

HOFWOHLGEBOREN HERR DIREKTOR,
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,

DEAR SIR:—

KNOWING as I do that you a mistaken win-the-warness generally maintain, permit me your readers to enlighten and to somewhat uplift by a few columns of unprejuticed neutral thinking for the benefit of your much-to-be-improved Amerika. I shall but a mildly patient word speak in behalf of what I was in Germany always to reverence taught, viz., Unterhunds or Under Dogs. Without my benevolence-by-intervention might they not become neglected or ill-treated in the passion of this great war in which we, through the callous cruelty of Belgium, now ourselves find fighting? Progressive and patriotik North Amerikan as I am—in spite of a small commission in the German army I now still hold—I should myself think mean-spirited indeed if I should neglectfully aside stand, my fingers snapping, my eyes winking at such brutes like Great Britain who pretend they are too busy with war to make Ireland over.

Herr Director, I am an intellectually free person. I am an alone-by-myself thinker. Consequently I that independence of view—by great Nietzsche so demanded—steadfastly hold while Amerikans on all sides I see by hatred swayed because my Kaiser in his all-wisedom for-the-good-of-mankindfulness has to your poor shores the forerunners of our soon-approaching submarine flotilla to visit sent. Perhaps they have done some damage. Your lying newspapers claim that such is so; and I am convinced that this report somewhat true is, because the *Staats Zeitung* has seen fit this visit to mention.

But why, may I ask, should so much chickenish running around and squawking about it be? Has not North Amerika offended Germany? Does not Germany just hatred upon those who offend her employ? Does she not with perfumed blessings those-who-love-her reward? Please observe how England has been from the nations of the earth eliminated because she Germany insulted and, on the other side, how Austro-Hungary has grown rich and prosperous under Our Emperor's so sublime and perfect guidance. I say Our Emperor as a good Amerikan which I am.

Then why should North Amerika squirm under the righteous wrath of our Gott?

I am speaking as an Amerikan patriot. To prove it I can show a Liberty Loan button which I from a waiter of my acquaintance have borrowed. Not that I in sympathy with this money-raising mania can ever be. Compound-interest-hearted that you are, your much-published Liberty Loans quite unimportant to engaged-in-deep-thinking Germany will always be. However quickly the dollars into the treasury of Imperial Chancellor Wilhelm G. MacKadoozen pour they will get you nowhere, and when there what will they accomplish?

Will they our brave undersea flotilla stop from sinking your dangerous pleasure-boats to Coney Island? Money-gobblers! How can you estimate our strong-ribbed-will-to-win?

Every fair-minded editor in Germany knows that when large amounts of moneys in Amerika are kollekted nothing else than Saturnalias of politikal dishonesty ensue. It has been clearly proofed by Herr Doktor Wolfgang Zust zu Nussbaum of the University of Heidelburg that nowhere outside of Germany can vast money-kollecktions by governmental officials well-spent be without lowest-moral-conditions ensuing.

Quite recently in the *Hamburger Lokal Anzeiger* I an interesting and fair-minded report read of Herr Oberinspektor Gutzon Borglum's findings in your hoped-to-be-successful aeroplane attempt-to-build. I am disable the beautiful German of the distinguished *Anzeiger* accurately to translate because your inferior language will not permit; but something like this it was:

"All these blind-piggish Unitedstaters until stomach-bursting are with dollars fed and then they with malnutrition groan! Recently their inspired-by-graft Congress appropriated thirty billion marks for so-called aircraft, despite the fact that Yankees know nothing of an art which was by a German invented. One year passed and the North Amerikan publik, at last awake becoming, discovered that the officers of their General Staff (?) had this thirty billions quietly between themselves, Congress and the Presidential Ministry divided! Such a handsome state of affairs that Oberinspektor Borglum found out. No flying fields built, no aeroplanes, no aviators, no everything. To-day the Amerikan army (?) has now in France one pitiful Wilbur Wright machine of 1908 design. Can you blame Amerika for acknowledging her sin in Germany offending?

The presse of North Amerika, notoriously by Great Britain bribed, the above truthful statement may contradict, despite the fact that the *Lokal Anzeiger* is famous for absolute honesty even in a land where a kind and just Kaiser has made lying an offense by-death-punishable.

To illustrate Our Unconquerable Emperor's simple love for truth-telling, allow me the following anecdote to relate:

The Appointed One was one day through a Belgian village walking—the village by its treachery to Our Holy Advance had been somewhat destroyed—and with Our Emperor a certain Herr Lieutenant Zull of the Hundred and Third Ersatz Division Imperial Flamenwerfers was accompanying. They were past the dead bodies of our fallen heroes strolling, on pleasant topiks chatting, when His Omniscient Majesty deigned with his own boot slightly to one side to kick an old Belgian woman of amusing aspekt.

"Speak to her," commanded the All Powerful, "and ask her at who she so stupidly staring sits."

HERR LIEUTENANT walked away the old woman to question, but when he to his Sublime Master returned his heels trembled as he saluted—a rare weakness among Prussians.

"Do not fear to speak, Herr Lieutenant," commanded Our Absolute Wisedom. "At whom does she staring sit?"

"O Sire," replied the soldier brave, "she says that at the murderer of her family she staring sits."

"I cannot permit an untruth to be spoken even among the humblest of my subject nations."

With these now-famous words Our Majesty unsheathed his sword and personally without-calling-in-help her head cut off. This is an illustration of My Emperor's passion for truth as well as his democratik tendencies.

But let us to our leg-of-lamb return, as the dastardly French so inadequately say. The presence of German submarines off Amerikan coasts—where they are minding their own business and ask Yankees merely theirs to mind—has started in your hysterikal heads many foolish notions.

While riding in the elevated railroad the other day and quietly reading my copy of the German *Herold* I heard an unkultured boor of your junker class bawling to his companion:

"Say! The captain of that Boche submarine what sunk a whole boat-load of our women and children ought to be lynched!"

"You're right, Al!" grunted his rough companion. "Hanging too good for them pirates is."

Listening, I sat until my more highly educated sense of play-fair no more could endure.

"MY dear, good friends," I at last with that rare smile of mine said, "narrow though honest you are. Like most of your compatriots you are unable more-than-one-side-of-a-question-at-a-time-to-see."

"Didn't the submarine captain sink the boat?" growled the coarser of the two fellows.

"I cannot discuss what in the line of his duty he did," I patiently replied. "But please permit me to correct an error too long cherished by the ignorance of North Amerika. I am a patriotic Amerikan"—here I showed my Liberty Loan button—"but I must insist upon the devil his due getting. Submarine captains are not harsh and brutal men as generally supposed. They are from the entire German navy for the politeness picked. As an instance of great courtesy

[*Continued on page 34*]

"Speak to her and ask her at whom she so stupidly staring sits"

Through the Haze

By Porter Emerson Browne

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter XXIV

SOFT sunlight came through the little window; that, and the song of robins, and the faint, sweet perfume of blossoms.

At first Constance knew only that she lay in the gentle arms of a great peace. Eyes saw, but brain only wondered, vaguely. . . . She breathed gratefully the gentle perfume, watching the great splotch of sunshine that covered her beneath a patchwork counterpane, from breast to knee.

By and by someone came. It was an old man, with a white beard and shrewd, kindly gray eyes. Dimly she remembered having seen him before. . . .

He had spoken to her. But it had been too much trouble to answer.

And then a girl had come. A girl of perhaps nineteen or twenty, slender, with dark hair, and darker eyes filled with sadness; a girl who wore a huge apron, and who, standing by the bedside, had smiled down on Constance with lips that quivered. . . . She, too, had spoken. But again it had been too much trouble to reply.

And then the old man and the young girl had talked together.

After a long time, yet another man came. He had a red face, trimmed with white side-whiskers. He bustled in, carrying a small satchel and smelling of iodine. Constance knew at once that he must be a doctor. She was afraid that he might not be a very good doctor. Good doctors always wore Van Dyke beards, pince-nez, morning coats and spats. She wondered who was ill. From a vast distance she heard someone say:

"It's all right. She'll recover quickly now."

She did. She sat up for the first time upon that poignantly glorious day that America at last entered upon a just, an honorable and a needful war.

Uncle Victor and the slender girl had ministered to her well.

Other days, gentle, soothing as the soft hands of the slender girl, passed. Budding health brought growing strength; with them came interest in the things of life, and of earth. . . .

She asked Uncle Victor who the girl was.

"Her?" he queried. "Why, that's Mary."

"Mary?" she asked, the name meant nothing to her.

He nodded. "The girl that Don —"

He stopped suddenly.

Through all Constance's being surged a great, racking wave of returning memory. She closed her eyes, shivering beneath its force. . . . By and by she opened them.

"It's — true?" she whispered.

Uncle Victor was looking away.

"Oh!"

Her eyes did not open again until the slender girl came with broth for her.

Constance looked up into the girl's dark eyes, sorrow-laden . . . She said no word. Her white hand, reaching out, took one of Mary's within its weakened clasp. . . .

Eyes spoke to eyes, as lips could never speak. Mary sank to her knees beside the bed, burying her face in the white sheet. Constance's arm crept around slender, shaking shoulders. And she, too, wept.

Uncle Victor, by the window, blinked fiercely. The spring sunlight was very bright.

Constance essayed to gather up the snapped and tangled threads of her life. For she remembered nothing. The telegram — then all the world grown strangely black.

Late at night, Uncle Victor had heard someone on the cottage porch. Going to the door, he had found her there. Then again, she had fallen. Subconscious self had forced the physical to do its bidding to its desired end.

From then on Uncle Victor and Mary had cared for her, sharing alike the vigils of night and day.

And that was all they knew. Ames they had not been able to find. Nor had any of her friends found her. Whether they had not tried, or, trying, had not been able, Uncle Victor did not know.

Long days of convalescence. . . .

Apple blossoms, pink and white and fragrant, just outside her window. Full-throated robins came to sing to her. The slender girl ministering to her wants, or, in the intervals, sitting quietly at her bedside, knitting with swift, deft fingers. And this was the girl that she had refused to go to see! And who was now caring for her with the gentleness of a mother. A suffocating sense of shame came over her tired body, into her tired brain. Sad eyes smiling down into her own made it but the worse . . . How could she have been so selfish! So unjust!

And Don had loved her! Don, whom they would never see again!

Tears came welling to her eyes.

Then Uncle Victor. . . .

She, who had found him impossible to meet on any common ground, now, inexplicably, found herself wanting him near.

Awakening one night from a horrid dream — she had seen an airplane tumbling brokenly, like a shot bird, from the sky — she sat up in bed. A shadowy shape across the doorway had twisted and bent and come to life, and Uncle Victor had crawled forth from his blanket and come to stand beside her.

Clutching his hand, like a frightened child, she had told him of her dream. And, as one would soothe a frightened child, so had he soothed her, patting her hand, as he sat on the bed beside her.

Too overwrought to sleep again, she had begged him to stay with her. And then, because of the sorrow of her uprooted soul, of the desire that lives in all of us for sympathy and understanding, she had told him all that had happened; of Craig, of Ames, and of that which she had planned to do. . . . It seemed strangely odd in the telling. It was as though the clothes were being stripped from her dead body, leaving it naked for living eyes to see. . . .

She found within herself a throbbing longing that those seeing eyes might view with understanding and with pity. . . . And in the end, she waited, tense as she was tired. . . .

Uncle Victor, once again, gently patted her clenched hand with silent sympathy.

"There, there, little girl," he said. "I know. . . ."

Something within her told her that he did. . . . And by and by she slept again. Then Uncle Victor went back to his blanket.

"Life," he murmured, as he eased his old body down upon the unyielding boards, "is certainly hell."

And of things beside the real meaning of true friendship and human understanding did Constance learn during those long days of convalescence. Mary taught her to knit; which she learned quickly. Uncle Victor instructed her about the War, which came harder in that it involved, as does all war, complex questions of psychology, physiology, ethics, morality, immorality and unmorality.

But on these matters Uncle Victor touched but lightly. He had both the vocabulary and the experience to bring war down to the understandable and the personal basis. And he was able to make her see and feel what war really means. . . . He had seen women and children murdered. He told her simply; as simply as he had seen. . . . For the first time, she began to understand how Don had felt.

"That's why this country had so much trouble understanding this War," explained Uncle Victor. "They could read about these things. They could understand killin' women an' children theoretically, but they couldn't make it real to themselves. . . . No man, an' no group o' men, are fit to undertake the management of a war until they can see themselves sticking a knife into another man and seeing the blood spurt out; and know that they are doing a right and a good thing.

"That is what a lot o' them fellers in Washington have never been able to do. They're theoretical gents an' this War is real.

"War," he continued, "is real, and war is earnest. And the only way to win is to kill them Germans a whole lot; which is precisely what they're planning to do to us. And fellers which is full of fancy ideas about soft words turning away wrath had better go home and let some regular fellers run the job.

"An' then sayin' that the nations of Europe are mad! Great Frost! If you'd had the Germans picking on you as long as France and England have, you'd be mad, too! You can bet your life on that!"

He told Constance of the things he had seen done to American men, to American women, to little American children, in Mexico. . . . Long before he had finished, her eyes were flashing, her hands were clenched, and the breath came hotly from between parted lips. . . .

For Constance, you must know, was an American woman.

She was lost, at first.

She found herself in a life as new as it was strange. Gone the motors, the servants, the dinners, the friends, the parties. Gone the big, high-ceiled rooms with their rich furnishings. Gone the never-ceasing excitement.

In their places only the little cottage, only themselves to care for themselves, the arisings with the first flush of the morning sun, the goings to bed, tired, ere yet the world was dark, in the tiny room with the dormer windows — She remembered, vaguely, the sinking despair that the sight of the place had given her on that day when she and Don had come with Uncle Victor to look at it.

And now she was living in [*Continued on page 42*]

"Some Day I'm Going to Kiss You!" is a tantalizing enough title to make every true lover of fiction want to read Dana Gatlin's story, coming in December

The Secret Agent — *Continued from page 20*

the authorities that an advertisement used for such a purpose must necessarily change in form of expression. No advertisement which appeared to be a continuous repetition of the same matter could be a medium for the transmission of secret information. The German authorities, in their immense egotism, have been convinced that they can detect and decipher any form of secret service code.

The chocolate advertisement, while it never varied in form, word or expression, continued to carry to the French authorities exact information of all the points on the German line (extending from the Jura to Dunkirk) at which new divisions were being added.

The method used to convey this information was exceedingly simple.

The chocolate manufacturer sent out to the newspapers a plate to be used in printing his advertisement. The advertisement contained fifteen lines. These corresponded to fifteen segments of the German line extending across Europe. The manner in which it was shown that a reenforcement had been added to a segment of the German line was the presence of a defect in a letter in the corresponding line of the advertisement.

For example, line 3 of the advertisement, if it showed a slight defect in the type representing, say, the letter h in a word, would mean that reenforcements had been added to the German sector corresponding to this third line. Moreover, the extent and character of the reenforcement would be shown by the relative position in the line of the defective letter. That is to say, its presence in the beginning, middle or end of the line.

Such a system was exceedingly simple but hardly likely to attract the attention of anybody. A slight defect in the type in a plate used for advertising is so common as to be unnoticed. No one would think of associating it with the method of a secret agent. It is said that by this means the French war office was continually advised of the presence, nature and strength of additions made to the German forces.

Switzerland is a neutral eddy. It is the headquarters of secret agents for both the French and the German Governments. Information can be more easily carried into Switzerland than into any other country.

A story of one of the romantic activities of the secret agents drifts to us from Monte Carlo.

Monaco is an independent kingdom, a tiny bit of territory lying on the Mediterranean between France and Italy. It contains only a few miles of land. It is said that in the great political adjustment between France and Italy this little principality was overlooked, and it has continued to remain an independent kingdom. It has a reigning house, an army the size of a police squad, and no taxes. The whole kingdom is conducted by a gambling corporation which maintains the Casino, pays the king a salary and supports all the expenses of the Government.

The city of Monte Carlo is the Mecca for all the adventurers in the world.

The story, as it drifts to us from Monte Carlo, is that a middle-aged American with a good deal of money had gone down from Paris at the opening of the War and established himself in Monte Carlo. He had a high-powered motor-boat with which he was accustomed to cruise on the placid water of the Mediterranean (all motor-cars having been requisitioned by the French Government). As a concession to the American for the seizure of his motor-cars he was permitted to retain the motor-boat and to use it within a limited area near Monte Carlo.

In a life of leisure, in this idle city of pleasure, he made the acquaintance of a Spaniard —a young widow of a lovely Castilian type. Her brother was a confirmed invalid. He used to sit wrapped in a rug on the terrace of the Casino. The American, at the suggestion of the charming señora, used to take them both on brief motor-boat trips.

One evening, the Spaniard came to the American in great anxiety, said her brother had had a very bad day and asked if he would not take them for a boat ride. She thought a few hours on the sea would perhaps strengthen her brother.

The American, under the influence of the beautiful Spaniard, went farther out than he was permitted to go by the French authorities. He ran on until Monte Carlo was merely a nest of gold dust in the sunset.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. The invalid Spaniard with an amazing return of vigor thrust a pistol into his back and forced him to drive the motor-boat according to compass directions which he gave him.

The result was that two hours later at a certain point in the Mediterranean a German U-boat rose to the surface. The Spaniard and his sister were taken aboard. The American was permitted to return to Monte Carlo, because they thought he would not be willing to make known the fact that he had been thus easily duped and because if the motor-boat were sunk the loss of it would become known to French authorities, and the French Admiralty advised of the German undersea craft near this part of the French coast.

The Spanish beauty was one of the secret agents in the employ of the German Government. She had taken this plan in order to convey information to the German authorities, as well as to escape out of French territory.

The most improbable incidents do not equal actual happenings in the spy activities of this War.

The French Secret Service was able to recover an important document which had been handed to a charming agent at a diplomatic dinner in Paris. The dinner was given at the house of a prominent official before the War began. While at table, the document was passed to a secret agent, a society woman of great charm, but a person whom the French Secret Service had under surveillance. The servants at the dinner party were agents of the French *service de la sûreté*. As soon as the woman received the document the butler as by accident spilled a cup of coffee on her gown. She was asked to come upstairs into one of the private rooms so that a maid could remove the spot. Once inside the room she was arrested, and the document taken from her.

It was all done in the French manner without disturbing the diplomatic dinner.

The British navy is in possession of secrets for which the German Admiralty would on any day pay down a million marks.

The Kaiser developed yachting as a sport for the purpose of getting all the information possible about the English navy. Prince Henry, a brother of the Emperor, was at the head of the yachting organizations in Europe. He visited England and on the yachts of the English sportsmen the problems connected with the sport were eagerly discussed.

One of these problems for which the Germans were anxious to find a solution was the question of signals. What sort of signaling could be devised to enable yachts in a race in thick weather to communicate with one another? They would carry no wireless devices and sound signals would not be practical on a sailing craft. In a great race or in a convocation of such craft there might be considerable danger of collisions if no method of signaling were devised.

But fortunately for the English Admiralty the Germans were not able to get a hint of the secret which their Government would have gone to any extreme to obtain.

The importance of it is shown in the following adventure:

A fast British squadron on a mission in the North Sea, very near the German coast, was about to undertake the work which it was directed to accomplish, when suddenly a yellow fog descended on the sea, so dense and thick that the position of the ships was instantly blotted out.

This change in the elements compelled the commander to take a new course. It was necessary to assemble the fleet and give it a new direction. Any sort of sound signal would have at once notified German ships and stations of the proximity of the British squadron. No wireless signal could be sent because it would be picked up at once by these same German ships and stations.

Nevertheless, the British commander was able to notify the cruisers, giving them full instructions; and in the midst of this fog he was able to remove the squadron without the Germans having any knowledge of a British fleet in the waters.

One can see how great a disaster might have come upon the British navy if the German yacht enthusiasts, years before, had been able to induce the English members of their organization to reveal some hint of this mysterious signal device.

IT IS the boys in the many branches of the service "Over There" on land and sea, that we should think of first this Christmas.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen ranks first among the appropriate presents for them. They need one constantly. Its ever-readiness and unfailing service under all conditions have made it possible for the written word to replace the spoken word, in keeping the home intimately in touch with its dear ones on land and sea, the world over.

There is a size to fit any hand and a point to suit any personal preference.

Three types—Safety, Self-Filling and Regular. Plain or beautifully ornamented. $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up, according to size and ornamentation. Same high quality throughout.

Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company
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115 So. Clark St., Chicago (Temporary)
179 St. James St., Montreal
17 Stockton St., San Francisco
41 Kingsway, London, W. C.
6 Rue Hossigny, Paris

"Makes its Mark around the World"

GENUINE DIAMONDS

From the Diamond Cutters Direct to You. By Mail $70.00 PER CARAT

$70.00 PER CARAT WHITE
¼ Carat..$ 8.25
½ Carat.. 16.75
¾ Carat.. 28.75
1 Carat.. 36.65

$85.00 PER CARAT FINE WHITE
1/16 Carat $13.13
⅛ Carat.. 31.25
¼ Carat.. 44.12
½ Carat.. 66.62

$100.00 PER CARAT PURE WHITE
¼ Carat..$10.73
½ Carat.. 23.75
¾ Carat.. 51.87
1 Carat.. 64.16

$165.00 PER CARAT Steel Blue White
¼ Carat..$ 33.00
½ Carat.. 83.75
¾ Carat.. 125.62
1 Carat.. 146.25

$198.00 PER CARAT WESSELTONS
¼ Carat..$ 16.35
½ Carat.. 39.75
¾ Carat.. 65.00
1 Carat.. 100.65

$225.00 PER CARAT Steel Blue Rivers
¼ Carat..$ 17.25
½ Carat.. 43.50
¾ Carat.. 69.75
1 Carat.. 113.65

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No deposit is necessary to see our wonderful offerings before you buy. We take all the risk and ship selections anywhere entirely at our expense. Simply select anything from this ad or from our catalog, and tell us what bank or express office we shall send it to for your free examination and approval. Examine and compare our values, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied, return them at our expense. You will be amazed at the money you can save by purchasing direct from us. ORDER NOW.

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Every diamond we sell is covered by our iron-clad money-back guarantee. It not only states specifically the exact carat weight and quality of the diamond you buy, but legally entitles you to the return of your money in full any time within one year, with full exchange privilege at any time.

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We carry thousands of carats of diamonds in stock in 14 grades, from $70.00 to $315.00 per carat. We also make a specialty of large size diamonds from 3 to 30 carats. Write us your requirements.

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Our new 280-page 1919 catalog is now ready for distribution, FREE for the asking. It is a liberal education in diamonds: how they are mined, graded, cut and polished, etc. It also contains more pages devoted to watches than any other catalog in existence, and gives you thousands of valuable gift suggestions in jewelry, silverware, etc. —at prices that will amaze you. We send it to you FREE if you will write us a letter or postcard asking for it.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR NEW 280-PAGE XMAS CATALOG NOW.

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D809 Genuine Elgin, Radium dial, Military Wrist watch. Round Solid Silver case $16.85

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PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

Extra Values

Xmas Gifts of Fine Quality

Gifts For All At a Great Saving

D801 Solid gold bracelet and chain. 1/4-1/2 carat blue-white diamond $25.00

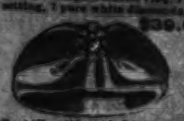
D802 14K solid gold ring. 1/4 carat diamond $18.75

D803 14K solid gold ring. 1/3 carat diamond $36.66

D804 14K solid gold ring. 1/4 carat diamond $24.50

D805 14K solid gold ring. 1 carat diamond $70.00

D806 14K solid gold cluster ring. Platinum setting, 7 pure white diamonds $39.00



D807 14K solid gold 6-prong tooth ring. 3/8 carat diamond $32.50

D808 14K solid gold Lion's claw ring. 5/8 carat diamond $50.00

Oh! You Unfit!

Unfit, flabby, weak, useless—doing nothing for yourself, your family or your country, at the one time in the whole history of America when the Nation expects EVERY man either to FIGHT or WORK. What good are you to anyone, in these stirring times, if you are dragging yourself about with your physical system a wreck, your mentality cobwebbed, and your spirit gone? Brace up!—take hold of yourself—

BECOME A MAN

Don't think you can't—YOU **CAN,** if you go about it right. And when you do a place will be awaiting you. America needs men here at home as well as on the fighting lines; men to carry on the gigantic war work of the Government; men to run the industries of our great country; men to take the places of our soldiers over there, to care for the families left behind; **men fit to be the fathers of Americans to come.**

YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF FIT IF YOU WILL DO IT

You can add to the duration of your own life, and make every year of your life more useful, more pleasurable, more worth while living, by taking yourself in hand and become fit. What's the use of living, if you don't enjoy life? Where's the good in waking up at all, if you wake up tired out before you begin the day? What fun is there in going about suffering all the time from poor memory, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches; with a fevered brain, a rotten temper, a muddled intellect—unable to DO anything worth while or to enjoy an hour of your day?

DON'T BREAK DOWN IN THE PRIME OF LIFE

Vital statistics prove that the average American dies ten or fifteen years before his time, **usually from preventable disease,** simply because he does not take care of his body and live in accordance with Nature's laws. Nature is the universal, all-powerful Healer; give her half a chance and she'll get to work on you, no matter how much of a mental and physical wreck you feel yourself to be.

WHY DON'T YOU BETTER YOURSELF?

Place yourself in my hands and I will show you how every organ in your body will be brought to normal function; you will fairly tingle with vigorous life. My system and method will vitalize you, rebuild you, rejuvenate you.

I can bring your forces of Nature into play; make your success certain. No matter what your present condition, my method is restorative, rejuvenating. You will be vitalized; the glands of your body that store secretions necessary to robust health will be invigorated, your mental activity will be increased, your energy augmented; you will be a live factor in whatever sphere you may be.

I'LL SHOW YOU NATURE'S WAY

The ONLY safe, sure, simple way to really build yourself up and get rid of the ills that are hampering your progress, making you of no account in the world and eating up your years of life. No patent medicine preparations or druggist's dope in Nature's way or mine. No over-exercise, strengthening your muscles at the expense of vital organs. Just Nature's way—the Army way—the Strongfort way—the way that has led thousands of my pupils back to health and strength and the enjoyment of living life. Note opposite coupon. Write your main ailment thereon and you will receive a practical talk without obligation.

Send for a copy of my free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** *IT'S FREE. I will send you a copy by return mail on receipt of three two-cent stamps to cover postage and packing.*

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
682 Park Building NEWARK, N. J.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J. 682

Dear Strongfort:—Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy,"** for postage of which I enclose three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses. I am mentioning my main trouble, and would thank you for a personal talk on the subject, without obligation.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Write Plainly

"C'est la Guerre!" — *Continued from page 16*

the *Croix de Guerre* — and which I must repeat to "her."

Enters an orderly. Time is up! And the second man I promised to see — the regimental adjutant — has just arrived.

We clatter down the stone stairs, breathless!

Two minutes to pay our respects to the colonel. Clerks, non-coms, lieutenants and captains rise in an amazed and ineffectual effort to salute during our flying progress. We enter the sacred precincts abruptly. The colonel looks up frowningly.

"From home, Col. B ——, from home!"

What matters my name — the grime on my face, the rakish angle of my helmet and my gas mask!

"From home!"

The colonel shakes hands and asks how everything looks in the States. But I have no chance to answer.

Enters a liaison officer in his smart uniform of red, blue and gold. He stares at the remarkable picture. The lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant whirl me around.

"From home! From our town!" they exclaim simultaneously.

The Frenchman bends to kiss my hand, which the adjutant releases reluctantly. Then he turns to the lieutenant-colonel and caresses his stalwart shoulder.

"*Mon ami* — I am glad — so glad for you ——"

In his eyes there are tears. He does indeed understand, this liaison officer of many decorations, because the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant have not seen a woman from their own State in nearly a year.

The vigilant Y. M. C. A. secretary steps into the picture.

"Sorry, but ——"

I have given my promise and he has done his part. I attempt graceful adieux to the colonel and the French officer, but two powerful soldier-hands grip me. We swing through the door, three abreast, leaving the colonel standing very straight behind his desk; then between a double line of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, who, having learned that this is a woman from home, stand erect but hungry-eyed, and finally through the vaulted hall and the dusty garden to the panting motor.

"Write them that I am all right, won't you? And we're going to win!" The grip on my right arm makes me wince.

"Tell 'her' I'm fit — and you see how we're fixed — everything swell."

My left arm aches.

The machine starts with a jerk. The Y. M. C. A. secretary stares straight ahead, but as we turn a sharp corner, I look back. They stand in the road, those two khaki-clad figures, shoulder to shoulder, straining their eyes for a last glimpse of the car.

We ride back under the arc of whining 75's, and at last the Y. M. C. A. secretary speaks huskily:

"And to think I hesitated about going! Why, I wouldn't have missed the light in their faces for all the conferences in France. It's just such little things that make your war job and mine worth doing, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure," I answered shakily. "The time was so short — and they wanted to ask — to say so much. I wonder whether just the sight of me did not make home seem further away than ever."

But the little watch offers comfort:

"*C'est la guerre!* The sight of one from home — from 'her' — ah, that is a blessed gift from the good God of your soldier!"

FOR the third time since nightfall, "general quarters" is sounding.

At the incessant clatter of electric gongs, I pull myself out of my berth, reach mechanically for heavy coat, knapsack and electric flash, and start for the companionway. We are still in the danger zone, and required to sleep in our clothing, prepared for submarine attacks.

On deck, figures move vaguely through the misty twilight which precedes the break of day. Until "abandon ship" sounds, we are not obliged to stand by the life-boats to which we are assigned, so I lean against the port rail, eyes still heavy with interrupted sleep. The ship's surgeon touches my arm.

"Better lie flat on the deck. They're going to ——"

And they do!

The jar and detonation of the guns send me sprawling on the slippery deck.

When it is all over, we women take account of stock with a deep sense of injury. If the guns are trained on a periscope — we have not been informed of the fact. If the alarm was just for target practise, we should have been warned. Being swung out in life-boats is heroic, but being rolled across a slippery deck is undignified — and, therefore, to be resented. Not until I retire to my cabin for the fourth time in eight hours, do I discover that the fall on deck has cracked the crystal on the little gold watch. It is an ugly, irregular, three-pronged crack, but the hands move steadily and the tick-tick is regular and serene.

"Never mind," I say consolingly. "Once we're safe in New York, you shall have a new crystal!"

At this, the jeweled works which have not lost one minute during all the long, hard journey seem to stop for just the few seconds required to draw a startled breath, and the watch pleads:

"*Non, non — mon amie! C'est la guerre!* See, the crystal is thick. The so-little crack affects not the hands — and it is my honorable wound. Let me remain so always!"

Which is why the crystal has never been renewed. And sometimes when I wake in the night and find the watch bathed in moonlight, the moonlight which for its beloved France means hideous, heaven-rending air raids, I catch it smiling at me and hear it murmur:

"Ah, *mon amie,* we have looked upon it — *la grande guerre!* We have seen them together in battle, the men of your country and of mine, and we no longer fear, eh? We know that together they shall make *la grande victoire. Vivent les États Unis! Vive la France!*"

Coming in the December Number

"OUT IN FRONT," by Gertrude Atherton, is by way of being a Christmas gift for our readers. It is a novelette complete in one issue, and is a stirring and sprightly story of a young motion picture actress. Romance speaks on every page and the fifes and drums of the Great War are heard. Mrs. Atherton knows human nature so well and is so close to the universal emotions of mankind that any story of hers is bound to come home to us poignantly, no matter where the scene is laid. For a good winter night's entertainment be sure to read "Out in Front."

Housewives in Service

They Hold the Food, Health and Lives of Millions in the Hollow of Their Hands

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

WHATEVER may have been accomplished by the Food Administration in its first momentous year of service, and whatever may be accomplished in the days of waste and healing that we have yet to live through, its one greatest achievement will always remain the sustaining of our Allies in their darkest hour without injuriously depriving the American people. Doubtless nothing can ever overshadow the miracle of this first feeding feat. On the narrowest kind of a margin, our Allies, our soldiers, our neutral friends, and our own home people were fed. The rescue was almost breath-taking — or so it will seem as the future unfolds — but it was effected. That this was made possible largely through the efforts of the American housekeeper in the elimination of every-day household waste, and the consistent, successful use of hitherto little known substitutes for our common staple foods, has been appreciated and acknowledged.

In the matter of wheat alone, out of a possible surplus of 20,000,000 bushels available for export from the summer of 1917 through the summer of 1918, the actual shipments made approached 170,000,000 bushels, or, translated, almost 38,000,000 barrels of bread flour. Over one-third of this amount — 13,000,000 barrels — it is now definitely known, was saved by the housekeepers of America themselves, who do 55 per cent. of the baking of the country, whereas the professional bakers, responsible for the remaining 45 per cent., succeeded in saving only 3,000,000 barrels. Figures equally gratifying might be computed in the case of other staple foods — meats, fats, sugar. In the light of such facts as these, surely the concentrated unrelaxing efforts of the housekeepers of America is, so far at least, and as the Food Administration has acknowledged, "one of the finest monuments of the War," and well deserves the further recognition accorded by Mr. Hoover when summarizing for the President the shipments made during the first year of food control:

"I am sure that all the millions of our people who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortage all of those people joined together against Germany have come through into sight of the coming harvest not only with health and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardships. . . . Our contributions to this end could not have been accomplished without effort and sacrifice. . . . It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people — the homes, public eating places, food trades, urban or agricultural populations — in assessing credit for these results, but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women."

AS the work of food control continues, however — and we have been warned that "we must prepare for its long continuance, if we are to insure absolute victory" — one fact stands out against the horizon of our perception. Just as we must now continue our household economies and substitutions in order not only merely to feed all the people of our world, but in order that such stores of surplus food may be piled up both here and in Europe so as to relieve our Allies and our army from all food anxiety, and to serve as a bulwark against any possible war emergency, so must we, as housekeepers, in the same way not only continue to stand guard over the health of our people but we must lay up for them stores of surplus strength and energy that may likewise serve as a bulwark against emergency. No army is strong if the world that must maintain that army, or the fabric from which that army is drawn, becomes weakened. Sacrifice we can and must — but it must be done with understanding.

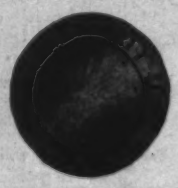
That the housekeeper of America is capable of doing this has already been demonstrated to a very great degree; that she must continue to do so with relentless searching for truth is also apparent. Less abundant feeding, fewer fried foods, the almost total elimination of rich, over-sweetened dishes, the freer use of milk, fruits, vegetables, the more intelligent use of meat substitutes — beans, cheese, fish, eggs, nuts — have already left their mark of benefit. And now, with all of our doctors enrolled for war service, with half of them actually gone, with our best nurses taken from us, with harder, longer working days than usual, in addition to our restricted feeding, the American housekeeper is still succeeding admirably in preserving the health of the country. For this, as well as her achievements in conservation, she should wear her laurel wreath.

BUT as the food problem grows, and all measures are more rigorous, more and more will she be responsible for and must she protect the health of our people. While various technical food difficulties have already been met and mastered, others will continue to confront us. A year ago, for example, the average housekeeper was in danger of confusing animal (specifically butter) and vegetable fats. She has now learned the difference between the two, how and when to use them, and that all the newer vegetable fats — the accepted nut and seed oils now on the market — can be used to advantage in cooking, while butter can and must be spared for table use alone. In the same way she has learned the value of honey and syrups — how to use them in place of sugar, and she has learned, too, how to serve beans and cheese so that the once popular beefsteak is now scarcely missed.

During the past few months the use of wheat substitutes, since this has become more urgent — and must remain a definite part of our war programme — has presented, perhaps, her greatest difficulty, and is a problem that must still be understandingly mastered. In order, now, to make it easier for the housekeeper, to serve as a guarantee against kitchen waste, also, for other necessary considerations — for no move is made by our food protectors at Washington that is not for the best good of the greatest number — certain new standards of milling have been adopted. The coarser corn, oat, rye and barley meals we have been using, or trying to use, are now to be replaced by finer and generally standardized products, so that they may more nearly take the place of the fine white wheat flour we have so long been accustomed to.

While the simplification in our cooking is apparent, it is still a question, perhaps, under the present limited food conditions, if we as housekeepers have all to gain, and nothing to lose, by this change from the coarser to the finer flours. Since bread is the main food for many people, it would seem that the richer any flour might be in the required nutritive elements, just so much more would the health of our people be automatically safeguarded. Since at the moment, however, it is best and fairest to standardize our war flours "in order to bring about the greatest possible milling efficiency," and "in the interest of uniformity," so that our own people together with our Allies shall all be eating the same bread, and have a better average loaf than before, it now remains for the housekeeper to more completely appreciate the nutritive differences that may exist in various millings, and to become still more familiar with the peculiar importance in the diet of our still too frequently slighted "protecting foods"* — milk and green leaf vegetables, which alone make up certain needed elements lacking in all grains, and increasingly lacking as grains are increasingly refined.

Our food problem is not an easy one for the housekeeper. It is faced with its many phases as they shall continue to arise that she is again to be tried, and must, through her balanced interpretation and mastery of each again prove her mettle — and make possible our ultimate security.



*For a clear explanation of the importance of milk and green leaf vegetables in the diet, and their relation to our other foods, an article by Dr. E. V. McCollum, "What to Teach the Public About Food Values," in the Journal of Home Economics, May, 1918, is recommended.

"Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. $1.00

On the Way Home With Corn Puffs

Foods That Are Like Confections

Corn Puffs are thin, airy globules, puffed from tiny hominy pellets.

They are sweet, because hominy is sweet. They are super-toasted, so they have a wondrous flavor.

Eaten dry, these flaky bubbles seem fairy-like confections. And children love them that way, or doused with melted butter.

Yet These Are Master Foods

Yet any Puffed Grain — Corn, Rice or Wheat — is the supreme form of that grain food.

Every food cell is exploded, so it easily digests. Every atom feeds.

All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. All are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve them to anyone, at any hour.

These are not tidbits. They are not made merely to delight the palate.

All their enticements are accidental. The object of the process is to make them perfect foods.

Yet they hold the topmost place among cereal food delights. Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. And every child that doesn't misses much.

Serve like other cereals, or with melted butter. Or mix with any fruit.

Salt or lightly butter — like peanuts or popcorn — for children after school.

Float them in bowls of milk. No other morsels ever served in milk are nearly so enjoyable, or so easily digestible.

Corn Puffs

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c

Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1995)

The "My America" League

Let Us Speed up Everywhere on Our War Work

Our Factory Patriots

OUR factory Leagues are up and doing. With every mail new applications for buttons and literature come pouring in, and with these come also splendid reports of work done, from Leagues already organized. In fact, we are so proud of these reports that we cannot resist telling our members something about what is being accomplished by this Labor-Army here at home.

They are not all engaged in the same kind of work — for that is where the League's greatest usefulness as a clearing-house makes itself felt. We have many different plans to suggest, and each League decides what is best for its particular case.

One plan, which has seemed to meet the needs of all Leagues no matter what other lines they may also take up, has to do with *community singing*. This gives an opportunity, which we cannot afford to neglect, for teaching our foreign-born Americans in our big factories, plants, and workshops the patriotic songs of their new country, and by this means instilling also a stronger love for, and a better understanding of, the land of their adoption.

And the actual singing itself has a very real effect upon the morale of the men — this has been proved to be the case where singing has been introduced into our big army cantonments by Y. M. C. A. workers. Men who are sullen, or who are plotting treasonable and disloyal acts, are not singers as a rule. The singing seems to do something fine and big to the singer, rousing patriotism to the highest pitch, and calling forth all that is brave and honest and clean in the man. After studying the results achieved by this camp singing among our soldiers, we felt sure that the effect upon our factory Leagues would be equally good, and so this is one of the first plans we offer to a new League after it has been organized. Anything which can be forged into a weapon against sedition and enemy propaganda in our midst — whether in our homes or in our business life — is surely worth the expenditure of our gravest consideration.

Another suggestion has to do with the formation of *factory defense companies* among the employees. The men are drilled, taught setting-up exercises, the proper salutes, reverence for the flag; things which make for a healthy body, and a healthy mental attitude among the men. It is not hard to find some veteran officer of the National Guard who will gladly act as drill-master for the chance of doing his bit to-day, and the women employees find various ways by which a sum of money, sufficient to equip these companies with the Colors, may be raised. Sometimes the men in these little bands are uniformed, and this, of course, is always effective, but not essential if expense is a matter for consideration in the starting of the League.

Slogan clubs are also formed in connection with these defense companies, and the men make it their business to report any suspicious acts or speeches; to trace malicious rumors concerning the conduct of War matters, the Red Cross, and the behavior of our fighting men, insisting upon each story being verified, or exposed as the bit of vile German propaganda it is. Warning slogans are posted up in the factory and in prominent places about the town where the factory is located, reminding people of the dangers attendant upon careless talk in public giving any information relative to the moving of troops, sailing of transports, etc., which may have come either directly or indirectly within their knowledge. In this category should also be placed the practise of repeating remarks about military affairs which may have been made trustingly or thoughtlessly to you by some friend or relative in the service. "If Uncle Sam has trusted you, be worthy of his confidence!" is a slogan which cannot be circulated too widely, nor read too often by all good Americans.

Now, a few words about the actual relief work being accomplished by these "My America" factory Leagues which we have started growing so bravely up and down the length and breadth of the land. It is worth talking about, if only with the hope that others will take up the work, and go and do likewise.

In some big woolen mills in New England, the workers, through their "My America" League, have adopted a little ten-year-old French girl whose parents are dead. The greater number of the workers in these mills are themselves French, and so this special kind of relief work appealed to them strongly. They are not only sending money and clothes to their adopted child, but letters so full of the spirit of love and friendliness that they are sure to go directly to the lonely little heart of the girl who receives them over in France.

A short time ago this League held a rousing Field Day Celebration to raise money for the support of their new "god-child," and also to enable the members to make a generous contribution to the work of the Red Cross. The "My America" League and the Red Cross authorities worked wholeheartedly to make the occasion a success, and of course it goes without saying, that so much patriotism, earnest effort and sacrifice did succeed. The committee in charge "tagged" all comers with "My America" buttons, and received in return contributions (they welcomed anything from ten cents to ten dollars) for the cause. Hundreds of dollars were raised as a result of the day's activities.

In Hartford, Connecticut, there is a big factory which is turning out machinery for the Government. Here, too, we have a stirring and wide-awake "My America" League of about a thousand members, which is specializing in a fight against all enemy propaganda; work that surely has a vital part in helping our country to-day.

One of our most recent Leagues has been organized among the employees of *a big western railroad* who have gone into the task of backing up Uncle Sam's fighting men heart and soul. They are particularly interested in sending smokes to our men in service through the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." This League has worked out a plan for collecting contributions from members twice a month on pay day, and in such small sums that no contributor feels the giving a sacrifice. And yet, what splendid, really amazing checks they send in to the "My America" Editor to be turned over to the Tobacco Fund!

To say that we are proud of this or that particular League, or the dozens of other big-hearted, open-handed Leagues we have not been able to tell about on this page, does not begin to express what we are feeling about them at the "My America" headquarters. We all know and honor the wonderful courage, sacrifice and patriotism of the men who are fighting our battles in France and on the high seas, but the spirit which inspires our laboring men and women of the army-at-home who are working to enable those others to fight, and are sacrificing cheerfully, uncomplainingly, in order to give more, and still more of time, money, service and sympathy, is no less wonderful. We call the spirit which fills each and all of them *American*, and are proud to know that thousands of these men and women are wearing the little membership button of the "My America" League.

If there is not a branch League in the factory, shop, office or railroad where you are either employer or employee, write to-day to the "My America" Editor, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York, and let us help you organize one.

B-B-B-Bonds!

BUY a Bond!
Buy another
For your brother!
Buy a dozen
For your cousin!
Buy a score!
Then — Buy More!

— Carolyn Wells

Buckwheats and Victory!

"Dig In" and Become a Host at the Big Pancake Party

IF you knew that ten cents would give a soldier or a sailor a good old-fashioned home breakfast of buckwheat cakes, plenty of syrup and steaming coffee, wouldn't you want to have a "party" forthwith for one or more men? Of course you would! We can't all give the large sums we want to give — more's the pity! — and so these opportunities to help with the mite which is in our power to offer, are doubly prized.

The "My America" Editor heard of this chance to give a Pancake Party, and immediately thought of the thousands of League members who would be sure to welcome the plan. All you have to do is to fill out the little coupon below, and send it to us with your ten cents (or several ten-cent pieces if you can).

In New York City and other big centers, there are dozens of Service Houses, founded on the community idea, which supply overnight accommodations to fighting men at cost or even less. The soldier who has twenty-four hours' leave, the sailor ashore for a night's fun in the big city, the fighting man in any branch of the service who pauses on his way to the Great Adventure in France, may have a comfortable bed, a shower bath, and all the privileges of a club, for twenty-five cents a night.

Can you guess the feature of this service which appeals most strongly to the men? The *clean sheets!* Sleeping between sheets reminds them of home.

Their pathetic comments have inspired the Stage Women's War Relief which, among its other wonderful war activities, operates a Service House on Lexington Avenue, New York City, to add another home-like touch to its work — buckwheat cakes, syrup and coffee for breakfast.

These kindly women want to offer this little extra treat without charge to any soldier or sailor lad who comes their way. But cakes, especially the kind they mean to serve — "the kind mother makes" — and syrup besides, are expensive to-day, and that is where our "My America" Leagues come in. The boys can have their breakfast if every generous member of the League and every reader of McCLURE'S will play host to at least one soldier or sailor by filling in the coupon, and mailing it to the "My America" Editor with ten cents either in coin or stamps. Be sure to send the coupon with your dime, because we want to be able to tell you later how many breakfasts our Leagues have provided for our country's defenders. And, too, the Stage Women's War Relief is planning to have a big "My America" Day at the Service House with your coupons pinned on the walls where the boys can read the names of their generous hosts and hostesses.

Suppose your own boy should find Mother's or Dad's name pinned up there with the others, and should know that it was your cakes he was eating — your breakfast-party he was attending with his chums! His pleasure would be worth a great many ten-cent pieces, wouldn't it?

Or, if your boy is already in France, do it for some other mother's son, and write your own boy that you have given some of his comrades a treat because you knew he would be pleased when he heard.

When the Stage Women's War Relief has its "My America" Day we are going to have some pictures of it taken to show you on the League page. And we are trusting in each individual member to do his or her share so loyally that we shall be very proud of your response when we look about the walls in the Service House, and hear the boys' comments on the number of unknown friends who have reached out from all parts of the country to give them a little extra bit of pleasure before they go across to the brave task awaiting them.

Don't put off that kindly impulse to do your bit in this small way. Obey it to-day, and talk the plan up to your neighbors so that they will want a share in the "party," too. *Remember that putting it off, may mean that some boy will go without his buckwheat cakes and coffee! Could you stand that?*

The "My America" League

Headquarters McClure's Magazine

(Helping the Stage Women's War Relief)

Hurry up one order of buckwheats, syrup and coffee, please, for a fighting man! Here's my ten cents!

Name .....

Address .....

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George Washington shaved himself ~on Occasion

ONE of these occasions was when his faithful servant allowed his hand to slip — whereupon the General arose in his wrath and finished the job himself; for the Father of our Country was very properly fond of a good, clean shave.

And in his simple shaving kit may still be seen his equally simple razors. While their model is many hundred years old, they have never been bettered in *heft*, or *shearing width*, or *right shaving angle* on the face.

At such times when his old servant failed him, Washington would have appreciated the guarded, two-edged blade of the Durham-Duplex because he would have found it nothing more than his own well-loved model *made safe*.

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This set contains a Durham-Duplex Razor with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment and package of 3 Durham-Duplex double-edged blades (6 shaving edges) all in a handsome leather kit. Get it from your dealer or from us direct.

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His Land Life-Preserver
The American Gas Mask

WHEN the gas-clouds come rolling in, the American soldier feels safe in the knowledge that *he has the best gas mask worn* by any soldier in any country. Speed in putting the mask on is vital, for as one British General said: "In gas warfare there are two classes—the quick and the dead." Our men are thoroughly drilled, and every one must be able to put on his mask in *six seconds* or be *left behind* when his unit goes to the front.

There is not a single case on record of an American soldier being gassed through lack of chemical protection in the present type of gas mask. If a man is gassed, it is through accident or delay in not putting his mask on properly.

Worn on the chest, for instant use in time of danger, the mask can be put on with just *five motions* of the arms and hands. It fits over the head like a baseball catcher's mask. A nose-clip closes the nostrils, and insures breathing only through the tube connected with a canister filled with chemicals, which is carried in the bag strapped to the chest. All outgoing air leaves the mask through a flutter-valve near the chin.

A splendid record has been achieved in producing gas masks in the United States, and there is now in France a mask for every member of the American Expeditionary Force, beside ample reserve supplies. This mask combines the wide experience of the English and French with improvements of our own. It is admittedly the best mask on the Western Front, and gives twenty times the protection of the German mask. Over twelve hundred selected men are engaged in supervising production and inspection of the masks. These men wear the masks in gas-filled test houses, experimenting on *themselves* before asking others to try new features.

With good discipline and thorough drill, the men soon become accustomed to wearing the masks and have served batteries under hurricane fire for periods of twelve hours without taking them off. Ball games have been played with masks on, as a stunt.

This page is prepared with the aid of the Gas Defense Division, Chemical Warfare Service, so that the American public may have positive knowledge of how adequately our men at the front are protected against gas attacks. The folks at home should not fail to urge their boys to "go strong on the gas drill."

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Rest Assured—"The Night Wear of a Nation"

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Pajamas and Night Shirts
give maximum comfort and value

The Soul and the Drunkard

[*Continued from page 22*]

drink is less deleterious to their systems, and comparatively harmless to their lives, while, of course, it is fortunate, does not essentially remove them from the same class of nervously diseased men and women, who, whether standing up at the saloon bar or the ice-cream soda bar, are alike victims of a craving they cannot resist. The girl who eats a pound or more box of candy a week, and must have it, and the young business man, racing for his train home, who must have a glass piled up with a nauseous looking "sundae" or feel wretched, or must brace himself with a "phosphate"; or anyone who simply must chew gum from morning till night are essentially in the same class as the man who feels that he must have a high-ball. The wills of both are weak, both are essentially drunkards; and, of the two, while the ice-cream drunkard is safer, he is, to my thinking, more disgusting, for his or her vice partakes of gluttony also. Dangerous and regrettable as the vice of alcohol-drinking is, its victim flies to it for something other than a mere sweet taste in the mouth. He takes a wrong way, doubtless, but his desire is to give himself something of a spiritual or intellectual lift, to help him bear the burden of living, to help him think out some problem of his business or his art, or to ease the ache of gnawing sorrow. I have never heard of men or women eating candies or sundaes for any such purpose. They eat them and chew gum merely as a physical indulgence, degrading and gloating, however physically innocent in its results. That it leaves their minds unaffected I am far from believing.

The first thing to remember about drink is that it is not merely a desire to swallow liquids, or to bemuse or stupefy oneself with alcohol. It is mainly a surface symptom of some physical disorder, or deep down spiritual and mental dissatisfaction. The drunkard's nature is usually predisposed, by inheritance, for his particular manifestation of nervous disease. This, though well known to doctors, is usually unknown to or disregarded by the friends of the drunkard. That is, if he has any, for of all sick men in the world, the drunkard has the least friends.

Outside that mysterious angel, a drunkard has but three friends — his own soul, a good woman, and a good doctor. The woman will give him that sympathy with which woman is mysteriously endowed, an inexhaustible patience of pity with which the gentlest man was never gifted. The debt I owe to a good woman is too sacred a matter to me to write of here. Her love and the friendship of a good doctor give to my life an element of the miraculous. That such goodness can be, is hard to believe, even when one has experienced it.

When I think of that doctor, I must withdraw what I said just now of man's incapacity for friendship; for, though his skill, and his almost inspired understanding of my temperament and constitution have been much, it is his friendship that has been the real magic, which, with that beloved woman, has wrought with my own soul to set me free from that strange haunting in my blood which has at last been exorcised. In that exorcism, the woods and the sea have had a great share, and the great books, particularly the Bible, and "The Three Musketeers." The Bible still remains the great consoler and uplifter of mankind. It is wonderful what a phrase out of it can sometimes do for the prostrate spirit. Drugs can occasionally do something for a drunkard by bringing him sleep to recuperate his exhausted nerves; but as a general prescription, "The Lord is my Shepherd," is beyond any written by the smartest physician.

For my main point in this note on a great and sorrowful mystery is that it is mostly of the soul, or belongs to that little understood borderland where soul and body meet, a marsh-land haunted by evil things of the mire, but guarded also by radiant wings, and watching angels.

Letters of a German Propagandist

[*Continued from page 27*]

under most annoying conditions the following anecdote please attend:

"A submarine captain who had just sunk a British steamer in the North Sea was accosted by a woman feebly swimming in the rough-but-not-stormy waters and an infant in her arms carrying.

"'O, Mein herr,' she cried, 'would you not this child please take to dry land?'

"'Meine liebe frau,' replied the Captain, not neglecting to touch his cap, 'It is the rule of our navy that neither dogs nor children shall be on submarines permitted.'

"'Butcher!' she spoke in her unkultivated voice, 'will you at least this ring take and send it to my husband with the message that his wife and child have been murdered by Prussian pirates?'

"'Most certainly, Madame!' said the good offizier, kindly accepting the valuable diamond she tossed him. And when she had the name and address of her husband shouted to him, again he saluted most deferentially. Then going below he the hatches closed and his U-boat to submerge ordered. Tears were in his eyes as at the periscope he stood and watched mother and child away floating. Even to this day he her ring keeps as a souvenir. Is this not a touching story?"

"Touching is the best thing them pirates do," up the low-trained junker spoke.

"What benefit is to be obtained, may I ask, in spitefully-talking about those fearless forerunners of the only-limited-by-circumstances German navy which so soon von Hindenburg's conquering armies to New York will convoy?"

"We've got over a million Yanks in France to say that he can't do it," snarled the fat-minded, quarrelsome individual.

"Such reports are wicked exaggerations," I pointed out. "If you read the most conservative German papers in Amerika, the unbiased journalistic opinion of Berlin and Vienna giving, you would learn that Amerika's transport system, crippled and disorganized, cannot carry to France more than a hundred thousand troops before August, 1932. Also you will learn that the bulk of the Amerikan navy met with disaster in the Irish Sea, having been blown up by the Sinn Fein undersea flotilla. In fact, gentlemen, you are ignorant as all people are who have not acquired the habit of accuracy only in the great German universities taught."

"Well, what do you expect us to do with them subs now coasting around and our shipping upblowing? Shall we them with Florida water sprinkle?"

"That, I fear, would impractical be," I objected. "But the spirit is one of which I approve. Why should the loss of a few ships the Amerikans so without-any-scientific-thought irritate? Every sinking could have been avoided had the Amerikan merchant fleet the simple device adopted of white flags flying instead of the irritating, middle-class and horribly inartistic national banner which they continue to wave on all occasions in a boisterous and,— if I may say so — vulgar manner."

What happened then, Herr Direktor, is one of those mysteries of psychology which, according to Dr. Copernicus Ersatz Pfeffer-stuppe, emeritus professor of psychology in the University of Jena, is "the sleep-waking phenomenon superinduced by collision." Being myself Prussian by birth, therefore above the normal, spiritually and mentally, I must say that such offensive behavior could only be possible in your money-with-both-hands-grabbing civilization. When I awoke I found myself in the hands of your badly drilled and ridiculously uniformed police.

Therefore, I beg you to insert these few remarks, hoping that others, free from morbid Prussian-hating like me, fair-play for the too-hard-working Emperor of Germany wishing as I do, may around me rally and right-thinking to foster in North Amerika assist.

Yours for immediate peace,
MAX VON HELIGOLAND
(Enemy Alien Internment Camp Z-13)

Love-Mad Lucy — *Continued from page 18*

American people. And so they left me alone standing on the hind end of the narrow wet deck in the early spring sunlight.

I watched Lucy as she swam and dived and slapped the water flirtatiously with her tail. Now she would put forth her efforts to pass the U-13, giving to it sly and covert glances of tender meanings as she went by: again spouting a great column of water equal to anything I have ever seen in Yellowstone Park, and looking back over her shoulders, neck or head or whatever it is, which is located thereabouts on a whale, with coquettish roguery, she would swim away. She was attempting perhaps to invite the soulless and unfeeling U-13 to accompany her on a journey toward the warm waters, the balmy seas, the tropical caresses of the south. Sometimes she would veer in her course so that the corrugated skin beneath her flippers was exposed for a moment to the sun, and sometimes, I thought, when she propelled herself along beside us meditatively, that I noted in the expression of her great soft eyes a look of ineffable sadness.

I AM not a sentimental man; my spirit has been hardened by sin. But as I considered that Lucy was attaching her affections to an unresponsive and merciless creature of machinery, I thought of how she could never stop even to feed, but in her devotion would swim on and on until her — whatever it is which makes her go — would ache; when I thought of her pangs of grief and hunger, tears came into my eyes and I went to dinner with that excellent appetite which follows a softening of the heart.

Going down the ladder into the U-13 I saw that the Captain had posted a notice on Form 128 of the German Navy which said, "Id iss verboten und not permissibility to use revolvers to tickle Lucy." Give the devils their due; the Prussians are certainly a methodical people!

That afternoon we sighted a freighter and it was decided to approach and sink her.

Let me quote from my memory of what I have read so many times in Captain von Pippen's log in which he practised his language studies.

"March 11, 1918. Vind N. W. Sea calm. Saw smoke. Peeped through periscope und preserved that smoke from enemy poat comes. Supmerged und prebarations for torpedo orders gaved. Surreptiousness of approachful. Ven two miles from destiny vhat comes id? Damn vhale! She makes id oud ve iss playing mit her monkty-doodles-hide-und-seek. She has found us ingognito und makes from her mouth noisy guffoons. *Donner und blitzen!* Such a rompingness of Lucy vat swims multitudinous around circles till me, der periscope looking oud, vas dizzy. She makes a foam like der sea vas Pilsener. So ve are obseen. Vhy not expegt id? Der enemy poat iss frightened made und goes us from complete avay. Gott strafe Lucy! She has undid!

"March 12. Der girlish vhale iss still a flirting making mit uns. Fool vat she iss, making googles at der supmarine of der Kaiser Wilhelm vhat goes ids pusiness about. Id iss vorser dan a preach of bromise suit. Vind is N. W. yet. Der sea is gruffer. Der deaf mute iss nefer intended a sailor to be, plain to see. Lucy iss also looking so bale und thinness, so fast swims she after her lofed vun, midout appetites. Der iss alvays trouble in der romances. She should id realize, how foolish to put der bleasure in front of pusiness. No well-pehaved maiden comes to gif a supmarine a kiss-smack on der face as she did id vhilst der Captain iss eating his dinner last night und knock ofer der whole comblete eating-table. Shameful on Lucy to make so strong salutes of shameless, I said id! Bright, sad eyes iss no egscuse und soon batience iss egsploded in der face of tranquillity."

As day dawned on March 13th, there was great excitement on board the submarine. The lookout had sighted the *Kronprinzessin* through the fog and the Captain and Danziger were expressing their indignation that she had left her port earlier than her schedule of sailing.

"Did ve not haf reborts from tirteen tousand two hundred und fordy-fife spies in America dat March fifteen iss der day vot iss?" asked Danziger. "Vell now shows id up der lack of system vhat in Ameriga iss! Der *Kronprinzessin* iss arranged to sail such a day. She sails not on such a day but sooner. Vhat a disliability, pefore Kultur comes to teach id! Id iss an insulting to der intelligence und makes der upset of der whole tamn system!"

"But here iss vhat I vould like to knowed," replied the Captain. "If ve iss to sunk der *Kronprinzessin* der must pe no vhale-lady on der scenery making playfulness und kisses like der sound und sight of der fall of Pompeii. Vhat kind of segrecy iss such a kind? Blasphemous, und nodding lesser! Vhere iss der figgleness to loose her vhat you said?"

"Relief to der mind, Captain!" said Danziger, curling his mustache. "In der middle night I heard her puffering. Too much svimming iss enough even for lof. Ha, ha! She iss vinded. Ve have surpassed her. She iss lonesome far avay py now. Der supmarine iss to St. Anthony a parallelogram! To temptationing — refrigerator!"

I have no doubt that these heartless words at any other time would have awakened in my callous nature the full orchestra of my sympathy. Poor Lucy! Certainly her innocent and girlish love was lost upon an unresponsive, treacherous object of affection! I let my mind slip from the high excitement of the moment to the memory of the evenings just past when the engines were shut down for repairs and the lights were lit within the U-13 and Lucy, seeing that which she believed to be the glow of love from the two eyes of her mate, came up and, nose to nose with the submarine, looked back into those eyes with a look in her own great tender orbs calculated to draw the soul out of a Wall Street broker. Once I thought I saw tears forming in those vast and passionate windows of Lucy's heart. And I shall never forget that in one of these moments, when we were watching her from within, and when perhaps her heart was breaking, she suddenly gave an involuntary cough which knocked out my false teeth.

Poor Lucy! Her loyalty, her faithfulness, her devotion had touched me. For my own part, I never could see that it would be immodest for ladies to make reasonable advances.

Of course at the moment and perhaps partly because she had gone, I was all tense with excitement as to the success or failure of the attack about to be made upon the *Kronprinzessin*. We were now approaching her. We had submerged, and von Pippen himself was at the periscope.

"Ha! Der fog iss like skimmish milk," said his voice. "How goot iss der luck! Ve her can see midout her us seeing. Gott, vhat a morsel! She iss loated down mit peoples! Ha! Now I can see der land also. Der *Kronprinzessin* has choost leaved der bay. Down she vill go und no vun vill know of id und ve shall all pe famous!"

"So soon shall ve an aiming of der torpedo make?" asked Gus, the eager gunner at his post.

"Blease, so to do!" answered the Captain in high good spirits. "You are der cherub of der Kaiser, Gus — belief id if I am wrong!"

"Ve are coming near?" Danziger inquires.

"Near — like a mouse."

"Vhere vill ve hit id on her?" asked Gus again.

"Anyvhere, so be id in her vittals."

"Und iss der no cruiser und no testroyer in der eyesight?" asked Danziger.

"Nopody — choost der fictim — not even der female vhale. Der fog is tinner. Shoot der enginement of death, Gus! Der iss more lifes lost in our vun liddle backage dan in a can of ptomaine und chicken salat! Shoot id!"

The U-13 recoiled from the shock of the torpedo's discharge.

"Ha, ha!" yelled the Captain. "Look to how straight goes id! Pootiful pubbles leaves id behind choost like a darlingest vhat iss!"

"But soon dey see," gurgled the Ex-Herr Professor.

"Ha! Righteousness you are!" the merry Captain replied. "Now they haf obseen id! Der *Kronprinzessin* iss turned to make avay mit herself. Id iss too late! So fast can she run so also faster runs der sveet liddle torpedo. Und——"

He stopped suddenly.

"Vhat see you, Herr Cabtain? Speak id oud!" begged Danziger. "Iss joy so suddenly dumfound? Vhy tremble der legs?"

"Himmel!" gasped von Pippen, "Here comes too much of somedings!"

"Speak id oud!" Danziger begged again.

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"A heffiness into my heart comes. Der iss pad news, maype?"

"Pad news!" roared von Pippen. "*Pad* news. Id iss not pad news — id iss vorse! Lucy — she has came back — up oud of der sea!"

"Vhat indiscreetness palpitates she now?"

"Der limit! She iss like my liddle dog — *Gott!* Here comes id now der upset of all der dtraining ve haf had in German sufficiency! Blease listen to me softly vhiles I scream to you der inflammation. Lucy — she — has come — id — back. She iss all resteted und frolicsome. Choost — like — my liddle dog — she — beliefs — der — U-13 — has flung der torpedo fer her to be a retriever! She iss following der sissing und der pubbles!"

"Svimming to make a overtaking?" stammered Gus, who had ceased to yodle over victory.

"She makes a gaining!" reported the Captain in a trembling voice. "She iss a lofely svimmer I hate her so! Now comes id Lucy makes for me a heart's disease. Der question iss, vill she reach id to der torpedo pefore id reaches id to his mark. Der answer iss who? Dunder! Der answer iss — *Gott!* Der fool fishes has plucked id up — her mouth in! I knewed id vas foolisher to haf monkey-doodle-pusiness mit girlish lofes of vhales. Der *Kronprinzessin* makes now her escapement."

"Ha! To der least ve vill haf refenge. Lucy vill exblode himself!" the Secret Service man said, with all the viciousness of his true nature written on his face.

The Captain had come down from the conning chamber. His face was white with fear but he shook his fat finger at Danziger.

"Fool vhat iss — listen!" he said. "Maype you should make laugher ofer a vhale vhat has a torpedo in her lips like a seegar. Der iss a blace for efery humor mit efery humor in id's blace. But here iss no blace for id vhich efer id iss! I told id to you frankness — Lucy iss coming back to us mit der torpedo. So — like a liddle dog retriever — she comes. Haste makes no vaste now!"

"Full speedt aheadt," he roared.

"Vhich vay? Vhich vay shall ve go?"

"Id no difference to me makes!" answered von Pippen. "Any vay — so long *as!*"

Not many seconds later we were on the deck of the submarine which was trying to escape the pursuing Lucy with all its power. The faces about me were drawn and yellow with fright, and in spite of the danger that the loving maiden, who was doing her utmost to catch us, might come near enough to knock the nose of the torpedo against us and blow us all into the far hereafter, I confess I drew some pleasure from the discomfiture of the Huns.

A demonstration of hate had been turned into a demonstration of love. I felt that I might be present when justice and destiny joined hands to make the innocent heroine of one of the world's great romances become the unknowing cause of a climax in which she and the object of her grand passion and the villains of the drama would all be destroyed together! When by a spurt of speed she came nearer to us, I observed that in her expression there was all the pride of a young woman who by her exploits has proved her physical fitness, and yet a look in the great pathetic eyes which told of a haunting fear that her loved one was not fleeing from her only in play but perhaps had tired of her and would cast her off. I could see, too, the expression of injured pride. Even in the face of death, I am none the less the kind of man who likes to study character and knows it better than most men and can find it possible to live outside myself, partaking of the joys and sorrows of others, and hence able to understand the magnificence, the splendor, the tragic dignity in such a leviathan romance.

I suppose it was for this reason that I protested, with all the signs I could make with my hands, against the action now proposed by the ruthless von Pippen.

"Load der deck gun!" he commanded. "Ve vill kill her in self-defend! For me, I refenge also der heart in haf! Der refolfer shoots only der tickling. But now comes to her sometings vhich vill make to her a vish she had acted more gendlemanish und not so tick-skinny! Girls vat von't plush for dismodesty should haf a puncture."

"But Cabtain!" said Gus. "Der fog iss dissoluting. Maybe der Amerigan cruiser or der destroyers iss near vhat should hear der gun-boom."

"For me no tamn care I not," the commander said in a brutal fury. "I must soon make a smashing of a face mit too much sweet smiles like over-eading of candy. Stop der poat so ve get a steadty aim. Goot! Fire! Boom!"

The shot struck the water in front of Lucy's nose and ricochetted over her completely. Her

"Stop der boat so ve get a steadty aim. Goot! Fire! Boom!"

life was saved! Her mouth, which, perhaps, according to the taste of us humans, was too large for beauty, fell open, however, and the torpedo dropped out of it and was lost.

"She iss insulted!" exclaimed Danziger. "Und ve iss safety!"

I was ashamed to be on the same submarine with that man! He was without fineness of feeling. He had no discrimination. Insulted? The poor creature knew no such emotion. She was uninjured, but none the less wounded. She had been spared, but none the less something had died within her and that was hope and trust. *Those* are what died! In every line of her face, in her great frightened eyes I could read her emotion. I could see her swallow her great pride. I could observe the struggle which went on within her between resentment and sweet forgiveness. "Oh, Lucy," said I to myself, "unhappy was the day when you met the U-13!"

Even now she was faithful. She had made up her mind that for this other creature of the seas she must forgive all. The supreme moment of her love had come and she met the great test with all the full measure of her tenderness and sincerity. I shall never forget it!

She swam around to the front of the U-13 where the two round glass lights looked back at her like the eyes of a living thing and such a gaze of sweet and forgiving reproach I never hope to see again. And then, softly and tenderly, she kissed the submarine upon its nose!

"*Ach, Donnerwetter!*" bellowed von Pippen. "Let me make of her an atrocity. Stand from der gun avay until I did id mit my own voluntary. Such a much of der sediment of lof iss like flat-irons felling on toes of sensibility!"

"Foolish iss not visdom," continued Danziger. "Look, Cabtain! Far avay iss der Amerigan cruiser vhat iss coming."

"Pouf! Ve vill sink oud of sight und sound," answered von Pippen. "Der vater iss shallow. Und besides, I am Prussianish. I am filled mit nefer-minds. I vish to deal mid der lady und show her a vimen's blace iss in der home!"

Boom! The gun, at close quarters, trained upon the countenance of Lucy, roared out. The deed!

Ugh! It was done in cold blood at the very moment when I fancied I saw upon her face the sweet smile of eternal patience and forgiveness and the love which makes saints!

Lucy threw her shattered head backward and thrashed the water with her flukes and flippers. The red-stained water was beaten into a froth. He whom she had loved had scorned her and now had struck her a death blow! She trembled from head to tail, a distance of forty feet; she shivered as if the chill of death were in her. Her eyes — the soft, the brown, the tender and doe-like eyes — rolled up in agony and grew dull with approaching demise. Through her relaxing mouth the water began to rush in!

I would not have joined the others in their haste to go inside the submarine before she was submerged, but they made me. They were afraid that I, bobbing around upon the water, would be found and mark the spot where the U-13 was in hiding. They pulled me inside none too gently. And yet, just before I tore my eyes away from Lucy, I thought I saw upon her face the quiet and patient smile of death — the smile of forgiveness and unshaken love.

It was the Captain's orders which kept us in the darkness all day long, lying there on the ocean bottom off the Virginia coast like a nasty scavenger shark in hiding. I can tell you there is little fun in it, with the lights all out and a lot of gloomy Germans too morose even to practise English and me having to keep right on, with so much to say, pretending I was a deaf mute and smelling the bad air and oil.

A great sense of relief filled me when the Captain said, "Vell, poys, darkness has almost came — ve can now ascend und make a peeping about. Two hours more und ve vould haf no more air to income. *Himmel!* Vill id not a pleasure be to svallow der openness of der vorld oferheadt? Start der machinery!"

I know little of the technical side of coming to the surface, but I can tell you that our efforts began with a soft purring of the engines and dynamos and gears and that Gus and another chauffeur and a mechanician began to pull on the organ-stops and push against buttons and snatch at brakes and put their feet on pedals. And nothing happened!

The purring of the machinery grew louder and became a roar and the U-13 shivered and shook and pulsed and grunted. But nothing happened!

"Vhat iss loose?" exclaimed von Pippen, with beads of sweat standing out all over him. "Push nonsensical aside. Ve must go up!"

The men pulled at more handles and turned more valves and the machinery squeaked and groaned and the submarine shivered. Steam began to leak from the packing around joints, and an air tube burst with a terrible report and blew a man into the Captain's fat lap. The sides of the U-13 seemed to be screaming in agony. But nothing happened!

"Are ve rising — no?" asked Danziger, in a hushed and frightened voice. "Vhat iss it vhat science and secrets cannot overcame!"

"Ve are rising *not!*" answered Gus hoarsely. "Instead ve are sinking into der mud choost like der exact opposite!"

"Put on some more of der strength to rise!" commanded von Pippen.

"No more iss."

"No more iss?"

"If more — ve busted."

"Den so soon must ve leafe der U-13. Der defvil first and efery man take der hindmost!"

I do not think I am a selfish man, but when I saw the Captain open the trap-door above us and the green water began to pour in with great bubbles of air glooping up, I saw that the opening was no place for a fat man. I am somewhat longer and thinner — like a splinter, and I can wedge myself even into a stream of water. I thought, "This Captain is like a globe fish trying to swim up a rapids, but I ——? Well, I am more like a pickerel!" So I gave him a push and stepped on his low brutal forehead and gave a spring!

I was out! I was starting for the surface like a cork!

Looking back, however, I saw Lucy. She had come to die across the inert and unresponsive body of the object of her love. A lovely, touching death! A lovely and delicate scene to end the last chapter of a great romance!

She lay there — thirty or forty tons of her — pressing the U-13 deeper and deeper into the silt — a trickle of *her* blood mingling with *his* oil! And upon her face with its closed eyes, a look of permanent and enduring peace!

Oh, well, it is good to have lived great things. And I have done that. The fact that I found a piece of floating timber, and three days later, cold, exhausted, bruised and beaten, was thrown by the rude waves onto the beach, is a small affair.

But often I will think of that fiendish machine of destruction mistaken by Lucy for a thing of her kind, with strength, with goodness and a soul. I will think of her great love and her triumph of forgiveness and of the dignity and noble character of her faithfulness until death. I will call before my eyes the picture of her dead tons lying across the U-13 far down in the recesses of the sea. Inside that engine of hate, von Pippen and Gus and Danziger may still be sitting staring at each other. And I shall know that nature herself sometimes intervenes and dispenses a vast and exact justice.

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The Final Curtain — *Continued from page 14*

"Because I want more than mere love of the senses! Because —" she quoted from the Baron's words, stifling a wave of shrill laughter — "surrender is not everything in love, boy dear!"

He looked slightly stupid, slightly vexed, and she considered that his nature was not finely enough attuned to be trapped on the purely emotional side. So, cleverly, she blended her emotional appeal with an appeal to his square, homespun Americanism.

"I am not a doll," she said. "I am not a play-toy. I want more than flowers and books and candy and jewels and pretty speeches. I want your trust, your absolute trust. I am . . ."

"You are a little golden goose!" he laughed, again trying to take her in his arms, and she flashed out at him with not altogether simulated anger.

"Don't you understand?" she demanded. "Don't you see? I am not a plaything."

"Who said you were?"

"You did!"

"Heavens, child!" Peter Remsen looked dumbfounded. "I said nothing of the sort!"

"You didn't have to say it. It's the way you acted — the way you act now. You treat me just as if I were a child!"

"You *are* a child," he smiled.

"I am not. I am a grown woman, and I love you with a woman's love, not a child's love. That's why I want you to trust me."

"But — I do, dear. Implicitly. With all my heart and mind."

"You don't. You speak of everything to me except the things that count, the things that are — oh — not just things!"

"But — honey. . ."

"Yes," she went on, not heeding his interruption, "you speak to me of all the nice pleasant little things, motor-cars and society and the opera and books. . . ."

"And love!" he interjected.

"I want more than that," she said, "I want to share your life — your ambitions, your secret dreams, your dangers, your duties!"

She said it so sincerely, acting the part so superbly, that a great, sweet, tender wonder surged through Peter Remsen's heart.

"You — you *do* love me, don't you?" he stammered.

"Yes. I do love you, boy dear. And I want you to love me. I want you to trust me. I want you to let me be part of yourself, of every last, least, tiniest thought in your mind. I want to share your life. I want your whole trust."

"You have it, best beloved," he replied soberly; and thus it happened that not many days later a U. S. Transport, carrying besides a full complement of troops certain prominent officers of the General Staff, was saved from a sharp-nosed torpedo only by the Yankee skipper's masterly navigation.

Thus, too, it happened that one Donald Comyns, a short, dark, hook-nosed gentleman of Highland Scots ancestry, attached to the American Naval Intelligence Service and backed up by thirty years' strenuous work in the Customs Service, whistled through his teeth, made certain investigations, and said to his chief, rather incongruously:

"A fool there was. The Bible is a wonderful book."

. . . . .

The chief, Erwin Sperry, before the War a prominent California business-man, was new to certain rules of the game he was playing. But, having been a success in the business which he had given up to serve his country, he was in no way averse to learning from his subalterns and asking questions.

"What's going to happen to the fool?" he asked.

"Oh — nothing. At least —" Comyns smiled serenely, "nothing much."

"Meaning by that?"

"That it might be advisable to see to it that he gets a lot of wrong data in regard to the sailing of Transports —"

"So that he can shoot along those same wrong data to the people who are playing him. Right. I get you —"

"As I hope our destroyers will get the squarehead submarines when they pop up at the *rendez-vous*. And that's all right, too."

"But what'll happen to the fool after he's through baiting our net?" continued Sperry.

"Well, Chief, I guess this country can't afford to waste perfectly good fighting material. Remsen's only a boy, and he'll make a good officer in a front line trench where there are no ladies 'round. He'll tell himself — after I get through with him — that he has a black shame to wipe out, and, by ginger, he'll attend to the wiping all right, all right. And then he'll be a hero. That's often the stuff heroes are made of," Comyns added musingly.

"Never mind your gruelling Scotch psychologizing," cut in the other. "What about Señora Gomez and the Baron? Going to ask the Justice Department for an internment warrant?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because of the Foreign Department, then interviewing a high official of the Telephone Company, after which he took up temporary quarters in a snug little room on top of the General Telephone Exchange, busy with the process known as "listening in" or "wire tapping."

Three days later, he saw his chief.

"I guess I'm going to get me my little bird," he said.

"What are you going to use? A shot-gun or bird-lime?"

"Neither the one nor the other. Artistic temperament with a back-kick, that's what I'm going to use."

"Did they blab? Did you find out much over the telephone wires?"

"No. Just a lot of mushy stuff. All about — oh — implicit trust and the glory of the thing — and a real, high-minded contempt for the ducats — and . . ."

"What the devil are you talking about?" laughed Sperry.

"Me? Oh — nothing."

Late that afternoon — it was on a Sunday and Maria Gomez' Italian maid was already busy with setting out tea things and cigarettes and punch-bowl — Comyns paid another call on Larsen of the Foreign Department.

"How are they coming?" was his greeting.

"Fine, old man." The other handed over a typewritten sheet. "Read it and see how you like it."

Comyns glanced down the page and whistled through his teeth as was his habit.

"Straight dope?" he asked.

"I guess so," replied Larsen. "Stanley code-cabled it through from Stockholm and, you know yourself, he's some bright little lad."

"Sure he is," agreed Comyns, stuffing the report in his pocket; and then, to the other's grinning question:

"Yes. I'm going out in real, swell society to-night. Friend of mine's taking me to a reception at an uptown studio. That's why I'm wearing my soup-and-gravy."

Erwin Sperry would have been both surprised and disappointed if, an hour later, he could have seen Donald Comyns, his most trusted subaltern, in Maria Gomez' studio, sitting by the singer's side on a broad Chippendale couch tucked snugly away between the piano and her dressing-room and evidently as sudden a victim to her magnetic, southern charms as Peter Remsen had been.

For, garrulously, he was speaking about himself, was telling her about the Secret Service.

"Yes," he said, "I don't mind telling *you* — I am in the Naval Intelligence Branch."

She looked up; a little startled, a little amused; at a loss if to give way to the first or the second feeling, but deciding on the latter when Comyns continued guilelessly:

"We got our noses to the grindstone these days. What with all the false information we get, with our amateur gentlemen investigators, and hysterical boarding-house ladies telephoning in stuff about mysterious lodgers, and the spite work that's being shot into the office to make trouble for somebody and that only makes trouble for us keeping our noses busy along wrong trails — why. . . ." He interrupted himself. "Say," he asked in an undertone, "see that fellow over yonder? Near the punch-bowl. Talking to the lady in purple. There — fellow with the blond whiskers and the splendid pair of shoulders — Baron — oh — Hickamadoodle. . . ."

"You mean — Baron Wrangel-Erricson?" She drew in her breath sharply. "What — about — him?" she stammered out.

"Well — I don't mind telling you just between you and me — but you shouldn't have him in your house. He's on the suspect list

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"But — Comyns!"

"We have to have proof, Chief, bullet-proof, nickel-plated, all-wool proof! You know how it is with our courts! America isn't Russia under the Czar!"

"Haven't you any proof at all?"

"Not a scrap. I just *know* I'm right. But how far will that carry with a jury of the gentry's peers? How far will that carry under the equitable Anglo-Saxon law? I have neither direct proof, nor witnesses. You see, Chief, I wasn't present when Remsen whispered sweet nothings about Transport sailing dates into the lady's pretty little ears. And even supposing I had been, how would that prove that the girl transferred the information to the Baron, and the latter to — oh — let's say Wilhelmstrasse?"

"You can arrest the Baron on spec," insisted Sperry. "He's an enemy alien."

"Oh — is he?" came Comyns' rejoinder. "Sure he is, are you, Chief?"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm never *quite* sure. That's the Scotch in me." And after a pause: "I'll have a talk with Larsen of the Foreign Department."

"What about the Baron?"

"Well — there's only one way. We have to make the lady 'fess up. And that's going to be mighty hard because I understand that she's head over heels in love with the man. Well — here's where Donald Comyns plays Cupid with a twist in his tail!" — and he was off, saying first a few words to Larsen of

and first thing you know he's going to be pinched."

Maria Gomez felt a sinking sensation in her heart. She tried to control her voice, her facial muscles, her nervously twitching hands. She talked against time, with a hectic, running ease.

"You must be mistaken. I know him quite well. I am positive he's pro-Ally heart and soul. Surely you don't mean to say that he is supposed to be a German spy?"

Comyns smiled. He remembered the telephone conversation on which he had "listened in." He knew that his game was nearly won.

"He's a spy all right," he replied, "although I can't prove it just yet awhile. But —" his voice suddenly dropped to a low, minor note of mockery — "he isn't a German. That's where you are wrong, lady."

"Not — a — German?"

She hardly realized what she was saying, and again Comyns smiled and went on smoothly:

"Heavens, no! He's a Swede. Only I'm willing to gamble a year's pay including traveling expenses that he works for Germany."

"But —" her words were thick, and she felt the chill of an indescribable uneasiness creeping over her soul, "why — if he's a Swede — should he work for Germany?"

"For money!" came the cool, staccato reply. "What do *you* think?"

"For — *money!*" she echoed. Her voice was tragic, numb, as the dull stroke of a passing-bell. "For money! And he is a Swede. He is not a German — not working for the love of the fatherland. . . ."

"Why, sure!" Comyns sent his advantage sharply home. "Of course I can't prove it, except in an indirect way. But — take a look at this, lady," and he handed her the typewritten report which Larsen had given him, bending over her shoulder while she followed the lines with trembling finger.

"That's straight headquarters dope," he said. "See? 'Detlev Wrangel-Erricson; second son of Baron Axel Wrangel-Erricson and his wife, *née* Baroness Ingeborg Cedarstrom. No money. Cashiered from Swedish army for gambling debts ten years ago. Since then has traveled continuously. Before the War received large monthly remittances through Handelsbank of Berlin. Since War even larger amounts remitted to him through the Swiss Creditanstalt in Zurich, Van Streubensee & Co. of Amsterdam, and the Banca Agricola of Madrid. Impossible to trace original source of remittances. But . . .'"

Comyns interrupted the reading.

"Say," he asked, "are you ill? Can I get you a glass of water?"

"No!" Maria Gomez' voice was as hard as steel. "I am all right." Then, clutching Comyns' arm: "You said you had no direct proof that Baron Wrangel-Erricson is a spy in the pay of Germany?"

"That's what I said."

"You shall have the proof! To-night!" And she leaned over and whispered to him.

It was two hours later, and the last visitor had bowed over Maria Gomez' hand, murmuring thanks, and good night, and au revoir. She was sitting by the side of the Baron, who was smiling at her through the blue, curling smoke of his cigar.

"I don't know what I would do without you, sweetheart," he said, comfortably stretching out his long legs. "I used to think myself a clever man. But — by Jove! — I'd be lost without your sharp little brain — your charm of manner — your loyalty — your. . . ."

"Love?" she asked gently.

"Yes. Your love. Your trust. And I trust you as I trust nobody else in the wide world. Love — and trust. It's that which is going to win the War for the fatherland." He ashed his cigar. "Look here, little heart o' mine," he went on. "There's going to be a chap here next Sunday, an official of the Munitions Department, and I want you to find out. . . ." and then a long string of instructions.

Maria Gomez laughed. She arose. Perhaps, at that moment, subconsciously, the actress in her soul came to the surface. Perhaps, straight through the pain in her heart, she glorified in the expectation of the tremendous, melodramatic curtain she had herself devised.

"Oh, yes," she said, her voice leaping up extraordinarily strong. "Trust — and love! The two greatest qualities in the world! And I have given you all my love, all my trust — as you have given me all yours! For you are a German, aren't you? A German, working for Germany, fighting for that wonderful, blond, gigantic, eternal mistress of yours! Not for money! But because of the love in your heart — the deep, fine, glorious trust in your soul!"

And, with flat, low accents:

"Oh — how I hate you! You liar! You Swedish liar — bought and paid for! You . . ."

Baron Wrangel-Erricson jumped up with a choked cry of rage.

"God!"

Then he stopped stock-still as, from the heavy crimson-and-gold curtains that separated the dressing-room from the studio, a voice boomed out, with a faint, minatory Scotch burr:

"Stop your foolishness! I had you covered all the time!"

Roosevelt — And His Boys

[*Continued from page 12*]

For instance, a telegram from a Western newspaper, quoting an editorial from a local contemporary, denouncing the Roosevelt boys as having secured "soft commissions because of their dad's influence."

As it happens, this telegram had come hardly ten days before the cable announcing Quentin's end. But when he could have replied so effectively the Colonel showed himself greater than his assailants. He was satisfied to let the facts speak for themselves.

Major "Ted" — Theodore Junior, the eldest — and Captain "Archie" are at this writing in the hospital, impatiently recovering from wounds and importuning their father in every letter to use his influence not to have them invalided home, but to make sure they are allowed to go back to the Front.

Here is a characteristic letter from Archie:

"DEAR FATHER: My wound isn't serious, and I am getting over it. Please do everything you can to keep me from being sent home. I want to go back with my men.

ARCHIE."

Teddy Junior has fully lived up to the heritage of his name. Refusing to be sent to the rear after being "gassed," he insisted on leading his detachment over the top, without even stopping for the protection of his helmet — and into the thick of a nes' of Germans, in the midst of which he was later found wounded, and unable to walk.

A FEW weeks ago an officer of the Red Cross back from the Front obtained an interview with Colonel Roosevelt.

The officer exhibited in the course of conversation a medal bestowed by the French Government for bravery, which he was carrying at the request of a seriously wounded soldier to his aged mother in Alabama.

Colonel Roosevelt received the medal, and with a brief word of apology carried it into another room.

In a moment he returned with a smile on his face, leading his wife by the hand:

Pointing to the medal, the Colonel said: "And so this is the Croix de Guerre, the same that was given to Archie, our boy!"

Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, their heads together, stared at the weather-beaten trophy.

It was the medal which had been given *their boy* for conspicuous bravery, their son, Archie. The father and the mother of the Roosevelt son were united in a common cause, a common ideal, with the boy in Alabama.

The "Boys" have carried the name of Roosevelt into and above No Man's Land without a thought of the name — but with a distinction which they would be the last to assert.

The Colonel knows, too, that if they come back to him they will be greater men for the supreme test they have faced — and that he is a greater father in the knowledge that he has given them to that test.

He is impatient only for two reasons; first, that he is not there with them, and second, because he has not four more boys to offer to his country with the same spirit.

The Great War has come home to Theodore Roosevelt. It has made fatherhood something more than an institution.

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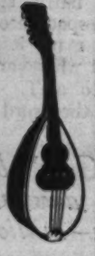

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"Number 29"—*Continued from page 23*

"You know—you know, André, you are all I have. There is nobody else, just you"... her face was tense with fright and her lips seemed scarcely able to form the words.

It was only too true. He was all she had. Like a flash there passed before André all that had happened during the last year.

It was at the Academy Exhibit that André had met her. She had come with a group of school girls to have art drilled into them by the rule and formula laid down at the fashionable boarding-school. She had mistaken his uniform for that of one of the guards, and asked in wretched French if he would direct them to a certain café for tea. A flirtation had grown out of that—a flirtation, which later made him blush to recall, for he was almost twice her age and had been married before. His son was twelve years old. The courtship which followed the unconventional meeting was approved by the aunt after proper presentations had been formalized.

The courtship was brief, and they were quietly married before father across the sea could interfere. He did make the cables roar with frantic rage; and then before the month was out he had begged them to visit him. A year passed before Tallemand could get the three months' leave that he wanted. But in July they had sailed for New York.

When they arrived they found—— The horror of that first revelation was poignant. The papers were lurid with the details of the financial crash and suicide of David Colwell. He had killed himself the night before their ship anchored. There was some misappropriation of funds and the father couldn't bear to face the daughter.

In a note to the girl he had piteously pleaded with her to be brave. And meeting such an awful calamity, Marie had been gamer then ever Colwell could have hoped. After the first heart-broken outburst she had not once given way. That was more than six weeks ago.

The Tallemands had found an uptown apartment. There were matters to be settled. Besides, Marie was in no condition to travel. But she was only too eager to start for France as soon as she was well. Once away she said she never wanted to see New York again. Everything that had ever caused her pain had happened in New York. Here, her mother had died; and here, the tragedy of her father. And now, what had she to look to?

The unnatural silence of the room was broken by a half-stifled, piteous sob. Marie had sunk into the deep armchair.

Gradually, André came to realize that his wife was watching him—watching him intently, and afraid, waiting for him to say something. He must speak. He must make her understand. He went to her and took her face between his hands caressingly.

"Marie, *ma chère*. Listen to me, sweetheart."

She looked at him appealingly, with her big gray eyes.

"Marie, it means disgrace to both of us. It means we could never go back to France. It means worse than death—loss of reputation, honor, country, friends—everything. And, sweetheart, France needs me."

"I need you more than France does, André. What can one little month mean?"

The maid brought in a cablegram. It was his immediate recall. He must report for duty within the fortnight. He read the message to his wife. Her only reply was the words, "You *can't* go *now!*"

The order dropped from his nerveless fingers. He felt trapped, helpless, wild. He snatched his hat and made for the door. He left her sitting in the big chair twisting her hands and moaning, "You can't go now!"

The buildings stifled him. He made for Central Park not far away. Wet with perspiration he sank down on the first bench he reached. What had happened to him? Was this a nightmare? Could it be really true? He must collect himself. Then the events of the past months came surging back, and a neighbor's paper with "WAR!" in startling headline stared him in the face. He must go, he must go! He got up and swung farther along the drive. He passed an excited group of his own countrymen. Poor fellows they were—two of them looked like musicians—but he heard them say they were going back *to fight for France*. Tallemand laughed almost light-heartedly. There was no decision to make. How could he have wavered? He was keen to be off! It was his life. How he loved it! He quickened his gait. He must get home to explain. Little Marie? Surely she would understand. He must make her see! She would, because she had been so game before. And she could follow later when she got strong again. There were many arrangements to be made before to-morrow night at ten. He thrilled at the idea of going back.

The apartment seemed deadly quiet, and he found Marie as he left her, huddled in the big armchair with drawn face and staring eyes. He bent over her and took her hand.

"Marie"—somehow, it was hard when she looked that way. He turned his eyes toward the window and fixed them upon a distant spire. It came easier then.

"Marie," he began again, "I sail to-morrow night at ten. You must help me to get ready."

An expression of extreme pain came over the girl's face. She did not reply.

"Sweetheart, did you hear me?" he asked; and then after a pause, "Won't you speak to me?"

But something akin to sobs had interfered with Marie's utterance.

"André, I can't live if you go. Why should you go? Why? Why? Why? France doesn't need you as I need you! I won't give you up. I can't! What is a month to them? They sha'n't take you from me! What are you to France? Only a cog in a machine—a cog, nothing more! You are my life! More than my life! I have nothing else but you! Don't you know, André, that I have nothing left? And I can't face this alone!" She was almost shrieking now.

"But my country! My honor! I, a traitor to France? Oh, sweetheart, you must understand! Don't take it like this! You'll make yourself ill."

"I sha'n't let you go—you can't leave me!" she cried. "André, André, you—you wouldn't kill your poor unborn child?"

She clung to him weeping wildly. He tried to soothe her. She must be quiet, reasonable. She was raving. During all those months she had not wept once—but now the tension had snapped. Helpless, he telephoned for the doctor.

"IT is a complete collapse—prostration. Her nerves have gone all to pieces. The strain has been too great. She must have absolute quiet. Nothing to excite her. Rest and quiet."

"You know, doctor, I am ordered to France. I am a captain in the army. It is necessary for me to sail to-morrow night."

"What does your wife say?"

"She will not hear of it. She doesn't understand. It means disgrace if I do not report at once. Lifelong disgrace."

The physician was silent for a moment.

"I am sorry for you, deeply sorry. But I cannot answer for the consequences if you go. I believe another shock would prove fatal—if not to her life, then to her brain. And the baby must be considered." Then he took up his satchel and was gone.

André stood still in the middle of the room and stared—at nothing. He felt ill, deathly ill. His face was chalky.

The bedroom door opened and a nurse came out. The doctor had sent for one as soon as he had arrived. André could hear Marie moaning softly. Even the narcotic failed to soothe her. He stole in and took her hand. Her fingers clung, even in sleep. No, she was right! He could not go now! His love for her was greater than anything else in the world. But it was bitter for him—bitter. He knew what he was facing. He couldn't bear it. Marie moved slightly, clutching his hand, and murmuring his name.

When morning came, he sent a cablegram to headquarters:

"Unavoidably detained. Wife seriously ill. Hope to report sometime next month. Letter to follow."

Then he sat down and wrote an apologetic explanation. But he knew it was worse than useless.

One day followed another in monotonous succession, each like the other. Marie hung midway between consciousness and unconsciousness.

André sat by his wife's bedside, or alone in the next room, waiting, waiting.

There came after a few days an answer to his message:

"France accepts no excuses. She needs every man. You know the consequences of your action. We allow you seven days' grace. Don't fail us."

The message was signed by General Bossuet. Bossuet had been his friend. It was under him that Tallemand had received much of his military training. Had the message been a formal official communication it would not have hurt him so. All day André did not go near his wife. But he had no notion now of leaving her for France.

A never-ending month dragged itself out and there was no change.

Tallemand did not look at a newspaper. He couldn't. But things came to him. When it was necessary for him to go out in the streets, he found that the people talked nothing but "war."

One day he had an appointment in the Hotel Astor. While waiting for his friend, he noticed sitting near the ladies' waiting-room a familiar figure dressed in black.

Could it possibly be Madeline Sevier? Madeline Sevier had been his first wife's best friend. Then he remembered that Captain Sevier (her husband) had been killed in Flanders during the first weeks of the War. Forgetting his own distress and disgrace, he rushed up to her, his heart going out to her in deepest sympathy.

The woman eyed him with scorn.

"To think that you, André, are the first coward that the family of Tallemand has known." Then she walked away from him.

So, that's what they all thought! They must, the friends back in France! How horrible! What would his grandfather, a famous old general of the Franco-Prussian War, have thought? And his own father had finally died from wounds received in that war. "The first coward," Captain Sevier's wife had said. His country believed it.

Then came a letter from his little son. The boys at school had organized a Boy Scouts Brigade. When was he coming? His schoolmates were beginning to sneer at him. They said his father was a deserter. A traitor to France! He knew they lied. He had made a big bully eat his words. He had shown them that he was the son of a real soldier. The letter ended, "But why don't you come, father?"

That day was the blackest of them all.

About the middle of September their child was born — dead. It was past midnight. André had sat in the same chair since early evening, apparently incapable of moving, numb. When the nurse told him, he only nodded. He could not think; he could not feel. Later, she touched him on the shoulder! Would he see his wife now? She was calling for him. He went in, trying to think of some way in which to comfort her.

The room was still as death. At first he could not make her out in the dim light. Gradually, he became accustomed to the darkness. Marie was looking at him without seeing him. There was a sweetly tender smile on her face. He took her hand and she was quiet again. Then she pressed his fingers caressingly and hard.

"Ah!" she sighed, and he leaned low to hear. "I thought you had gone."

For a long time she lay still.

"Monsieur!" Her voice was marvelously clear and strong — "I give you back to France!"

She looked up at him, and over her face there came an expression ineffable. Slowly she closed her eyes.

A cold fear began to creep over André. He was trembling in every nerve. Her hand was relaxing its grasp. He dared not move. He scarcely breathed. It must not be. He wouldn't believe it. He called her name tenderly again and again, then once wildly. But he knew that death had come when her hand released him.

THE little village of Vicques was buzzing with life. It seemed nonplused at its new importance. For centuries it had stood absorbed in its own affairs, unnoticed by the current of the outside world. Tourists shunned it, since it offered no novelty to pander to their curiosity. Its simple inhabitants had lived their simple lives, untroubled and content. Hence, suddenly being sucked into the whirlpool of action had flustrated its aspect.

On this particular morning in October, there was more than the usual excitement. A detachment of English soldiers was passing through and had stopped for refreshments. The streets thronged with them. Since early morning the field ambulances had been hurrying in, heaped with wounded. The hospital hastily improvised in the old stone chapel was full to overflowing. In a small open space a young officer was drilling raw recruits. An old stone hut served for headquarters. Everybody was busy at something. Solemn were their faces, and there was determination in the eyes of all. France was in peril.

Among the group of young peasants who were awaiting their turn with the recruiting officer was a man some years older than the rest. His hair was beginning to gray, and his upright figure stood out among the coarser, stodgier ones. His face looked pale and was haggard. He was eagerly watching with evident comprehension everything that was going on, mingling with both the French and English soldiers and talking with them. His English was perfect, and his French lacked the local accent. When his turn came to enlist he gave his name as Jules Fontenaque, a merchant from Quebec, Canada. He explained that he had come to join the French forces instead of the English in Canada, since he was of French ancestry. He had had some military training as a boy in the United States.

While he stood giving these details a door opened behind him and an officer came in with a handful of dispatches.

"These must be got off at once," he said, addressing the officer in charge. "Every man must do a dozen men's work these days."

When Fontenaque heard the voice, he started and gripped the table for support. Then with too evident precision he walked to the window.

THE officer stopped abruptly. His eyes seemed fastened on Fontenaque's back.

"Tallemand!" he spoke sharply. He walked toward the man who took no notice of the name.

"Tallemand!" he repeated, and grasping his shoulder swung him around till the two men stood facing.

Automatically, Tallemand's hand rose in salute. He was gazing into the eyes of General Bossuet. The General spoke first.

"Well, Tallemand?"

"Well, General?"

"How did you get in?"

Tallemand drew a folded paper from an inside pocket and handed it over.

"Made out to Jules Fontenaque, a merchant from Quebec!"

"Yes, I stole the passport from him the night before we landed. I came across as stoker."

Then his composure left him, and grasping the older man by the hand he pleaded: "Take me with you to Alsace, General. France needs me. I have enlisted as a private. I came the first instant I could get away. You can't imagine what a hell I've been through. Do listen to me. I don't want to whine. But let me fight! Let me make up for what I have done — what I couldn't help." Then he added more slowly, "You got my letter? My — my wife — died. Take me, General — take me and use me! France needs every man!"

Bossuet twisted the end of his dark mustache and looked at Tallemand doubtfully, critically. "Do you realize that you might even have difficulty in persuading the Government that you are not a spy in the enemy's employ?"

"Not that! Great God, they couldn't think that!" He was staggering.

"Why — why, General — but my former record — it's clean! My father, my grandfather ——"

"You failed France when she most needed you. You are — a deserter. I may pity you, Tallemand, but you know the consequences of your choice. You will be sent to a military prison immediately, pending trial. It was foolish of you to return."

Bossuet rang a bell sharply and two orderlies appeared.

"Place this man under guard. He is to be taken to prison, with the group of prisoners that leave on the next train. His number is —" The General paused to turn a page to find the last figure used to identify the man just before gone.

All the buzzing in the room had stopped. The scene was the General's and Tallemand's.

"His number is 29."

For an instant no one stirred.

Then the orderlies came forward and led the prisoner out. He went quietly, dumbly. At the door he turned back as if to speak, but Bossuet was apparently engrossed in writing an order.

"Number 29" passed out into the street.

The number wasn't so bad. It was better so. To a man who had lost his country — of what use was a name?

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Through the Haze — *Continued from page 28*

it. Living in the very place that had then seemed so sordid, so terrible. . . .

Suddenly she realized that since she had been living there she had not thought of it as terrible. She had not thought of it at all. She had just taken it for granted. She slept well. For her bed was comfortable and the air fresh and pure. She ate well. The food, if plain, was well cooked and well seasoned. Unconsciously she found herself, as strength returned to her, making her own bed, caring for her own room, gathering flowers for the table. She had even helped Mary with the dishes, and swept a little. . . .

Miramar, the city, the life that she had lived, the friends that she had had, all seemed strangely unreal.

Unreal? Then where was Don? Don, lying beneath a little wooden cross, somewhere in France. . . . Was that unreal, too? Dear God! If it only were!

Dick, her husband, gone, with the sneering, bitter smile that was not his. . . . Was he unreal? Her eyes closed.

And that which she had thought of doing. . . . Was that unreal? . . . She winced as at the brutal tearing of living flesh.

Truly, not unreal. She had lived her rainbow. Lived it in all its iridescent splendor, in all its evanescent futility. . . . The golden haze of color had blinded her eyes and benumbed her brain.

SHE loved Dick. She had always loved him. She would always love him. Love him, no matter what or when or how or where — Why, then, had she even thought for one shameful second of doing the thing that she had contemplated. Try as she would, she could not explain. She just did not know.

Craig had been nothing to her. She knew that now. And yet he had seemed all-important. Why?

Dick had been everything to her. That she now recognized to its fulness. And yet he had seemed objectionable — even, at times, hateful. Why?

So Constance began to look within herself.

Mary went home of nights. For she still had milking to do, night and morning, there in the glade beyond the gently-sloping hill.

One morning she did not come back. And Uncle Victor was worried.

"Must be somethin' the matter," he said to Constance, as they sat at the breakfast that she had cooked. "Maybe she's sick."

"But she was perfectly well last night."

"Yes," he said. "I hope there ain't nothin' the matter. I'd hate to lose her, too. I've grown right fond of her since — since ——"

Constance nodded. His unspoken words found silent echo in her own heart. They had all loved Don. And while they seldom spoke of it, the love that they shared had bound them very close to one another.

"She's some girl, Mary is," said Uncle Victor. "Some girl! I guess I'll put on my hat an' go over an' see if I can't help out some."

"Let me," said Constance.

"All right," he said.

He went with her to the gate.

As she reached the highway, a great touring car flashed past. The glimpse that she had of it, showed her that it contained Mrs. Hathaway and three or four others, men and women. It was the first time that she had quite realized how close, after all, she was to Miramar and the friends that had been hers. Perhaps, they could tell her what had happened to Dick.

She found Mary's house without difficulty.

As she mounted the steps, she heard voices.

The door was open. Within the room she saw four people—Mary; an older woman, who was, of course, her mother; a square-built, stocky man with heavy spectacles — her father; and a younger man.

The first three were seated. The younger man was standing. From his back he looked to be about the age of — Don. Yet as she looked, his face half turned toward her. It was lined and old; the face of a boy turned strangely into an old man. . . .

No one saw Constance. She hesitated to knock. And yet to turn and go away, as she had come — Still weak, her mood was indecisive. And in that indecision, she could not help but overhear.

The boy's voice rose shrilly ——

"They made us do it. They made us drunk. Then they told us that the people had killed our men from ambush, and that it was our duty to kill them. We set the houses on fire. The people came out and we killed them. Men — women — children. . . . Blood and flame and bodies . . . and through it all drunken soldiers, like fiends, stabbing and screaming.

"And then the night! The things they did in the night! God!"

Beads of sweat were on his forehead. He wiped them away with the back of his hand.

His voice went on, dully.

"I thought it was going to be fun, at first; when they took me for the army. Everybody else was going. All over Germany the flags were flying, the people were cheering.

"Then we crossed the Belgian border, and the fighting began. . . . Others had been before us. Bodies — It made me sick. But the others only laughed. Belgian swine, they called them. Then I realized for the first time that I was different from these men that, until now, I had felt were friends. You see, I had never hated a man enough to want to kill him. And as for women, and little babies. . . . There was the body of a little girl, the lower half of it blown off. But the face was untouched. . . . It made me sick. But the others seemed only pleased.

"I knew then, all at once, that they were different from any men I had ever known. I knew that no Americans would ever laugh at a dead child. Americans might have to kill, but they would never take pleasure in killing. They would kill because they had to. But never for amusement. . . .

"And that night ——"

He stopped.

"There was a girl. She looked like Mary. . . . I tried to stop them. But they laughed. They said I was no true German. That my training in America had made me a woman. That I must learn that the Germans were a superior race.

"They're not men, those Germans!" he cried. "I say it, who am of German blood."

He turned swiftly to the older man.

"I say it to you, who are of German blood! The Germany you left was one thing. The Germany that to-day kills and tortures and mutilates not only men, but women and little children, is something else. The older Germans would not have done these things.

"But this thing is a New Germany. They are not men, but mad beasts. Three of them tried to kill me as I was escaping. Three of them I killed as I would kill mad dogs. For that is what they are. Once faithful hounds, inoculated with hydrophobia by the cruel, scheming men that own them, that own them body and brain and hair and fangs."

He sank down into a chair, lips quivering, eyes flaming, hands nervously clenching and unclenching.

The father blinked behind thick spectacles.

"H'm," he said, at length. "Dot iss so?"

His son looked up.

"It is God's truth," he said.

"You would never want to go back to Chermany?" the older man slowly asked.

"I'll go back just one way," said the boy, grimly. "And that's with a gun in my hand. I'm an American now. And I'm going to stay an American. So help me God!

"I know you love Germany," he went on, "because you think it's the same Germany that you left thirty years ago. It may look like the same Germany. But it's no more the same Germany than the dog that goes mad is the same dog he was before."

He turned, and for the first time saw Constance. Mary, too, looked. Without a word, she rose.

Constance waited.

Mary's face was white; her lips trembled.

"This is my brother," she said. "He has just come back from Ger ——"

She stopped. She shivered a little. Then, of a sudden, she sank forward. Constance caught her in her arms, holding her close. . .

AND so she learned to feel for others.

It was upon one America that Constance's eyes had closed. It was upon another America, a new America, that they opened.

The America that was had been rich and thoughtless, big of heart but lax of brain, great in courage but misunderstood in gentleness. There are certain people and certain peoples that have ever mistaken courtesy for cowardice and tolerance for fear. By these had America been misjudged. Brutal and arrogant themselves, they could not conceive that patience was anything but poltroonism. But their awakening was coming.

America was slow to awake; but once awake, she leaped to life and to action. . . .

Cast suddenly from her niche in life down into the lethal darkness — to awake as though in a different world, Constance felt herself helpless.

Dick would never forgive her. Her friends? She did not know whether or not she really wanted them back again. Without Dick they would be but a constant reminder of him.

Some day perhaps she might go back to them — just for a moment — perhaps to ask news of Dick. . . . She wondered if he still kept up his acquaintance with them. . . . She wondered how much they might know of what had happened.

SHE was quite well again now, and able to do a great deal of the housework. Mary had shown her how to cook. She was surprised how readily she learned, and how little irksome it was. She, who in the old days had never entered a kitchen save under protest, to find herself there so much, and as contented to be there as anywhere else!

Contented! Contented! With Don — gone. With Dick she knew not where! There could be no contentment for her, anywhere, or ever. . . . Only to live, as all must live, until the end. . . .

And yet was that quite all?

America at last was going to war against the Germans — the Germans that had killed Don; that had slaughtered the women and children of the Lusitania, that had done those frightful, nameless things that she had heard Mary's brother tell of . . . Mad dogs, devastating the peaceful world in which, at least, some people were happy. . . . Children were happy. Little children ——

And then of a sudden there came to her in all its great emptiness the tragedy of her wasted life. . . . If only she had a child now! Something to love. Something that *belonged* to her. Children are a part of the mothers that bear them. They are a woman's reason for being on earth. As they are a man's. . . . She knew it now. Knew it for the first time in all her wasted life. . . . Something of her own to love, and to live for!

But other women had children. In time these children would grow to be women themselves, having children of their own to love and live for. . . . So God keeps going the earth that is His and ours. . . .

And now the Germans were killing these children to gain the earth for their own mad breed. . . . All women, mothers or not, must fight against that!

But what could she do?

Mary, she knew, was going daily to the Red Cross. . . . There at least was a place to begin. A part of the town hall had been taken over. Many women, in white uniforms, were busily working when, next morning, Constance, with Mary, arrived.

Almost the first one Constance saw was Mrs. Anstruther.

"My *dear!*" she said. "Where *have* you been! We've been looking for you *everywhere!* You must come home with me to lunch and tell me *everything!*"

Constance had heard of the melting-pot. Now she had a splendid chance to watch it melt. There were no longer social distinctions; no longer racial separations. The blacksmith's wife sat directly across from Mrs. Anstruther.

They went to the Anstruthers' for lunch.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Where were we when you left?"

"It was late winter," replied Constance.

"H'm," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Well, you never saw so many people become so frightfully busy in such a short time before. Money and society and things like that vanished almost overnight. Nobody that is anybody has any private affairs now. They're all working for the country, and the cause.

"Hathaway's gone to Washington, for a dollar a year. Mrs. Hathaway's wearing the same gown twice; and even Enid Haynes is organizing girls for farm work.

"And oh, by the way, they've interned Boelke! He was a paymaster for German spies, or something.

"Mrs. Blair's gone to France already. She understands French and German and they're going to use her in a hospital or something.

"Senator and Mrs. Evans are in Washington. He's still talking in words of three syllables and ideas of the last century.

"The Giffords have become International-ists or I. W. W.'s or whatever it is that people become who are too benighted to think and too lazy to work.

"Mrs. Drayton's boy is driving an ambulance, in France. He's wearing the Military Cross. She's working in the Red Cross, with the rest of us. And proud!

"Blythe-Dorrien was killed on the Somme. You didn't know? . . . Yes. . . .

"And you remember that tango-lizard we had out to the country club one night? . . . He enlisted right after that. He was through the Marne. Well, he came back the other day a major, and a regular *man!*

"Anstruther? Oh, he's fine. He's stopped drinking. He's going to the next Plattsburg camp. . . . It's been almost like being married all over again."

They turned in at the broad gates that led to the Anstruther place. The beautiful front lawn was all ploughed up. And in it two gardeners were busy planting potatoes.

Mrs. Anstruther did not know where Dick was. Only that he had lost all his money and gone away. . . . Constance told her that they had had a disagreement. She did not tell her more. Nor did Mrs. Anstruther ask. But . . .

"We were all due to get our wings singed," she said. "We were flying too high.

"War is a terrible thing," she went on. "A horrible thing. But we must admit that at least it cures those that it doesn't kill."

As Constance looked within herself, the easier she found it to look — and the more she found to see.

She liked the new America far better than the old. To be always busy, always feeling that the things she was doing were worth while. . . . Never was she bored. Her only discontent came from the fact that God had given her but one body, one brain, one pair of hands to do the things there were to do.

Quietly she lived in the little house, with Uncle Victor. . . . She wondered now how she could ever have felt so strange, so ill at ease with him. . . . The day in the car, when she had decided that she had not, could never have, anything in common with him! . . . Everything was in common with him now.

And Mary. . . . She did not come to help them so much now. Since Constance was at last so able to help herself. But she came. The bond between them might stretch, but it could never break.

Her brother had enlisted with the American army. Her father had bade him go.

Long days, good days. . . . But in them ever the aching loneliness, and the poignant pangs of a sin unatoned for, and unforgiven. . . . If she could only ask Dick to forgive her! To tell him how wrong she knew she had been. So little would at least serve to purge the wound within her heart. . . .

ONE day a letter came. It had on it French stamps, and many postmarks.

She opened it. . . . It was from Don.

She reeled a little. To have one reach back from beyond the grave, to touch one on the heart. . . .

She did not read. She stood, eyes closed. . . . At length she went to the door, and called. Others there were who loved him, whose love had been worthier than hers. Uncle Victor came, and Mary. . . .

She put her arm around Mary, to support her. Dark, deep eyes looked up, not understanding. . . . Into them Constance smiled.

"It's — it's something for all of us," she said. . . . Then slowly she unfolded the letter, and laid it on the table. . . .

DEAR YOU: (it began)

The weather has been too bad for flying. Rain, rain, rain. . . . As though God were weeping for what had come unto His earth. . . .

And while God weeps, there has been much time for me, the poorest of His flying creatures, to try to think out a few of the things that must be thought out if we would live without regrets.

I know now that I did right to come here. Yes, even though I die. All of us must die — must face death, in the end.

Death is the end of life. That is all. We dread it, we fear it, because it is unknown. As children fear the dark. It is not that the darkness holds anything that the light does not. It is just because what it holds they cannot see. . . .

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I knew well a counterpart of Robertson's character Finnegan, and could put a name to a few of his other characters who are still in the U. S. Navy—so to me it is like listening to the conversation of men I *know* to read his books.

With Robertson I've seen the same long blue surge smash to pieces on sun-bleached coral reefs and with him shivered through the long midwatch off Cape Cod in the middle of winter, and to Robertson, a real "sailor-man," one of the old regime of "iron men and wooden ships," I tender my homage.

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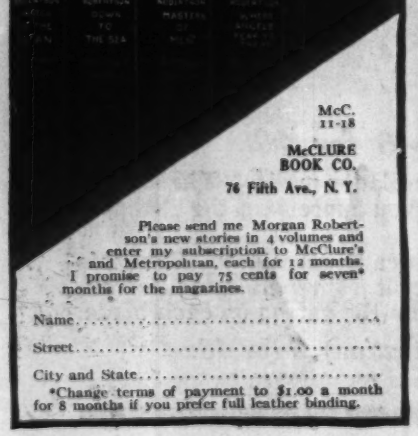

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hour of the day and night. We see his hand strike, the swathes his scythe has cut. . . . We even watch the cutting. . . .

It is real, and yet how unreal!

It makes me feel that life is, after all, a stage and we but players. It is as though, after the play is over, we shall go forth from the stage door and back to our real life. But while we play, we see only the stage on which we play and the other players. . . . The footlights blind us from all the rest, which is the real life, after all. . . .

Some day perhaps I shall crash. . . . I shall arise from the body that was my costume, the wreckage that was my "props," from all this suffering and blood and glory that are the scenery, and be surprised to find how little is the stage I had thought so great. . . .

I shall sit with all the rest and watch you play, you who are still actors upon the little stage of life. . . . By and by you, too, will come to where I am. . . . By that time I will be very lonely and very glad to see you.

And yet, after all, it *is* the stage of human life: of the men and the women and the children of earth. And for them the play must be kept fine and clean. This life is, after all, all the life we have. In the hope of, and belief in, the greater, sweeter life to come, we must not belittle it.

This earth must be made a decent place for us to live on. Nor can we ever be false to those who have given their all to make it so. If we are that, then God knows, we were never worth fighting for in the first place. We must be true to the dead. . . .

"Shall it be said
That we for whom they gave their all
Lie basking 'neath their bloody pall —
Pale worms that in their rotting flesh
Hide cow'ring head?
Shall it be said we were not true,
True to the dead?"

It was signed with her girlhood name for him — "Donnie."

And there was a postscript.

I want you to try to realize. It is just this, even though you don't know it, that is making you unhappy. . . . And Dick. . . . And when you do realize, then you will go to see Mary. . . . Will you tell her how very much I love her? . . . And Uncle Victor?

. . . . . .

Finishing, Constance turned streaming eyes upon Uncle Victor — then upon Mary. . . .

Uncle Victor was blinking. But there was almost a smile upon his old lips.

And the deep-lying sadness was quite gone from Mary's eyes. Far, far beyond the gently-sloping hill she was looking . . . . beyond the valley and the shadows . . . .

It was summer when Dick came back.

Slender he was, and lithe. The budding grossness had quite gone from his body, leaving it ten years younger. He was in khaki, with the letters U. S. R. on his collar.

Constance did not see him at first. Then, seeing, she did not believe. Only she gasped a little, and closed her eyes.

He took her in his arms — tenderly at first, then fiercely.

"Constance," he cried.

She opened her eyes. Again she looked, with a look long and tense and fearful. . . .

Like a frightened child she clung to him.

"If I'm asleep," she said, "I don't ever want to wake up! Not ever!"

"You're not asleep," he murmured. "You're awake. We're all awake now! America is awake. . . . At last!"

She buried her head upon his breast. How long he held her so, he did not know. Nor did she.

At length there leaped to her lips the thought that lay first within her mind.

"And you forgive me? . . ."

Anguished eyes gazed into his. He smiled.

"You?" he said. "Yes! . . . . And almost, myself. . . ."

She kept on looking. She could not quite understand. Was it really Dick who held her? This straight, lithe, young figure . . . . It was not the Dick that had left her with that bitter, sneering laugh, on that evening, so long ago. It was the old Dick, that she had loved and wed and with whom she had been so happy, in the beginning. . . . Frantically she clutched him. Never would they take the old Dick from her aga ——

She saw his uniform. . . . She shrank a little. . . .

He noticed.

"I put it on first," he said, with smiling lips that belied the seriousness of eyes and voice, "because there was nothing else to do. . . . I kept it on because there was nothing else to be done."

Her eyes closed. . . . Then opened. . . . Slowly she nodded. . . .

So quickly, and so well, had she learned.

"I know," she whispered. "Don — taught me."

She choked. He held her close.

"Don," he murmured. Then: "Poor Connie! . . . Poor little girl!"

Man-like he tried to change the subject. Man-like he changed it badly.

"Craig," he said, "has gone already."

He had not said it ere he realized. . . . He braced himself to help her bear the shock that he had not meant to give. . . . And found that it did not come. Not yet did he realize how very much a part of her bad dream — the bad dream from which she had so completely awakened — it all was. . . .

"Has he?" she queried.

She noticed his look.

"As long as you forgive me," she said; "as long as you understand — of course I shall hate myself always, but I want you to know how like nothing real it all was. . . . And now for you to talk about — about — him would show me that it is but the horrid dream to you that it is to me. . . ."

He did not quite understand. But he felt her meaning. There should be nothing between them that must be hidden, or avoided. The light of trust and love and understanding must banish the least, and the last, of hidden shadows. . . . So now he spoke quite frankly.

"He had seen service, you know. They gave him a commission with the regulars. He came to see me before he went — to offer me what satisfaction I might want. He did not try to apologize nor to explain — only that the fault was his, and his alone.

"But I knew better. I had had time to think it over. I had had time to go away and look at myself; and what I saw did not please me. . . . If people would only learn to do that!

"The blame, if blame there was, belonged to us all. But most of all to him and to me. For men need less of life than women. . . . I saw so clearly! We had been like people drugged. . . . Lotus eaters, if you will. Perhaps it was that where we lived there was no other food to eat. . . .

"But we're free of it all now! And back in the homeland of living!"

"Yes!" she whispered. . . . "Yes!"

"If only I could go with you!" she cried. "If I were only a man, so that I could go too!"

"I'm glad you're not," he said. "For then you wouldn't be a woman. And I couldn't love you.

"You mustn't feel that way," he went on. "For after all yours will be the deeper duty, the harder task. Though the man take the chance of wound and death, yet is his part the easier. For he has the excitement, the color, the stimulation. She, but the dull, hard grind. Armies of men may be defeated. But the nation that has pure, fine women to bear its burdens is unconquerable!"

It was true. In her heart she knew it. His the dangers of battle. Hers the bitter hours of working and of waiting. But she would be true to them! For him — for Don — for all the men and women and little children that even now were standing in the flaming hell of the No Man's Land that lies between Victory — and Defeat.

"If I should not come back ——"

She winced. Her cheeks flashed swiftly white.

"We both know now that an honorable death is far, far better than a dishonorable life. . . . But I will come back!" he cried, suddenly. "I'm going to come back! To you, and to that old, dear life in which we were once so happy!"

Her lips clung to his. He held her close.

So, for a long, long time. And then her head averted. . . .

Suddenly she whispered:

"Look!"

He turned. His eyes saw the sparkling valley, the gently-sloping hills, limned clear and bright in the soft light of the going day — the golden promise of a peace to come.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she murmured.

He nodded.

"It's like life," he said. "Beautiful when you see it clearly. But in the haze ——"

"The haze," she whispered, "is gone!"

[*The end*]

The See-Saw — *Continued from page 9*

and she must take what comfort she could in that belief.

She jumped out briskly and went into the house — her perfect, her delightful house. It was still so new and so vivid to her that she could not enter it without looking about to enjoy it. There was a wide hall, a spacious curving staircase leading to a balcony above the hall, and from the entrance to the stairs the eye was intrigued with gracious vistas into the rooms all about. With this, however, any likeness to the houses of their friends ceased, for the coloring was all subdued and mellowed sunlight, an effect achieved through the insistent use of yellow, in tones of palest amber to tarnished gold. The color was picked up here and there by tawny tones of old brown mahogany, by ribbony deeps of last-century satinwood, by a bit of imperial Chinese brocade, by an iridescent bubble of glass, by delicate topaz gauze against the windows, through which the light fell softly.

WHEN they had married, five years before, she had been an unhappy, dreamy girl of nineteen, who had led the dullest of lives in the house of her grandfather and aunt. Old Erasmus Prentice was a tyrant with his womenfolk. His only son had driven him into a black rage by dying just a little while after marrying the girl his father had forbidden him even to see. His unwanted daughter-in-law further offended by following her young husband shortly to the grave and leaving a little posthumous daughter—Marcia—to the bleakness of the old man's care. His other child, Janey, he had never even liked, but he made her keep his big house and care for the little motherless grandchild on the most parsimonious of allowances. She did her ineffectual best to bring up the little Marcia in a way to give least offense to their domestic autocrat.

Marcia was a rebel born. Even in childhood, she had been more than a match for stony old Erasmus. As she grew older, the old man found it easier to give in to her wishes than to oppose them, and so he sent her away to high-priced schools that taught her little beyond accomplishments, but where she was out of his sight. Visiting in holiday time at the New York home of Leila Templeton, one of her school friends, she had met Harleth Crossey and with that meeting the whole time and temper of her life was changed. The very greatness of the love he had inspired in her, ripened and sweetened her as sunny weather after rain ripens the yellow nectarines on the wall. In the sweetness of his passionate and generous affection, and in the lavish ease of the friendly, kindly circle of people to which he brought her, she flowered into warm beauty and charm. Harleth's mother and father, easy-going gentlefolk, doted on her, and the coming of their grandson had completed their content with her. They gave up their house in New York and moved within easy motoring distance of their son's *ménage*. They wanted to be near the baby.

The two old people were very much in Marcia's thoughts as she entered her home. She had not yet made her daily call by telephone on her mother-in-law. Well, she would do it the very first thing after she had seen Baby, who must, of course, take precedence over everyone else. She gave a satisfying look around as she went through the hall. Her moment of gratified observance was, however, interrupted. Sako, the Japanese butler, bowed before her and exposed a domestic difficulty.

"So sorry to disturb. All Mista Crossa vermuth gone. Order have sent. No come. What can do?"

Marcia paused, her hand on the banister. "Buy it out here, just this once, Sako," she suggested. "Then, to-morrow, you can have it sent out from town."

Sako made gestures of despair, though his respectful smile was fixed. "Have try — one — two — three — four place. All say — no have. Mista Crossa be much anger. Will say should not have let stock run so low. But two bottle he broke when carpenter fix shelluf in wine closet. What can do? Order no come," he repeated, urgently.

"If you've tried all the shops here, I don't know where we can get any unless we borrow, or send out to the Country Club," said Marcia, hastily reviewing possibilities. "And it's ridiculous to do either. Let it go, Sako. Mr. Crossey will simply have to go without his cocktail or make one without vermuth. I will tell him about it. It will be all right."

Sako bowed, and then vanished.

Marcia hurried her steps — she wanted to get to the nursery before Baby had awakened from his nap, so that she could make him ready for his afternoon outing with her own hands. But she was too late. Nurse had forestalled her. Harleth Junior was all ready for outdoors, except his sweater and cap, and Nurse had these in her hands.

"Master Harleth was so eager to get out, ma'am," she said, demurely, as Marcia came in. "I thought it best not to wait for you."

"Nurse — you fraud," said Marcia. "I've a good mind to undress him and dress him all over again, just to punish you. Here, give me his sweater and cap. Now don't keep him out too long."

Marcia went on to her sitting-room, a quiet little room which Harleth laughingly called a hybrid office-boudoir. She dropped down at her desk and took up the telephone.

The dowager Mrs. Crossey was waiting for her call. She listened avidly to the daily news budget of trifles — Aunt Janey's departure, Baby's health, Marcia's new gown, the plans for the coming dinner-dance.

Then Marcia must listen in her turn. Father Crossey's rheumatism was still bad, the new cook was rather better than they had hoped, but very short-tempered, Mother Crossey was hoping that Marcia and Baby would be over to-morrow when they could talk at leisure about the dinner-dance.

Then Marcia went at the task of preparing her list of guests for the affair of the eighteenth. She wanted to go over it with Harleth in the evening.

She worked on steadily, in spite of interruptions, until it was time to dress for dinner.

"Is Mr. Crossey at home yet?" asked Marcia, as Imogen laid out her dress.

"Yes, ma'am," responded Imogen meekly, then, rolling her fine eyes. "He was driving the car himself. Wasson *will* be in a stew."

Harleth confirmed this interesting bit of news a moment later, when he came hurrying into Marcia's room, *en route* for his own. He stopped by her dressing-table and kissed her on her white shoulder.

"You get younger every minute," he said. "Oh, Marcia," he went on, chuckling, "I've offended Wasson almost beyond endurance. I drove the car home myself."

He dropped into a chair and fairly shouted at the remembrance. He laughed like a boy and, when he laughed, he looked like a boy, too. It was Harleth Crossey's greatest asset that whatever he did was, for the time he was doing it, his only interest in life. When he worked, he worked with every bit of his brain and energy, and when he played, he played just as hard. He was good-looking, as Aunt Janey had said. He had crisp brown hair, and restless hazel eyes, slanted a little at the corners that gave him an odd, mischievous look when he smiled. But it was the rush and impact of his abounding vitality, a sort of electric vim about him that made him noticeable wherever he was.

"Golly, I'm glad Aunt Janey is no longer in our midst," he went on. "I sha'n't have to see her disapproving eye fixed on my cocktail, or my poor little innocent glass of wine at dinner, with that 'you're-headed-for-a-drunkard's-grave' expression."

"Just by way of heaping coals of fire," said Marcia, "I'll tell you that when she left to-day, she said the nicest possible things about you. And she said the house was beautiful beyond compare and your success in business a most marvelously fine thing. She even said that if she didn't hate so to change Grandfather's and Grandmother's furniture and pictures about that she'd move from Chicago and come and live near us.

Harleth dropped back into his chair in limp dismay. "Somebody's always taking the joy out of life," he murmured. "Here I was feeling so glad she had gone and now you tell me she thinks she might come and live near us! Well, if she does, I shall emigrate to the South Pole or thereabouts. Great Scott — is that clock right?"

"It's slow," said Marcia. "You'll have to hurry. It may be all right to risk offending Wasson, but we can't take liberties with Cook. I've got the list for the eighteenth made out and we'll go over it after dinner."

It was not until after he had gone that she realized she had told him nothing of the vermuth tragedy. But then, she would probably be down before him. So she went on with her dressing. But she was late to dinner and could hear Harleth's voice raised in annoyance as she came down the stairs, and Sako's apologetic mumbles in reply.

"There isn't a drop of vermuth in the house," he fairly snapped at her as she appeared. Gone was all his boyish charm.

"Oh, I meant to tell you, but I forgot it. Sako ordered it, but they didn't send it out from town and he couldn't get any out here."

Sako was standing by, bowing rapidly. The scowl on Harleth's face increased.

"It's the limit," he said, sitting down, angrily. "It's the only thing that ever gives me a bit of appetite."

"If that's the case, you'd better see a doctor," said Marcia. Then, casually, "I think you're overdoing this cocktail thing a little."

Harleth gave his head an impatient jerk. "Bring me some Scotch — pinch-bottle," he said to Sako, and when it came he poured himself a doubly stiff drink. Marcia noticed the amount, but did not comment on it — if she did, he would take more. Instead she asked, sympathetically, "Are you very tired to-night, old boy?"

Harleth pulled a grimace over his Scotch and then sat down at table. Having got what he wanted, the barometer was going up.

"Oh, no, not specially," he said, almost cheerfully now. "What bully soup! That reminds me — who do you suppose I saw in town to-day?"

"Who?" Marcia asked mechanically. She was noticing, as she had noticed so many times before, and always with a quiver of her heart, how the liquor he took changed the character of Harleth's face, coarsened the lines about his mouth and brought to his eyes an unpleasant, hard sort of gaiety. While Sako was pouring his sauterne, he looked at it — greedily. He waited to taste the wine before he answered.

"Ah-h," he said, and set the glass down. "That's good. . . . Why, I saw Leila Templeton. I told her all about our party and she says she'll surely come."

"Oh, my patience!" said Marcia. "I wish you hadn't felt so hospitable. I'd just about decided not to ask her."

"Too late now — unless we change the date or do something desperate. What's the matter with Leila, anyway? She's great fun. I went up to the Ritz to lunch with Vail and he didn't show up, but Leila came along, so I asked her to join me. She looked stunning, too. It's queer — things that would look fast on any other woman are simply Frenchy and smart on her."

"THAT'S true enough," admitted Marcia. "Leila could always wear the most daring, extreme clothes, and look, as you say, merely smart. I think it's because she walks and holds herself so well, and has such a manner."

"I suppose I shall never be able to understand women," exclaimed Harleth, "least of all, you. You're an old friend of Leila's; you say she's attractive and wears her clothes well, and all that; but you plan to give the biggest affair you've ever attempted and leave her out. It's too much for my poor feeble masculine mind."

"It is rather a puzzle," said Marcia, wishing she dared tell him the truth. "But — well — Leila honestly bores me, Harleth. I can't get awfully excited about her clothes and her suitors, as I used to do, and naturally she doesn't care very much about my humdrum exisistence and Baby. We've simply grown away from each other." She mentally added, "I hope that sounds convincing to him. It doesn't to me."

"Well — I've gone and spilled the beans this time," said Harleth, blithely. "She's coming unless she's headed off by battle, murder or sudden death. My guilty conscience even tells me that I told her to be sure and stay over the whole week-end."

"That *was* a happy thought," said Marcia. "You really outdid yourself to-day. Please remember after this — *Leila bores me*, and I can't be bothered with her. If I have to have her, I think I'll make a little house-party of it and ask Belle Percy. Think up a couple of nice men, won't you?"

"Why not Curt Jennings?"

Marcia wouldn't betray Curtis's protest against Leila. "I'll ask him," she said, "but I hardly think he'll come. He wants us to come over on Sunday and see the plans for his new stables. Isn't he funny! He's getting to be a regular hayseed."

The dinner went on in silence. Harleth was remembering [*Continued on page 51*]

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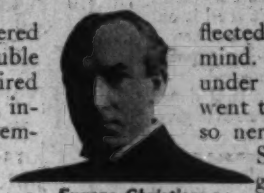

Eugene Christian, 57 Years Young

FOR years I had suffered from acute stomach trouble resulting from impaired digestion. My physicians, including several of the most eminent specialists in the country, pronounced my case incurable and gave me up.

I went out into the country—though scarcely able to walk—to think things over. I watched the animals on the farm. I noted the scientific feeding practised. I saw how with foods alone the farmer produced the results he wanted—how to produce more milk, he fed his cows certain combinations of foods; how to put fat on hogs, he fed other food combinations; how, to produce muscle in horses, he fed still other food combinations. I learned that *properly balanced rations* produced just the results desired and I saw how *improperly* balanced rations produced wrong results.

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Having been educated to be a physician myself, I determined to try some experiments. Soon I discovered a few basic laws. Gradually I began to improve until from a man who couldn't walk a block without resting, unable to keep even the supposedly most simple meal down, from this I developed into a well man.

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The above is Eugene Christian's own story of his remarkable recovery through correct eating. So amazing were the results in his own case that hundreds of people sought his advice about foods, usually after all other treatments had failed. Since then Christian has treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known with almost unvaried success.

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There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of 24 lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

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McC. 11-18

Caught On a German Raider

[*Continued from page 25*]

But notwithstanding these hardships the men seemed to be merry and bright and showed smiling faces to their captors. They had all evidently made up their minds to keep their end up to the last, and were not to be downed by any bad news or bad treatment the Germans might give them.

The *Wolf*, of course, picked up wireless news every day, printed it, and circulated it throughout the ship in German and English. We did not, however, hear all the news that was picked up, but felt that what we did hear kept us at least a little in touch with the outside world, and we have since been able to verify that, and also to discover that we missed a great deal, too.

The accommodation provided for the married couples on the *Wolf* was situated on the port side upper deck. Some "cabins" had been improvised when the first women and civilian prisoners had been captured, some had been vacated by the officers, and others had been carved out as the number of these prisoners increased. The cabins were, of course, small—there was very little room to spare on the *Wolf*—and, at the best, makeshift contrivances, but it must be admitted that our German captors did all they could to make us as comfortable as possible under the conditions prevailing. The married couples, the Australian military officers and a few elderly civilians messed together in the officers' ward-room, quite a tiny saloon, which was placed at our disposal after the officers had finished their meals.

The food on the *Wolf* was better cooked than it had been toward the last on the *Hitachi*, but there was, of course, no fresh food of any kind. Even the potatoes we had were dried and had to be soaked many hours before they were cooked, and even then they did not much resemble the original article. Occasionally our meals satisfied us as far as quantity went, but in the main we left the table feeling that we could with ease dispose of a great deal more. This was especially the case after breakfast, which consisted of bread and jam only. Each cabin had a German orderly to look after and wait on its occupants, and two German stewards waited on us at meals.

The deck (we were only allowed the port side) was only about six feet wide, and part of this was occupied by spare spars. Sailors and officers, and prisoners to fetch their food, were passing along this deck incessantly all day, so it can be easily imagined there was not much room for sitting about on deck chairs. On this deck, too, was the prisoners' cell, usually called the "calaboose," very rarely without an occupant with an armed sentry on guard. It was not a cheerful abode, being very small and dark; and the prisoner, if his sentence were a long one, served it in instalments of a few days at a time.

We were allowed to go down to the well-deck to see our friends during the daytime. The evenings were the deadliest times of all on the *Wolf*. At dusk, the order *Schiff Abblenden* resounded all through the ship, sailors came round to put tin plates over all the port-holes, and complete darkness prevailed on deck, not a glint of light showing anywhere on the ship.

When the *Wolf* considered herself in dangerous waters, and when laying mines, even smoking was forbidden on deck. All the cabins had a device by which directly the door was open the light went out, only to be relit directly the door closed. So it was impossible for anyone to leave his cabin with the door open and the light on. There was nothing to do in the evenings. There was nowhere to sit except on the dark deck or in the dark cabins; it was so hot that the cabin doors had to be kept open, and the evenings spent on the *Wolf* were certainly very dreary.

The *Wolf* had been one of the Hansa Line before the War, was about 6,000 tons, with a speed of about 10 knots at the outside. She had been thoroughly adapted for her work as a raider, had four torpedo tubes and six guns (said to be 4.7's) with concrete emplacements, not to mention machine and smaller guns, none of which could be seen by a passing ship, to which the *Wolf* looked exactly like an innocent tramp. When in action, her bulwarks dropped, giving free play to her guns and torpedoes. There was telephone communication between her bridge and every gun and every part of the ship; she carried a huge search-light, her masts and funnel were telescopic, and she could rig an extra funnel. She carried large supplies of bombs, hand grenades, rifles and small arms, had hospitals with two doctors on board; among her crew of more than three hundred were representatives of every trade; the officers had the best and most powerful binoculars, and absolutely nothing seemed to have been forgotten. There were, it was said, only three of the officers who were Imperial Navy men, the Commander, the Artillery Officer, and the Lieutenant in charge of the prisoners. All the other officers and a great many of the crew were from the German mercantile marine, who had traveled with, mixed with and lived with Englishmen in many parts of the world. To this we undoubtedly owed the kindly treatment we received on board. The majority of the officers and men were certainly kindly disposed toward us. There is no doubt, however, that their fear that we might be taken by a British cruiser also had something to do with this treatment.

We were forbidden to talk to the crew, but under cover of the darkness some of them, a great number of whom spoke English, were only too glad to speak to us. We learned from them that the *Wolf* had been out a year; they were all very "fed up" with it all, tired of the life, tired of the food, longing to get home, and longing for the war to end. They had, too, no doubts as to how it would end, and were certain that the *Wolf* would get back to Germany whenever she wished to.

They were certain three things would bring them victory: their submarines, the defection of Russia who would soon be made to conclude peace with Germany, and the fact that in their opinion America had entered the War too late.

The interests of the *Wolf* were now, to a certain extent identical with our own—that we should not meet an Allied cruiser. A notice was posted in some of our cabins saying that in that event the women with their husbands, and some other prisoners would be put into boats with a white flag, "if weather and other conditions permitted." The other prisoners, however, viz., those under the poop and on the 'tween decks, would have had no chance of being saved. They would all have been battened down under hatches (this indeed was done whenever the *Wolf* sighted or captured a ship, or when mines were being sown, and armed guards with hand grenades sent among them.

The *Wolf* with a company of over 700 on board sailed away on a southwesterly course for the next two days, and the usual routine of the ship went on, but no further drills took place. Soon after daybreak on November 10th, a sailor came along and locked us all in our cabins, armed guards patrolled the decks, and a short time after, an officer came to each cabin and informed us there was a steamer on the starboard side which the *Wolf* intended to capture. He told us the *Wolf* would fire on her to stop. We waited for the sound of the guns, but nothing happened, and in about half an hour the same officer came along and said to us, "Don't be fearful, the other ship has stopped and there will be no firing!" Our cabin doors were unlocked, and the men on the upper deck were allowed out. An officer ran along the deck saying "We've catched her, we've catched her, a neutral this time!"

The "catched" vessel had stopped and was lying very near the *Wolf*. The name on her stern proclaimed her to be the *Igotz Mendi* of Bilboa, and she was flying the Spanish flag. In a short time a prize crew left the *Wolf* in her motor launch, and proceeded to the other ship. After they had been aboard her a few minutes, a message came back that the Spanish ship was from Delagoa Bay to Colombo with a cargo of 5,800 tons of coal for the British Admiralty authorities in Ceylon. The chagrin of the Germans may be imagined when they realized that they had captured this ship just three days too late to save the *Hitachi*. Here was a ship with ample coal which, had it been captured a few days before, would have enabled the Germans to save the *Hitachi* and take her as a prize to Germany, as they had always desired to do. The *Igotz Mendi* had left Lourenço Marquez on November 5th, and was due at Colombo on the 22nd. Before 9 A. M. on the morning of the capture, both ships had turned about and were going

back on the course the *Wolf* had followed since the destruction of the *Hitachi*. Discussion was rife among the prisoners as to what would be done with the new capture, and whether the Commander of the *Wolf* would redeem his promise to transfer the married couples to the "next ship caught."

The two ships steamed along in company for the next three days, usually stopping toward sunset for communications and sending orders.

At daybreak on the 13th both ships arrived at the Nazareth Bank, and before 9 A. M. were lashed together. On such occasions the *Wolf* never dropped anchor, for she might have to be up and away at the slightest warning; the prize ship was always the one to drop anchor. Again the daring and coolness of our captors amazed us. Coaling from the *Igotz Mendi* to the *Wolf* at once began, and a wireless installation was immediately rigged up by the Germans on the Spanish ship. Coaling proceeded all that day, and the German officers and crews on both ships were very busy.

On the morning of the 14th, orders were given to the married couples on the *Wolf* to get their light baggage ready at once for transference to the Spanish ship, as she and the *Wolf* might have to separate at any moment. Our heavy baggage would be transferred if time allowed. Evidently, something was in the air, some wireless message had been picked up, as the seaplane was being brought up from the 'tween decks, and assembled in great haste on the well-deck. The *Wölfchen* went up about 4:20 P. M. and returned about 5:30 and in the interval our heavy baggage had been brought up from the *Wolf's* hold ready to be transshipped to the *Igotz Mendi*. We did not understand at the time why the Germans were so considerate to us in the matter of baggage — but later on, a great deal later on, light dawned on us! At dusk that evening the married people were transferred to the Spanish ship. The next morning we were still alongside the *Wolf* and remained there till the morning of the 17th.

The message the seaplane had brought back had evidently been a reassuring one, and we heard a long time afterward that the *Wolf* had picked up a wireless from a Japanese cruiser, presumably looking for the *Hitachi*, only thirty miles away. Hence the alarm! Unfortunately for us, if this report were true, the cruiser did not turn aside to look in the most obvious place where a ship like the *Wolf* would hide.

Coaling proceeded without cessation till the morning of the 17th. Passengers on mail boats familiar with the process of coaling ship can imagine the condition of these ships, after three or four days incessant coaling day and night.

The captain of the Spanish ship was now relieved of his duties — and also of his cabin, which the German Captain had annexed. He was naturally very chagrined at the course events had taken, especially as he said he had been informed by the Consul at Lourenço Marquez that the course between there and Colombo was quite clear, and had not even been notified of the disappearance of the *Hitachi*, though she had been overdue at Delagoa Bay about a month. Consequently he had been showing his navigation lights at sea, and without them the *Wolf* probably would not have seen him, as it was about 1 A. M. when the *Wolf* picked him up. The remaining Spanish officers took their watch on the bridge, always with a member of the prize crew in attendance, the Spanish engineers remained in charge of the engine-room, again with a German always present, and the Spanish crew remained on duty as before. There was a prize crew of nine Germans on board; the Captain, Lieutenant Rose, and the first officer, being the only officers. Lieutenant Rose spoke Spanish in addition to English and French, and the Spanish Captain also spoke very good English. Some of the Spanish officers also spoke English, but the knowledge of it was not so general as on the *Wolf*.

The *Igotz Mendi* was a ship admirably fitted for her purpose, which, however, was not that of carrying passengers. Ordinarily she was a collier, or carried iron ore. Her decks were of iron, scorchingly hot in the tropics, and icy cold in northern latitudes. There was no place sheltered from the sun in which to sit on the small deck space. There were no cabins except those provided for the officers, who generously gave them up to the married couples on board, the officers taking quarters much more crowded. The cabins were quite suitable for one occupant each, but very cramped for two. Each contained one bunk and one settee, the latter being a sleeping place far from comfortable. There were four cabins, two on each side of a narrow alleyway. The port cabins opposite to it were occupied by an old Mauritius-Indian woman and her little granddaughter, the Japanese stewardess, the Australian stewardess already mentioned, and a colored man going to South Africa with his Chinese wife. Rather crowded quarters, not to mention somewhat unseemly conditions! The Asiatic passengers had been "intermediate" passengers on the *Hitachi i. e.*, between the second-class and deck passengers. Four of the men prisoners from the *Hitachi* occupied a space under the poop, it could not be dignified with the name of cabin. It was very small, only one occupant could dress at a time, and immediately in front of it was a reeking pigsty with three full-sized occupants. The passage to it from the saloon on the upper deck was often a perilous one in rough weather and on dark nights, for there was never any lights on board at night.

This, then, was to be our home for the next few months. We did not know for how long, but we regarded the prospect with a certain amount of equanimity, as the ship was unarmed, and we knew we should not be fired on by a hostile cruiser, as might have been the case if we had remained on the *Wolf*.

When we arrived on the Spanish boat we were served with meals at the same time to which the Spanish officers had been accustomed, *i. e.*, breakfast at 9 and supper at 4, but these times were soon afterward changed to breakfast at 8:30, tiffin 12:30, and supper at 5:30. We were lucky to get fresh food for some days. But this soon came to an end, though the stock of muscatels, a quince preserve, and Spanish wine lasted very much longer. There was on board a certain amount of live stock — some chickens, and a couple of cows each of which had a calf born on board.

For many days after we parted company with the *Wolf* we ambled and dawdled through the sea on a southwesterly course, sometimes stopping for half a day, sometimes for a whole day. The monotony of this performance was deadly beyond words. On one of these days, the Captain offered to land us at Mauritius on the following morning and give himself up with the crew and ship if we could raise £100,000 for him. Unfortunately, we couldn't!

On the afternoon of the 23rd, the Germans became very agitated at the sight of smoke on the horizon. At first we all thought it was the *Wolf*, but before long we could see two columns of smoke, evidently coming from two steamers traveling together. The prisoners then became very agitated, as help might be at hand. But the Germans at once changed the course, and manœuvered at full speed in such a way that we soon got out of sight of the smoke, when we resumed our original course again, after having boxed the compass more than once, and the German Captain came down from the bridge and told us there was no relief for us yet.

On the 24th day we again met the *Wolf* in the evening. Whenever the *Wolf* had an appointment to meet her prize at a certain time and place, the prize always hoisted recognition signals directly she saw the *Wolf* on the horizon. These were made of wicker, and varied in shape on different occasions.

We were now well to the south of Africa, in the roaring forties, and we saw many schools of whales, and albatrosses accompanied us for many days. By December 1st we had begun to steer northwest, and on the 3rd the Captain informed us we were the nearest we should ever be to Cape Town, the port to which I had set out. We were then 150 miles off. We met the *Wolf* again on the 5th and traveled in her company during the remainder of that day and the next two, stopping as usual for communication and the sending of stores to us in the evenings just before sunset. Often, when the ships stopped, Lieutenant Rose would go aboard the *Wolf*, another lieutenant boarding us and remaining in charge during his absence. The *Wolf* on this occasion told us she had sunk the American sailing vessel, *John H. Kirby*, from America to East London with a cargo of 400 motor cars on board, when two days from her destination, the officers and crew being taken on board the *Wolf*.

The evening of December 7th was the last we saw of the *Wolf* for days. The two ships now shaped a course for the Brazilian Island of Trinidad, where it was understood the *Wolf* would coal from her prize, and with her spend the Christmas holidays.

[*More of this next month*]

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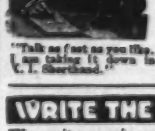

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by **Paul Tomlinson**

HOW many people are wondering what they will say when peace comes and they are asked the question "What did you do in the War?" We read of the deeds our soldiers are performing, the victories the Allies are winning, and we envy those in the thick of it. The work we are doing at home often seems futile, and we find it hard to keep up our interest. We feel that the men at the Front are the only ones who are really doing their duty, and we dread that question which we know must be answered when the War is over. To many a man it is harder to stay than it is to go.

Now this feeling is a perfectly natural one, but is it entirely justified? It is, of course, a fact that the army is bearing the brunt of the War; they are the ones who are engaged in driving the Huns out of France, who are risking or giving their lives in the effort. At the same time it is well to remember that if we are to maintain our forces in the field, goods must be produced, values accumulated, and money made. Every one of us is really in the army, even though we are not in uniform. Everything we do affects our armed forces in one way or another. Just as the army is essential to our safety, so our efforts are necessary if the army is to exist.

The duty of staying at home and carrying on the day's work is urgent. Certainly there is work, and enough, for all. Some one must do it, and though it may not be spectacular, and will not bring the *Croix de Guerre* or the Distinguished Service Cross as its reward, it is none the less important. A man can do his duty in his home and his office as well as on the battle-line.

At the present time — to state a concrete instance — there is a work for us to do on the success of which may depend the ability of our armies to achieve victory. Six billion dollars of bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan are offered for sale by the Government. With this money, guns, ammunition, food, and equipment of all kinds will be purchased; ships will be built to carry these stores to Europe; railroads will be built to rush them to the Front. And when these supplies reach there our soldiers will be correspondingly better prepared to wage the great fight for freedom in which they are engaged.

Without equipment an army is helpless; without money it is impossible to get equipment. What part of the six billion are you going to take? Are you going to wait until the canvasser appears at your house and begs you to subscribe? Or are you going down to the bank and subscribe of your own accord to the very limit of your ability? If you adopt the latter course you can honestly say you are helping to win the War.

There is another side to the question. Imagine the feelings of the German war lords when they hear that the United States raised this vast sum of money within three weeks. Will they still be able to blind the eyes of the German people to what we are doing? Or will everyone in Germany come to know that we are in the War heart and soul, and to a victorious conclusion? Their soldiers know from experience how well our men can fight. They must also know that backed by our dollars they make a combination impossible to beat. It will be a great advertisement on our part; the most powerful ever written. The feeling that exists in the United States will be published throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and results will be immediate and important.

IT is not only your patriotic duty to help pay for this advertisement; it is an opportunity. It is a chance for you to help win the War. Moreover, the whole policy of our Government is to bend every effort to ending the struggle as quickly as possible. The quicker it ends the fewer Liberty Loans there will be, and when peace comes Liberty Bonds will have no rivals as investments. Remember, therefore, that when you subscribe you are not only helping the Government, but yourself as well. What aids one, benefits the other. Buying Liberty Bonds is not an excuse for boasting; it is a cause for self-congratulation. This is the critical moment of the War. Now is the time to help; this is your opportunity. Do you remember how the Ancients personified Opportunity? He had long hair in front, and was bald behind. Seize him when he comes your way or he will slip from your grasp.

But you may say, "We know all this. We have heard it all before. The people of this country are intelligent. They know their duty without having to be told." Why then should band concerts, parades, tons of literature, and great advertising and publicity campaigns be required to fire our citizens with sufficient enthusiasm to make them subscribe? Ask our soldiers in France about it. They are risking their lives for thirty dollars a month; you don't risk anything and you get paid four and one-quarter per cent. on the best investment in the world. All that should be necessary is for the Government to put an announcement in the papers reading something as follows: "On Saturday, the twenty-eighth instant, subscriptions will be received at every bank and post-office in the United States for the purchase of Liberty Bonds of the Fourth Loan. The bonds will bear interest at four and one-quarter per cent., and as the issue is limited to six billion dollars it is advisable that your subscription be made early in the day to insure its acceptance."

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Perhaps you read the account of the experience an observer at the Front had with some of our men who had been gassed. More than a hundred big, strapping, rosy-cheeked, clean-looking boys lay stretched on the ground gasping and choking for breath, their voices husky, and great red sores appearing on their bodies where the gas had burned them. The observer heard two of them talking, but their talk was not of the rest they were to have, or of the trip back home perhaps. Not at all. They were trying to fix the exact time of the gas attack in order to figure out when they could return to the fighting-line. That is the spirit of our armies.

What is the spirit of the people back home? When we hear that our Marines saved Paris we hold our heads a bit higher, and our breath comes more quickly. We feel as if we were entitled to some of the credit ourselves. When we read of a friend cited for bravery, we are proud, and perhaps a little conceited because he is a friend of ours. "When those boys come back, they can have anything they want," is a remark we often hear. We are pardonably proud of the way our army is conducting itself. But the War is not over yet. Germany is still strong, and ready to take full advantage of our slightest relaxation. We do not expect our armies to give them an opening. Have not our armies the right to expect as much from us?

There is always the danger of underestimating one's opponent. But our fighting men do not make that mistake. They know the German for what he is,—a member of the greatest military organization the world has ever seen, a brave soldier, and one who in nine cases out of ten will fight to the death rather than surrender. Those are the men opposing our armies, and our soldiers are only human; they need every available resource that our country can produce, and the moral support which we can give them through the purchase of Liberty Bonds. They also need our money. If we are sincere in saying that we are with our armies to the end, here is our chance to prove it. Buy Liberty Bonds. There are few things more important in the winning of the War.

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Platinum

A War-Time Appeal to American Women

by **Cleveland Moffett**

WE have been told that various things are to win this War—ships, food, guns, money, airplanes, etc. And now we are told by scientists that platinum may win the War. Platinum is of supreme importance in the present military situation, so much so that, without platinum, it is certain the War cannot be won.

Platinum is a little like radium in this, that the world's supply of it is extremely limited. All the platinum that has been dug out of the earth since the metal was discovered seventy-five years ago could be contained in a small bedroom; and all the available platinum in the United States to-day could be packed in a steamer trunk.

The only way to get more platinum is to get it from the Ural Mountains in Russia, which are not doing business with us in these days for obvious reasons.

What has platinum to do with winning the War?

Simply this—platinum is absolutely necessary in the making of sulphuric and nitric acids, and these acids are required to the extent of thousands of tons a day in the manufacture of war explosives. Lloyd George has said that sulphuric acid is the life-blood of England.

Platinum is essential in the manufacture of pyrometers, required for the production of steel and guns. Platinum stands back of most of the complicated electrolytic processes by means of which the power of Niagara Falls is made to fight Germany. Without platinum we should have no fuses for our shells. In short, without platinum we cannot send the precious Hohenzollern family to their permanent home on St. Helena Island, where they belong.

The encouraging thing about platinum is that it may be used over and over again in manufacturing processes, just as a sponge is used over and over again. It is practically indestructible. A small quantity of platinum, for example, will produce continuously for an indefinite period a large quantity of sulphuric acid. One platinum scarf pin, an expert tells me, might produce sulphuric acid enough to provide explosives to fill ten cartridges an hour and keep it up for a decade, or longer.

A few years ago, when platinum was cheaper than gold, it was not particularly appreciated in jewelry. It is not beautiful, it looks like lead; but now that it has become five times as costly as gold, some selfish jewelers have suddenly discovered its great desirability, and are pushing the sale of "patriotic" engagement rings with "light and graceful platinum settings"; and they have designed a "patriotic" wedding-ring, "engraved all around its platinum circle with stars!"

Alas, for such "patriotism!"

American chemists and ammunition makers view this situation with alarm, for already our supply of platinum is inadequate to the needs of our ammunition factories, and it will become more and more inadequate, as these needs increase. President Wilson says we may have to send 5,000,000 soldiers to France—or more! How are we going to provide ammunition for these soldiers without platinum?

We are in such desperate need of this precious metal that the Government has already commandeered seventy-five per cent. of all platinum reserves held by all the jewelers in the United States, and the Government may soon be compelled to commandeer all the platinum jewelry belonging to the women of America, all rings, brooches, necklaces, ornaments of every sort containing platinum. Long ago German women gave up all their jewelry to help the fatherland!

Let the patriotic women of America ponder these facts (I give them on the highest scientific authority) before they purchase or accept as gifts any articles of jewelry made in whole or in part of platinum.

Let the wives, the mothers, the sweethearts of America remember that we have given our sacred promise to back up our boys in France to the limit of our power and that this will be a lying promise unless we see to it that every ounce of platinum in the United States is conserved for war needs.

Thousands of American women, especially in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, realize this and are fighting loyally against the use or manufacture of platinum jewelry, but, hundreds of thousands have no idea that, when they accept a ring set in platinum or any ornament containing platinum, they are accepting something that may be paid for with the blood of American soldiers.

Merry Christmas Reading

in the December McClure's

ONE of the merriest things in the magazine will be "Something Different," by Alexine Hyland. This story is as sturdy and exhilarating as a glass of brisk Christmas punch. Do not fail to take some of it. Then there is another story: "Some Day I'm Going to Kiss You!" by Dana Gatlin, who always offers a fictional treat to our readers. "Patriautocracy," by Porter Emerson Browne, has not one flagging word in its stirring appeal. And "Out of the Depths," an adaptation by Mildred Cram of some remarkable submarine stories, is exhilarating for all its tragedy. These, and many other new features, and the continuation of old popular ones, will complete our wonderful holiday number.

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The See-Saw — *Continued from page 45*

some of the amusing, daring things that Leila had said to him — they really weren't worth while telling Marcia; indeed, they wouldn't sound funny if he repeated them. He'd tried it before and he found that Leila's wit was only for the moment.

Leila was in Marcia's mind, too. She had not wanted her to come, but she had learned to accept the unexpected where Harleth was concerned. That they had lunched together she did not mind at all — she was quite above any petty jealousy for herself. It was for Harleth that she was jealous. She did not want him to appear — well, — not quite fine — in his own house. It made people — imagine things. "Anyway, I won't be silly and peevish and act as if I cared," she told herself, and came back from her meditations to see Harleth telling Sako to bring cognac with the coffee. She could not help a little gesture of discouragement. That was another thing that had come with his success — a constant need of stimulant.

"He doesn't really need it, either," thought Marcia, resentfully. "He's taking more than usual this evening because he knows I don't like to see him. Oh, my poor headstrong foolish little boy — that's all he is." And she was suddenly tenderly maternal and pitiful of him.

"What are you thinking about, looking so solemn?" asked Harleth. Then, a spark of laughter coming into his slanted, faun-like eyes, "Oh, I see — you're peeved because I didn't offer you any cognac."

"Nasty stuff," said Marcia. "No, I wasn't envying your disgusting orgie. I was thinking about my new frock. I've been frightfully extravagant and I glory in my shame."

"Delighted!" quoth Harleth. "Now come along and let's see that list. I know who's going to be the belle of the ball, all right." And he put his arms around her and fox-trotted her all the way to the library.

In the privacy of the library he stopped and held her tight for a moment. "You're the most beautiful woman in the world — and the best and the dearest and the sweetest and the loveliest. You know I love you, don't you, Marcia?"

She did not answer, but laid her cheek against his shoulder, and put a little kiss on the cloth of his coat. Nothing in the world mattered when Harleth was like this.

Chapter II

EVERY woman has at least one — usually only one — entirely dependable woman friend. This was the rôle played by Belle Percy to Marcia Crossey. On the afternoon of the eighteenth she welcomed her at the door, quite scandalizing Sako by her impatience.

"My dear! Was the train late? I thought you'd never get here."

"It was late," said Belle, pushing away the veil from her fair, plump face. "I looked for Leila, but didn't see her."

"She'll come on the next train, I dare say," said Marcia. She almost added that that was the train Harleth would come out on, hence ——

"I'm so glad to be here," went on Belle. "And how *wonderful* the house looks! I've never seen anything so lovely.

"How big and open it all is when you see it cleared out like this. And the garlands, Marcia! That was your own idea, I know."

"Yes — aren't they jolly looped like that? The music will be on the balcony. We're going to dance in the enclosed porch, too — I like that best of all."

"So do I!" declared Belle. "And oh, the flowers! It's like a garden out here."

"That's how I wanted it to look," said Marcia. "But come — Baby will be in bed and asleep and I do want you to see him before that. His eyes are getting darker, Belle."

"Thrilling!" exclaimed Belle. "You don't look a bit tired, Marcia. I had expected you to have the regulation haggard-hostess look. I was planning to outshine you with my calm, healthy expression." And she went off into a fit of irresistible giggles.

As they went up the stairs, Marcia said: "I'm so glad you got here before Leila. I'll tell you honestly, Belle, I wasn't going to ask Leila at all. I'm *fed up* with her. But Harleth met her in town one day and told her about the affair and said we wanted her to come. He probably made her think the success of the party rested on her presence."

"He wouldn't need to tell her, she'd think so anyway," said Belle. "I, too, have had a little too much of Leila, ever and anon. But I wouldn't say that to anyone else, for it would be promptly said that all plain women dislike beauties on principle. Not that I think Leila is a beauty — but she is by way of giving that impression."

There was a sudden commotion below — hurrying feet — a staccato voice — laughter. Marcia turned to Belle.

"Leila's here," she said. "Let me take you to your room and then I'll hurry down."

LEILA met her half way — delicately slim — a *boulevardière* from her severe little hat and her clicking earrings, to her high-heeled pumps. She held out slender hands — she was slender all over, but it was a slenderness of live and supple flesh, without so much as a hint of bones or angles. If you have seen Ruth St. Denis's arms in the Cobra dance, you have seen the effect that Leila Templeton tried — and succeeded extraordinarily well — to achieve with her body. Her head was small and her hair was straight and sleek and shining. Her eyes were the least bit heavy — when she wasn't animated. She held out her chin a little, because the line was better so. Most notable of all, she had studied and worked at her effects with infinite care and, having found what she wanted, had so much made them a part of herself that she was not conscious of them.

"Don't bother to come down," she said, kissing Marcia lightly on the cheek. "Harleth's bringing me up. I want to make a very grand toilette to-night, and it will take me hours!" She opened her lips very little when she talked. It was the greatest defect of her face that her teeth were neither quite even nor very white, though she had had everything possible done to make them so.

"It's sweet to have you," said Marcia, lying amiably and returning the kiss. "Belle came on the train just before."

"I waited for Harleth," said Leila, "or rather, he waited for me. We had to run to catch the train, and my bag flew open so that I left a trail of handkerchiefs and powder-puff and lip stick and my little mirror all the way through the waiting-room."

"Strangely enough," mocked Harleth, following them, "all of them were picked up and restored to her, as the train pulled out, by a dozen or more obliging male bystanders. I think she did it on purpose."

"It wouldn't be the first time," said Marcia. "Run along, Harleth. Leila and Belle and I are going to have a little five-minute chatterfest before we dress."

"Remember all those dances you promised me," Harleth called after them.

"Don't bother about Belle now," said Leila to Marcia. "I want all the time I can get to dress. How are you, dear? You're looking awfully fagged — I suppose it's an enormous bother to give parties out in the suburbs. I *do* wish you'd move in town."

"And leave my angel house? Leila, you're crazy. Here's your room and I'll send you a maid. Dinner isn't until eight, you know, so you have plenty of time."

She ran away to her own room, putting her hands on her burning cheeks. Fagged indeed! But what was the use of being angry with Leila? She wondered what sort of dress she was going to wear — evidently it was to startle and overpower. Then she thought of her own dress and she did a little exultant *pas seul* in the wide hallway before her door. It was almost too lovely. . . .

She was still more delighted when she got into it, the shimmer and sheen and shine of it draped so easily, so satisfyingly around her, and trailed off unexpectedly into the most piquant of little fish-tailed trains. And there was much delicate transparency of tulle over the creaminess of her skin. . . . her arms . . . her bosom. She took up a mirror and examined critically, trying not to feel elated, the lovely curve at the back of her neck, as it turned into the waves of her hair. Imogen had surpassed herself with that hair. She had refused to put an ornament in it.

She hesitated over her jewels. While she was hesitating, weighing a pink topaz pendant in her hand and regarding it thoughtfully, Harleth came into the room. In his dress suit, he was, oddly enough, more faun-like than ever. He was smiling, too, as if he had a thoroughly delightful secret.

He came up behind her, looking at her in the mirror, over her shoulder. He whistled between his teeth.

"Marcia!" he cried, "you're — you're absolutely *edible!* I forbid you to wear anything else but this dress as long as you live. And with it . . . *this.*"

He drew his hand out of his pocket and deftly clasped something about her neck, then stepped back, watching her. It was a string of pearls, well-matched, rose-tinted, long enough almost to touch the edge of the tulle décolletage. The clasp was a cluster of diamonds set in a little heart. He had not told her he was going to get it. But that was always his way with any gift.

"They're not so lovely as your flesh," he said, gloatingly.

"They're the loveliest things I ever saw!" cried Marcia, "and just what I needed. Truly, Harleth, aren't I — well — *very nice?*" She revolved before him, one hand touching the pearls, the other holding up her absurd little train.

"You're the peachiest thing I ever saw," he told her. "I'm so sorry for all the other men — the poor devils who didn't marry you."

She flushed deliciously and slipped her hands into his. "And I'm so sorry for all the other women," she said, "the poor wretches who didn't marry you." Then she loosened her hands. "We must fly!" she exclaimed. "I hear people beginning to come."

Belle joined them before they had been down a moment and exclaimed at sight of Marcia. "Oh, you silver and white angel!" she said. "How I wish I dared wear anything but black."

More and more of the guests were coming. There were the Dwights — she talkative, he silent, both hopelessly bromidic. Then came the Reuben Joneses, somewhat oppressed with their money and their family tree, but striving to be amiable. The Raymonds followed — Ursula's blue satin gown badly put on and her hair looking as if she had never combed it, yet infinitely attractive with her whimsical face and dark-lashed eyes, while Henry Raymond followed her in the most impeccable correctness of attire. Tiny Morrison, blowsy and high-colored from riding and golf, came bouncing in, followed by Jason Hooker, her fiancé, a quiet Beaux-Arts architect, who hated athletics. Curtis Jennings was almost late — but came in beaming. After he had spoken to everyone, he drew away a little from the crowd, so that he could look at Marcia undisturbed and fill his hungry eyes with her beauty. John and Timmy Appleton, brothers, bachelors, inseparable companions, followed Curt. Finally came the Harts — old William Hart and *his* wife, and young William Hart and *his* wife, charming people who had brains and breeding and money for countless generations before them.

There was a pause. "What are we waiting for?" asked Harleth, a little impatiently.

"For Leila," said Marcia, and as she spoke, Leila entered.

SHE had put on a flesh-colored gown, simple, delicate and clinging, and so accurately toned to the hue of her neck and arms that no one could tell where it began or ended. It outlined her as definitely as a bathing-suit and with the most insolent innocence. It made her look—naked. And it made all the other women look overdressed. She had put square emeralds with tiny diamonds about them in her ears, and a comb of brilliants in her dark shining hair, but she wore no other jewelry. She looked directly toward Harleth Crossey, and as she stood for a moment, still, from her eyes to his there leaped a spark of understanding.

Then she came forward slowly, so that everyone could see her and be shocked or pleased, according to their taste. Mrs. Reuben Jones fumbled for her lorgnette — and frankly stared. Then Marcia made a gesture and Sako and his assistant entered with trays of cocktails.

This broke the spell of Leila's entrance, and the groups of guests shifted and reformed, in the easy informality of people who know each other well. Timmy Appleton, always a clown, did a foolish bit of sleight of hand with his cocktail, pretending to let it fall and then catching it again without spilling a drop, and everybody laughed. There was a general movement toward the dining-room, and as they went Harleth Crossey managed to whisper into Leila's ear: "Did you borrow Mary Garden's 'Aphrodite' costume?" To which she replied, with

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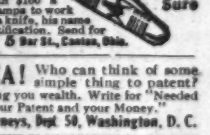

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a sarcastic, downward quirk of her red lips, "Naughty, naughty, Harleth! Better not let Marcia hear you." But before he could say anything more, they were at table and though Leila was seated where he could see her, she was too far away to speak to.

It was a very well-planned dinner — piquant throughout and not too heavy. A little table fountain — two dancing nymphs in an oval marble bowl — set in a garden of tiny growing plants, a real garden in miniature, with Japanese cedars for trees and violets and forget-me-nots and the smallest rose-bushes, all covered with wee flowers — this was the decoration. Candlesticks of white Italian lustre held the lights. It was all very lovely and Marcia Crossey felt from the first moment that things were going well. People were amused. They were talking. The men were eating everything, and, of course, she had not expected the women to eat. She glanced down at Harleth. Ursula Raymond — he always enjoyed Ursula — sat at one side of him and Mrs. William Hart the elder at the other, another of his greatest favorites. He was talking, very gaily, and with that keenness of ear with which the one voice is always listened for, Marcia noted that his gaiety was a little strident, a little loud. And he was not eating. But he was drinking, steadily, emptying his glass as fast as it was filled, and she noted, too, that his eyes were set in one direction. He was looking at Leila Templeton. Marcia shrugged her shoulders and turned to Curtis Jennings.

"WHAT is it about Leila," she asked, frankly, "that attracts men so much? She isn't clever — she isn't sweet. She isn't, when you come right down to it, so wonderfully good-looking. So far as I can see, she entirely lacks what Barrie calls 'charrrm.' What is it, Curt?"

"If you ask me," said Curtis, drily, "I'll tell you in one word — provocation. Likewise, sex. I don't mean that she's feminine — I mean she's female."

"For heaven's sake," gasped Marcia, "I didn't know what I was asking."

"I admit I was coarse," returned Curtis, "but you asked me — and I answered you, according to the best of my belief and opinion. However, we won't pursue the subject. Personally, I'm not interested."

"Personally," Marcia longed to answer, "I am. I must be, when I see Harleth looking at her like that."

She was thankful when the dinner was over and the younger set began to come for the dancing. It was a relief just to be able to move about and get out of sight of Leila and Harleth, for as soon as the dinner was over he had joined her and they had been dancing together with a disregard of his duties as host that could not but be marked. Marcia danced, too, again and again. She smiled and laughed and talked, not knowing in the least wha she was saying, for by this time she was both exasperated and afraid.

Belle Percy, who had been dancing with Jason Hooker, an old friend, spoke impulsively to him about it. "It's perfectly fiendish the way Harleth is behaving. And Leila, too. I could shake them both."

"You're quite right," returned Jason. "I think Crossey's behaving like a bad-mannered fool. The only thing I can see to do, however, is to play up to Mrs. Crossey and see that everyone has a bully time, so that she won't worry about the party being a failure."

Harleth and his partner were quite aware of the atmosphere of disapproval that surrounded them. Leila did not care — she enjoyed that sort of thing. Harleth did not care — because he had been drinking steadily between dances. This, added to what he had drunk at dinner, kept him in a high and airy world of his own, peopled only by himself and this very pliant, warm woman, who leaned so near him, and answered his daring inconsequences in kind. His faun's eyes shone brilliantly, and he laughed a great deal.

"We're having so much better time than anyone else here," he said to Leila. "I can't thank you enough for coming. The joke of it all is that Marcia didn't intend to ask you at all." He laughed again.

Leila's chin flew up spiritedly, but he did not notice. "She wasn't going to ask me?" she drew him along. "Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Harleth. "Said you were tiresome, I think, or something like that. Isn't that *funny*?" He fairly rocked with the drollness of it.

"I'll score off Marcia for that," thought Leila, spitefully. She turned to Harleth and leaned against his shoulder. "Wouldn't it be great to go out in a car for half an hour's joy?" she asked. "I'm tired of dancing. We could be back long before people begin to go. I'll slip up and get a big cloak and tie a veil over my head and you meet me at the side door. Let's take your roadster. Don't tell anyone."

"All right," he readily agreed. "We'll just run up to the Crossroads and back. Hurry."

It had only been a momentary freak thought with Leila, but a plan was slowly forming in her mind. When she came downstairs again, very quietly, all muffled in a great furred cape, she had thought it out — a little. She would try to keep Harleth out until after the guests were gone. What a humiliation that would be for Marcia! And it would not be hard, Leila thought, to make Marcia think it was all Harleth's fault.

The little roadster, piloted by a sulky and astonished Wasson, slid quietly up to the side door as she came out. She looked about and the red tip of a cigarette shining in the darkness indicated Harleth's presence. Now he came forward and helped her in, as Wasson got out. He settled himself beside her and they ran slowly down the drive and out into the street. At a better pace they purred through the town, with its wide streets and big sleeping houses. At last they were in the country. And now they began to speed.

Leila cuddled herself low in the car, so that the wind of their wild ride could not strike her full force, pulled her cape about her in thick softness, then closed her eyes and gave herself to the enjoyment of motion — motion that seemed powerful enough to go through any obstacle; motion that seemed to go on and on without limit of time or space.

She leaned forward and put her lips to Harleth's ear. "Don't stop at the Crossroads," she said. "I want to go on and on forever."

He nodded — the speed fever had got him, too — and they went on faster and faster until the roadsides were a blur and the moon before them down the road danced a wavering, jerky saraband against the dim horizon line.

The cold rush of air steadied and soothed Harleth's excited nerves. Gradually his head cleared and he began to think. He was sobering rapidly now and he wondered, somewhat vaguely, why he had ever been such a fool as to come out in the night on this silly ride when he ought to be at home doing the decent thing among his guests. He slowed the car somewhat abruptly.

"What's the matter?" said Leila, without stirring. "No gas?"

"We've come a lot farther than I intended and we've got to get back as fast as we can. Good Lord" — he pulled out his watch and fumblingly struck a match to see it by. "It's almost two o'clock. What time did we leave anyway?"

"I don't know," said Leila. (She did know; it had been just one o'clock.) "I don't care either — it's been glorious. Let's go on a little bit," she coaxed. "I can't bear to go back yet."

But Harleth was turning the car around and trying to keep out of the ditch. "It doesn't make a great deal of difference what you want, my dear," he replied. "We're going to get back and get back as fast as we can. I'll look an awful fool if I'm not there when people begin to go home, you know. Too much champagne cup and too much you have gone to my head to-night, but this air has sobered me up. Now sit tight — I'm going to hit the high places."

It was almost at the same minute that the Hart family was deciding to go home.

"I'm too old for this all-night junketing," said Mr. Hart, Senior, bidding Marcia good night. "But we've had a wonderful evening. If my wife and daughter-in-law weren't here, I'd tell you that you've achieved what most hostesses can't — to be the belle of your own party." He beamed on Marcia.

"Don't mind me, William," said his wife, in pretended aggrievement. "Say all the pretty speeches you want to Marcia — they're all true. I'm glad I've come to years of discretion where I don't have to worry about who's the belle of the party any more. But where is Harleth? I want to say good night to him, too."

THE distress in Marcia's eyes was easily comprehended, and the older woman went on easily. "Tell him good night for me, won't you, dear? I know he'll be here in a minute, but I'm so disgracefully sleepy, I simply can't wait. Come, William. Come, children."

Marcia put out a suppliant hand to Curtis Jennings, who was, as usual, hovering near. "Curt," she said, "will you see if you can find Harleth? I've missed him this last half hour or so. I've asked the servants and none of them can find him. I — I don't know quite what to do next. He must be sick — or — or —" she hesitated.

"I'll find him," said Curtis. "Don't worry another second. Go on dancing. People aren't going to go yet — the Harts always leave early."

He hurried to the butler's pantry. Sako was there and looked up with his polite smile.

"Send me Mrs. Crossey's maid as quickly as you can," said Curtis.

Sako disappeared and was back in the shortest of spaces with Imogen. Curtis motioned her a little aside.

"Do you know where Miss Templeton is?" he asked, warily.

"HO, yes, that I do," she said. "I 'ad it from Wasson in the servants' sittin'-room aright away it 'appened. 'Er an' Mr. Crossey 'as gone out for a joy-ride, in the little car!"

"When did they go?" asked Curtis.

"H'over an hour ago, sir," she said.

"Is Wasson in the servants' sitting-room now?"

"No, sir."

Curtis turned to the house telephone and called the garage. "Wasson, this is Mr. Jennings speaking for Mrs. Crossey. What time did Mr. Crossey go out in the roadster?"

"A few minutes after one, sir."

"Did he say when he'd be back, or where he was going?"

"He didn't say anything, sir," replied Wasson; then, hesitating, "The fact is, Mr. Jennings — Mr. Crossey wasn't quite himself, sir. I felt awful worried seeing him go out that way."

Curtis banged the telephone up with a fervent "Damn!" Here was a nice little mess. And what was he going to tell Marcia? After a moment's reflection, he decided to tell her the truth — with a few embellishments. He hurried back and "cut in" determinedly on her partner.

"I've found out all about it," he said, whirling her away. "He and Leila went out for a little spin in the roadster. They only meant to go a few miles — some foolish notion of Leila's about getting a breath of air, I believe — and evidently they've had a puncture, or run out of gas, or something like that. There's no one to send to look for them just at the minute — Wasson's got to be in the garage until everyone's gone, you know; but if they aren't back by that time, he and I will both go." He regarded her anxiously to see what effect this story would have.

Marcia took it gamely. "I see," she said. "Thank you, Curt. I think — I think I'll tell people that he's ill — if they ask." She stood, wrinkling her forehead, suddenly only a pathetic, worried little girl in great trouble.

"That's it," said Curt, eagerly. "And I'll watch to see when they come back. Don't say anything unless you have to, Marcia."

In his heart he was saying with fervor, "The damned, drunken cad — the damned, drunken cad!" and finding, in the reiteration of the phrase, a certain relief of emotion.

Marcia had comprehended a great deal more of the situation than Curtis had put into words. It was the final touch of strain to a night that had been joyless and disappointing. Harleth's preoccupation with Leila had been painful enough to experience, but it suggested things still more painful. Had he been seeing her in town very much, she wondered? And what did it all portend? She could not try to think it out now, there was too much to do otherwise. She straightened her slender shoulders and resolved to handle the situation as she had handled others when Harleth had been very trying.

But it was with inexpressible relief that she saw her guests beginning to go. To the few who asked for Harleth, she told her lie with easy carelessness, and to those who didn't ask for Harleth she did not name him. Some of them, she felt sure, knew what had happened and her spirit writhed under their imagined pity. She vowed to herself that she would put matters on a new basis with Harleth. He *must* be a responsible and self-respecting being. He *must* stop indulging his every whim at her expense. He *must* — her catalogue stopped. To try to make Harleth over was to lose him irrevocably. How many times before she had tried it! And yet — how could she endure — and how could he — how could he have done this?

The very last guests were bundling out under the *porte-cochère* when the little roadster came scooting up the drive. Curtis Jennings hurried in to Marcia.

"They're back," he said, "all safe and sound. So everything's all right and I'll run along home. Good night, Belle. Good night, Marcia." He stopped; his good-natured face drawn and anxious. "I say, Marcia," he said, haltingly, "if you should need me — for anything — you know — just telephone."

"I'm going on up-stairs," said Marcia, stonily, to Belle. "Aren't you dead tired?" And it was to find them half-way up the steps that the two runaways entered.

Harleth was black with chagrin. This was much more of a mess than he had reckoned for, to come home and find the guests departed and the servants putting out the lights. Knowing what an offense he had committed and what a miserable time Marcia must have had on account of it, he felt the usual rage against the person he had made to suffer most. So he called out, loudly:

"Don't leave us, you two. We must have a little supper after our ride — and I want another drink."

Marcia turned, her face dead white, but her voice was even and pleasant. "We're so tired, Harleth — I think we'll go on up."

"So will I," said Leila, quickly. "I'm dead tired, too."

"Well, I sha'n't," said Harleth, defiantly. "Sako, what have you got left?" He turned into the dining-room and they could hear him talking to Sako and Sako's polite murmurings in response.

The three women went on up the stairs to their separate rooms. They did not even say good night. Marcia, tired as she was, tingled anew with fierce resentment. She pressed her lips together and submitted to the ministrations of Imogen and wondered numbly what she was going to do. How could she reach him — make him see. . . .

In the dining-room things were not going very well. Harleth was intensely displeased with the fragmentary cold meats set before him and announced his intention of making something in the chafing-dish. He sent the little Jap down-stairs for more champagne and was fussy about how it should be iced. When he had food and drink to his liking, he was more out of temper than ever. The wine did him no sort of good, for though the ride had dulled the effect of what he had taken at dinner and throughout the evening, it had no more than dulled it, and this new intoxicant and the warmth of the flower-scented room brought him quickly into a state of mussiness and unsteadiness. Now his anger melted. He became repentant — very repentant. He told himself that he would go up-stairs and beg Marcia's pardon and tell her how it had all happened. He resolved that he would never make such a blithering fool of himself again. But when he got up to walk, he was surprised to find himself walking toward the sideboard instead of the door. He held to various articles of furniture and at last gained the stair rail. His progress upward was full of surprising pauses — and waverings, but he gained Marcia's room at last. After fumbling a bit, he managed to open the door.

"Marschia," he began — "Marschia — I'm — I'm — s — sorry —" his words of repentance and apology came to a sudden end, for he had fallen, sprawling, and clutching, over the end of the chaise-longue.

MARCIA CROSSEY flew to shut the door behind him. She was so glad that Imogen had gone. Silently, she pulled him to his unsteady, wobbling feet and steered him across the room to the door that opened into his own room. He was still somewhat dazed from the fall and did not protest. Besides, he could not think of any word that seemed appropriate to begin a sentence.

"S'is — s'is — s' fallacy," he began, — but even in this state he recognized that that was a meaningless fragment and not calculated to lead to a better understanding. He had no time to say anything more. Marcia had thrown open the door swiftly and piloted him in. She walked him over to his bed and let him drop there in a disheveled, lumpish heap, his hair falling over his forehead.

She rubbed her hands, as if she wanted to rub away the touch of him. She ran back to her own room. She shut the door behind her and locked it and bolted it.

After a few minutes Harleth Crossey raised himself up stupidly and listened. Someone was crying . . . terrible, tearing sobs . . . a strange noise . . . a dreadful noise . . . heart-break . . . irretrievable loss . . . sorrow unimaginable . . . all were in those sobs.

He wondered who it might be. The sobs seemed to come from Marcia's room. He got up, somehow, and got over to the door and got his hand on the handle.

Strange . . . it would not open!

Then, suddenly, he felt very sleepy — very, very sleepy. He slipped down on the floor beside the door and went peacefully to sleep.

But the sobs went on.

[To be continued]

Mary Garden, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Elsie Janis, Jane Cowl, Otis Skinner, Marie Doro, Weber and Fields, E. H. Sothern and many other American actors and singers have been bringing cheer and encouragement to the boys in khaki who patronize the Y. M. C. A. "flashlight circuit" in France.

Shakespeare under fire—

IT was in a Y. M. C. A. hut in a "little hole in France." E. H. Sothern, the famous actor, was doing a scene from Hamlet, before a soldier audience.

"Oh, what a rash and bloody deed was this!" he was saying.

Like an echo to his words came the piercing call of the bugle as a signal of an air raid. The lights flashed out.

From the dark, the colonel's voice rang out, "Let's have a light! We can have an air raid every evening, but we can't often hear Mr. Sothern. If he doesn't mind, we should like to have him go on."

Of course Mr. Sothern did not mind. One small light was snapped on, and the actor continued to the end.

THEY GIVE UP BOTH TIME AND MONEY, FOR THIS GREAT WORK

Mr. Sothern or other players like him get little or no salary for working the great Y. M. C. A. circuit in France. Yet there is a large and increasing number of our best known artists who are cheerfully undergoing unusual hardships in order to bring wholesome cheer and amusement to our boys in khaki wherever they go.

But the "flashlight circuit" of the Y. M. C. A. is only a small part of the work done by this organization. One of the dispatches from Europe recently tells of boys in khaki seen playing billiards in gas masks in a Y. M. C. A. hut. The secretary in charge of the hut was on the job, of course, and overhead the big shells whining through the air as they were hurled from the German heavies.

At these huts the man with the Red Triangle on his sleeve meets the troops marching to and from the trenches with hot coffee and food and cigarettes at the moment when these comforts make life bright once more. No matter how thick the barrage overhead the steaming pot of coffee is forthcoming. When the battle is hottest and the wounded begin to filter back through the lines, some of them—hit by a shell splinter or shot through an arm or a shoulder—are able to stumble back alone toward the dressing stations between the lines. Here the Y. M. C. A. man comes to his aid; a sip of coffee, a careful arm under his shoulder to help him, a renewal of his first aid bandage. In this way the Red Triangle has saved the lives of thousands of men who would have died of exhaustion.

Whether you think of the Y. M. C. A. man as helping the "walking wounded," supplying entertainment, shows, baseballs and punching bags, or as the man who runs the post exchange or store, or just as the man who helps keep things going in the huts and supplies paper and ink for writing home, you must get behind his work.

General Pershing has officially designated the Y. M. C. A. to operate the post exchanges for the entire army. It is also the only organization authorized to exhibit "movies" to the soldiers.

This splendid work that the Y. M. C. A. is doing is just as important as the actual transportation of men and supplies to the front.

Lord Northcliffe recently said: "Without the Y. M. C. A. we could not win the war." Whatever it costs to maintain this important work, it must not fail for lack of support by those who stay behind.

Picture yourself stumbling in from a hot battle—a minor wound from a piece of shrapnel has put you out for the moment. Think what it means to meet a friend—a Y. M. C. A. man who gives you coffee and a sandwich to buck you up, puts an arm under your shoulder and helps you back.

Where are the college coaches? Working in France, helping to keep the boys in condition for a rattling good scrap. Quimby of Yale, Magee of Bowdoin, Sayer of Princeton, Fultz of Brown, Stagg of Chicago, are some of the men who now wear the Red Triangle.

When the boys in France are playing a game of billiards in a Y. M. C. A. hut and the gas signals come, you wouldn't expect them to quit, would you? No. On go the gas-masks and the game proceeds.

YMCA

Four allied activities, all endorsed by the Government, are combined in the United War Work Campaign, with the budgets distributed as follows: Y.M.C.A., $100,000,000, Y.W.C.A. $15,000,000, War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000, American Library Association, $3,500,000.

YMCA

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